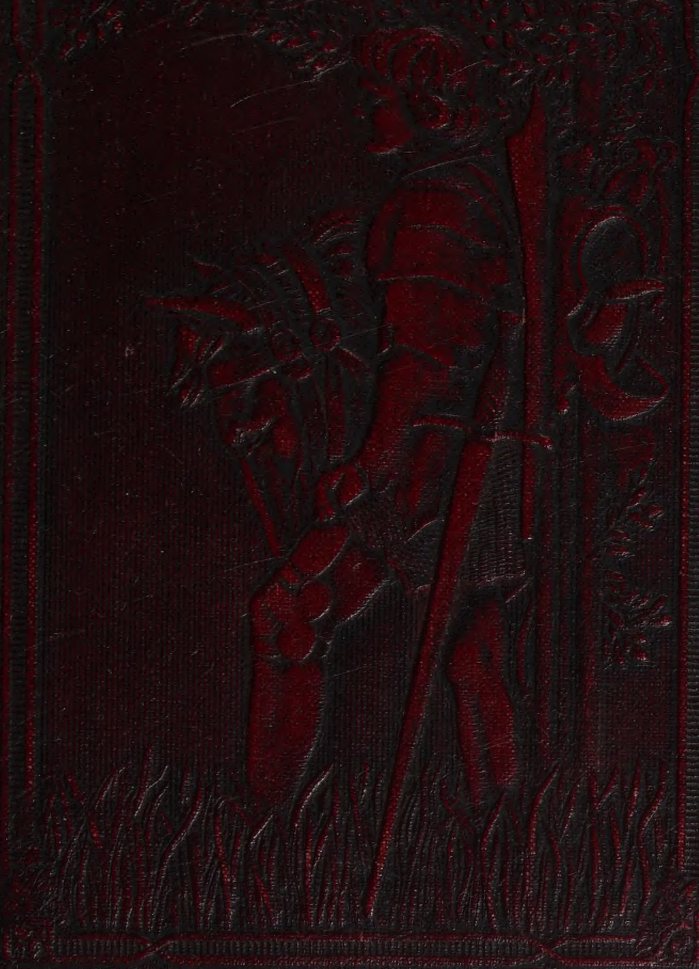
THE JUNIOR CLASSICS



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Junior Classics

THE · YOUNG · FOLKS'
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P. F. Collier & Son Company
New York

AND FOR MY PRANKS MEN CALL ME BY
THE NAME OF ROBIN GOODFELLOW

—page 85

From the painting by Charles Folkard

THE JUNIOR CLASSICS

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PRESIDENT SMITH COLLEGE, NORTHAMPTON, MASS., SINCE 1917

VOLUME TEN

Poems Old and New

Reading Guide and Indexes

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CONTENTS

NURSERY RHYMES PAGE

Sing a Song of Sixpence . . . *Anonymous* 21
A Diller, a Dollar . . . . . *Anonymous* 21
Simple Simon . . . . . *Anonymous* 22
Little Boy Blue . . . . . *Anonymous* 22
Daffy-Down-Dilly . . . . . *Anonymous* 22
Little Nancy Etticote . . . . *Anonymous* 22
When I Was a Bachelor . . . *Anonymous* 23
Great A, Little a . . . . . *Anonymous* 23
Pussy-Cat, Pussy-Cat . . . . *Anonymous* 23
Higgley Piggley . . . . . *Anonymous* 23
Humpty Dumpty . . . . . *Anonymous* 24
Curly Locks! . . . . . *Anonymous* 24
The North Wind Doth Blow . *Anonymous* 24
Jack Sprat . . . . . *Anonymous* 24
Come Let's to Bed . . . . . *Anonymous* 24
Pease Pudding Hot . . . . . *Anonymous* 25
Solomon Grundy . . . . . *Anonymous* 25
Ding, Dong, Bell . . . . . *Anonymous* 25
There Was an Old Woman
Toss'd Up in a Basket . . *Anonymous* 26
Little Miss Muffet . . . . . *Anonymous* 26
Little Jack Horner . . . . . *Anonymous* 26
Hey! Diddle, Diddle . . . . *Anonymous* 26
This is the Way the Ladies
Ride . . . . . *Anonymous* 27
Little Bo-Peep . . . . . *Anonymous* 27

CONTENTS

NURSERY RHYMES—*Continued*		PAGE
Old King Cole	*Anonymous*	28
Jack and Jill	*Anonymous*	28
Little Polly Flinders	*Anonymous*	28
To Market, to Market, to Buy a Fat Pig	*Anonymous*	28
The Queen of Hearts	*Anonymous*	29
Blow, Wind, Blow! and Go, Mill, Go!	*Anonymous*	29
Diddle, Diddle Dumpling, My Son John	*Anonymous*	29
There Was an Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe	*Anonymous*	29
Goosey, Goosey, Gander	*Anonymous*	30
Ride a Cock-Horse	*Anonymous*	30
Where Are You Going, My Pretty Maid?	*Anonymous*	30
Baby Dear, Good Night, Good Night	*Anonymous*	31
Kind Hearts Are Gardens	*Anonymous*	31
I Had a Little Pony	*Anonymous*	31
Taffy Was a Welshman	*Anonymous*	31
Hushaby, Baby, Thy Cradle is Green	*Anonymous*	32
There is Very Little Trouble	*Anonymous*	32
Mistress Mary, Quite Contrary	*Anonymous*	32
Hearts, Like Doors, Will Open With Ease	*Anonymous*	32
Weather Song	*Anonymous*	33
The Old Woman Who Bought a Little Pig	*Anonymous*	33
The Three Little Kittens	*Anonymous*	37

CONTENTS

		PAGE
Pussy	*Jane Taylor*	38
Mother Hubbard and Her Dog	*Anonymous*	39
The Sleepy Song	*Josephine D. Bacon*	41
Twenty Froggies	*George Cooper*	42
A Child's Even Song	*Richard Le Gallienne*	43
Old Gaelic Lullaby	*Anonymous*	44
Sleep, Baby, Sleep!	*Anonymous*	44
Lady Button-Eyes	*Eugene Field*	45
The Rock-a-by Lady	*Eugene Field*	47
The New Moon	*Anonymous*	48
The Spider and the Fly	*Mary Howitt*	49
The Sugar-Plum Tree	*Eugene Field*	52
Young Night-Thought	*Robert L. Stevenson*	53
Lullaby of an Infant Chief	*Sir Walter Scott*	54
Sweet and Low	*Alfred Tennyson*	55
Wynken, Blynken, and Nod	*Eugene Field*	55
Cuddle Down, Dolly	*Kate Douglas Wiggin*	57
The Shut-Eye Train	*Eugene Field*	58
A Mortifying Mistake	*Anna Maria Pratt*	60
Maidenhood	*Henry W. Longfellow*	61
Willie Winkie	*William Miller*	63
The Giant	*Charles Mackay*	64
Marjorie's Almanac	*Thomas B. Aldrich*	65
Who Stole the Bird's Nest?	*L. Maria Child*	67
How the Leaves Came Down	*Susan Coolidge*	70
Try Again	*Anonymous*	71
Blowing Bubbles	*William Allingham*	72
Baby Bye	*Theodore Tilton*	73
A Baby's Feet	*A. C. Swinburne*	76
The Fairy Folk	*William Allingham*	77
The Vowels: An Enigma	*Jonathan Swift*	79
The Children's Hour	*H. W. Longfellow*	79

CONTENTS

		PAGE
Small and Early	*Tudor Jenks*	81
Advice	*Anonymous*	82
Robin Goodfellow	*Anonymous*	84
Suppose	*Phœbe Cary*	86
To-day	*Thomas Carlyle*	87
My Shadow	*Robert L. Stevenson*	88
The Lost Doll	*Charles Kingsley*	89
Time to Rise	*Robert L. Stevenson*	90
The Swing	*Robert L. Stevenson*	90
Happy Thought	*Robert L. Stevenson*	91
The Lamplighter	*Robert L. Stevenson*	91
O Little Town of Bethlehem	*Phillips Brooks*	92
Picture-Books in Winter	*Robert L. Stevenson*	93
The Land of Story-Books	*Robert L. Stevenson*	94
Christmas	*Alfred Tennyson*	95
The Land of Counterpane	*Robert L. Stevenson*	96
Block City	*Robert L. Stevenson*	97
The Dancers	*Michael Field*	98
Marching Song	*Robert L. Stevenson*	98
Winter-Time	*Robert L. Stevenson*	99
Foreign Lands	*Robert L. Stevenson*	100
The Owl and the Pussy-Cat	*Edward Lear*	101
Foreign Children	*Robert L. Stevenson*	102
A Visit from St. Nicholas	*Clement C. Moore*	103
Three Kings of Orient	*J. H. Hopkins*	105
Bed in Summer	*Robert L. Stevenson*	106
My Bed is a Boat	*Robert L. Stevenson*	106
The Walrus and the Carpenter	*Lewis Carroll*	107
The Table and the Chair	*Edward Lear*	111
A Good Play	*Robert L. Stevenson*	112
God Rest Ye, Merry Gentlemen	*Dinah Maria Mulock*	113
A Lobster Quadrille	*Lewis Carroll*	114

CONTENTS

		PAGE
Young Dandelion	*Dinah Maria Mulock*	115
John Gilpin	*William Cowper*	117
The Flowers	*Robert L. Stevenson*	126
The Duel	*Eugene Field*	127
Little Orphant Annie	*James W. Riley*	128
Ready for Duty	*Anna B. Warner*	131
Thanatopsis	*William C. Bryant*	132
Heaving of the Lead	*Charles Dibdin*	135
Morning	*James Beattie*	136
The Coral Grove	*James G. Percival*	137
The Jumblies	*Edward Lear*	138
The Man in the Moon	*James W. Riley*	141
The Raggedy Man	*James W. Riley*	143
The Dinkey-Bird	*Eugene Field*	145
Hollyhock	*Sarah J. Day*	146
The Pied Piper of Hamelin	*Robert Browning*	147
Waiting Around	*Burges Johnson*	157
Wishing	*William Allingham*	158
Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard	*Thomas Gray*	159
Crocus	*Sarah J. Day*	164
To a Waterfowl	*William C. Bryant*	165
The Brown Thrush	*Lucy Larcom*	166
The Blue Jay	*Susan Hartley Swett*	167
The Bluebird	*Emily H. Miller*	168
The Nightingale and Glow-Worm	*William Cowper*	169
The Lark and the Rook	*Anonymous*	170
The Owl	*Alfred Tennyson*	171
Robert of Lincoln	*William C. Bryant*	172
To the Lady-Bird	*Mrs. Southey*	174
The Grasshopper and Cricket	*Leigh Hunt*	175

CONTENTS

		PAGE
The Ant and the Cricket	*Anonymous*	176
The Housekeeper	*Charles Lamb*	177
Song	*Alfred Tennyson*	178
The Grasshopper and Cricket	*John Keats*	178
Keeping Store	*Mary F. Butts*	179
The Kitten, and Falling Leaves	*William Wordsworth*	179
What the Wind Brings	*Edmund C. Stedman*	180
The Wind	*Robert L. Stevenson*	181
Who Has Seen the Wind?	*Christina G. Rossetti*	182
Wind-Song	*Nora Hopper*	182
Windy Nights	*Robert L. Stevenson*	183
The Wind and the Moon	*George MacDonald*	184
Sleigh Song	*G. W. Pettee*	186
Come, Little Leaves	*George Cooper*	187
Seven Times One	*Jean Ingelow*	188
A Pitcher of Mignonette	*H. C. Bunner*	189
Signs of Rain	*Dr. Edward Jenner*	190
A Boy's Song	*James Hogg*	191
Farm-Yard Song	*J. T. Trowbridge*	192
The Milkmaid	*Jeffreys Taylor*	194
Hiawatha's Childhood	*Henry W. Longfellow*	196
Seven Times Two	*Jean Ingelow*	199
The Barefoot Boy	*John G. Whittier*	201
Thanksgiving Day	*Lydia Maria Child*	204
The Romance of the Swan's Nest	*E. B. Browning*	205
The Voice of Spring	*Mary Howitt*	209
Green Things Growing	*Dinah Maria Mulock*	210
A Boy's Prayer	*H. C. Beeching*	211
Daffodils	*William Wordsworth*	211
Daffodil	*Katherine T. Hinkson*	212
July	*Susan Hartley Swett*	213

CONTENTS

		PAGE
To the Fringed Gentian	*William C. Bryant*	214
Summer Days	*Anonymous*	215
Woodman, Spare That Tree!	*George Pope Morris*	216
Daisy's Song	*John Keats*	217
The Frost	*Hannah Flagg Gould*	218
Almond Blossom	*Edwin Arnold*	219
A Song of Clover	*Saxe Holm*	220
A Storm in the Distance	*Paul H. Hayne*	221
Seven Times Four	*Jean Ingelow*	222
To a Skylark	*Percy Bysshe Shelley*	223
Swimming	*Lord Byron*	228
The Brook	*Alfred Tennyson*	228
The Bugle Song	*Alfred Tennyson*	230
The Brave Old Oak	*H. F. Chorley*	231
Daybreak	*Henry W. Longfellow*	232
The Meadows in Spring	*Edward Fitzgerald*	233
Hiawatha's Sailing	*Henry W. Longfellow*	235
Procession of the Flowers	*Sydney Dobell*	239
The Tiger	*William Blake*	240
A Sea Song	*Allan Cunningham*	241
Song	*Robert Browning*	242
They Come: The Merry Summer Months	*William Motherwell*	242
Little Dandelion	*Helen B. Bostwick*	245
The Day is Done	*Henry W. Longfellow*	246
Sailor's Song	*Thomas L. Beddoes*	248
The Chambered Nautilus	*Oliver W. Holmes*	249
Home, Sweet Home	*John Howard Payne*	250
Ye Mariners of England	*Thomas Campbell*	251
Boyhood	*Washington Allston*	252
Daisies	*John Dryden*	253
March	*Nora Hopper*	253

CONTENTS

		PAGE
Succession of the Four Sweet Months	*Robert Herrick*	254
March	*William Wordsworth*	254
A Wayfaring Song	*Henry Van Dyke*	255
Hark, Hark! the Lark!	*William Shakespeare*	256
The Arrow and the Song	*Henry W. Longfellow*	256
The Sea	*Barry Cornwall*	257
Small Beginnings	*Charles Mackay*	258
Voyagers	*Emily Dickinson*	260
Opportunity	*Edward Rowland Sill*	260
Labor Song	*Denis MacCarthy*	261
The Village Blacksmith	*Henry W. Longfellow*	262
Life	*James Russell Lowell*	264
The Happiest Heart	*John Vance Cheney*	264
The Noble Nature	*Ben Jonson*	265
Insignificant Existence	*Isaac Watts*	265
For A' That	*Robert Burns*	266
Procrastination	*Robert Southwell*	267
Cardinal Wolsey's Speech to Cromwell	*William Shakespeare*	268
Wolsey's Fall	*William Shakespeare*	269
Seven Ages of Man	*William Shakespeare*	270
Jog On	*William Shakespeare*	271
Polonius's Advice	*William Shakespeare*	271
Reputation	*William Shakespeare*	272
Over Hill, Over Dale	*William Shakespeare*	272
I Know a Bank	*William Shakespeare*	273
Ingratitude	*William Shakespeare*	273
Where the Bee Sucks	*William Shakespeare*	274
Mercy	*William Shakespeare*	274
Perfection	*William Shakespeare*	275
The Pedler's Pack	*William Shakespeare*	275

CONTENTS

		PAGE
The Fairies' Lullaby	*William Shakespeare*	276
Come Unto These Yellow Sands	*William Shakespeare*	277
Opportunity	*William Shakespeare*	278
Hotspur's Description of a Fop	*William Shakespeare*	278
Buttercup	*Jean Ingelow*	279
Knowledge	*William Cowper*	280
To the Lord General Cromwell	*John Milton*	280
The Rainbow	*William Wordsworth*	281
On His Blindness	*John Milton*	281
A Farewell	*Charles Kingsley*	282
To Milton	*William Wordsworth*	282
Perseverance	*Edward Fitzgerald*	283
Retribution	*Henry W. Longfellow*	283
The Gettysburg Address	*Abraham Lincoln*	284
America	*S. F. Smith*	285
The Star-Spangled Banner	*Francis Scott Key*	286
Dixie	*Daniel D. Emmett*	288
Rule Britannia	*James Thomson*	289
The Watch on the Rhine	*Max Schneckenburger*	290
The Marseillaise Hymn	*Rouget de Lisle*	292
Swedish National Air		293
National Hymn of Norway		293
Italian National Hymn		294
Danish National Hymn		295
Spanish National Hymn		296
Austrian National Song		297
The Hand of Lincoln	*Edmund C. Stedman*	298
Battle-Hymn of the Republic	*Julia Ward Howe*	300
The Flag Goes By	*Henry H. Bennett*	301
Fatherland	*Sir Walter Scott*	302
Warren's Address to the American Soldiers	*John Pierpont*	303

CONTENTS

		PAGE
The Old Flag	*H. C. Bunner*	304
Barbara Frietchie	*John G. Whittier*	305
Sheridan's Ride	*Thomas B. Read*	308
The Republic	*Henry W. Longfellow*	310
The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers in New England	*Felicia D. Hemans*	311
The Eve of Waterloo	*Lord Byron*	313
Concord Hymn	*R. W. Emerson*	314
O Captain! My Captain!	*Walt Whitman*	315
A Nation's Strength	*R. W. Emerson*	316
The Burial of Sir John Moore	*Charles Wolfe*	317
O Canada!	*Emma Powell McCulloch*	318
Cavalry Song	*Edmund C. Stedman*	319
On the Life-Mask of Abraham Lincoln	*R. W. Gilder*	320
The Charge of the Light Brigade	*Alfred Tennyson*	321
Paul Revere's Ride	*Henry W. Longfellow*	323
Naseby	*Thomas B. Macaulay*	327
How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix	*Robert Browning*	331
The Bowman's Song	*Arthur Conan Doyle*	334
Old Ironsides	*Oliver W. Holmes*	335
The Drum	*Bret Harte*	336
Casabianca	*Felicia D. Hemans*	338
Divine Ode	*Joseph Addison*	339
The Character of a Happy Life	*Sir Henry Wotton*	340
The Rhodora, On Being Asked, Whence is the Flower	*Ralph W. Emerson*	341
Laus Deo!	*John G. Whittier*	342
The Colored Band	*Paul L. Dunbar*	344
The Wind in a Frolic	*William Howitt*	345
Ivry	*Thomas B. Macaulay*	347

CONTENTS

		PAGE
The Heart of the Bruce	*William E. Aytoun*	351
Hervé Riel	*Robert Browning*	360
The Destruction of Sennacherib	*Lord Byron*	366
Incident of the French Camp	*Robert Browning*	367
Horatius at the Bridge	*Thomas B. Macaulay*	369
After Blenheim	*Robert Southey*	383
Lady Clare	*Alfred Tennyson*	385
The Greenwood Shrift	*Robert and Caroline Southey*	389
The Arab to His Favorite Steed	*Caroline E. Norton*	393
The Old Oaken Bucket	*Samuel Woodworth*	396
Lochinvar	*Sir Walter Scott*	397
The Skeleton in Armor	*Henry W. Longfellow*	399
The Deserted Village	*Oliver Goldsmith*	405
The Wreck of the Hesperus	*Henry W. Longfellow*	420
The Rime of the Ancient Mariner	*Samuel T. Coleridge*	423
The Bells	*Edgar Allan Poe*	447
READING GUIDE	*Prof. W. A. Neilson*	453
JUNIOR CLASSICS CONTENTS ARRANGED ACCORDING TO GRADES	*Prof. W. A. Neilson*	479
INDEX OF AUTHORS		497
INDEX OF TITLES		517

ILLUSTRATIONS

AND FOR MY PRANKS MEN CALL ME BY
THE NAME OF ROBIN GOODFELLOW
Robin Goodfellow

Frontispiece illustration in color from the painting by Charles Folkard

TRIPPING AND SKIPPING, RAN MERRILY AFTER
THE WONDERFUL MUSIC WITH SHOUTING AND LAUGHTER
The Pied Piper of Hamelin

From the painting by M. Dibdin Spooner

AND ALL THE AIR A SOLEMN STILLNESS HOLDS
Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard

From the original painting by Thomas Fogarty

"IT ATE THE FOOD IT NE'ER HAD EAT"
The Rime of the Ancient Mariner

From the painting by Gustave Doré

NURSERY RHYMES

Anonymous

SING a song of sixpence,
A bag full of rye;
Four and twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie;

When the pie was open'd,
The birds began to sing;
Was not that a dainty dish
To set before the king?

The king was in his counting-house,
Counting out his money;
The queen was in the parlor,
Eating bread and honey;

The maid was in the garden,
Hanging out the clothes,
There came a little blackbird,
And snapped off her nose.

A DILLER, a dollar,
A ten-o'clock scholar,
What makes you come so soon?
You used to come at ten o'clock,
But now you come at noon.

SIMPLE SIMON met a pieman,
Going to the fair;
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
"Let me taste your ware."

Says the pieman to Simple Simon,
"Show me first your penny."
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
"Indeed I have not any."

Simple Simon went a-fishing
For to catch a whale:
All the water he had got
Was in his mother's pail!

LITTLE boy blue, come, blow your horn;
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn.
"Where's the little boy that looks after the sheep?"
"He's under the hay-cock, fast asleep."
"Will you wake him?" "No, not I;
For if I do, he'll be sure to cry."

DAFFY-DOWN-DILLY has come up to town
In a yellow petticoat and a green gown.

LITTLE Nancy Etticote,
In a white petticoat,
With a red nose;
The longer she stands
The shorter she grows.

When I was a bachelor I lived by myself,
And all the meat I got I put upon a shelf;
The rats and the mice did lead me such a life
That I went to London to get myself a wife.

The streets were so broad and the lanes were so narrow,
I could not get my wife home without a wheelbarrow;
The wheelbarrow broke, my wife got a fall,
Down tumbled wheelbarrow, little wife, and all.

Great A, little a,
Bouncing B!
The cat's in the cupboard,
And can't see me.

Pussy-Cat, pussy-cat, where have you been?
I've been up to London to look at the queen.
Pussy-cat, pussy-cat, what did you there?
I frighten'd a little mouse under the chair.

Higgley Piggley,
My black hen,
She lays eggs
For gentlemen;
Sometimes nine,
And sometimes ten.
Higgley Piggley,
My black hen!

HUMPTY DUMPTY sat on a wall;
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall;
All the king's horses and all the king's men
Couldn't put Humpty Dumpty back again.

CURLY locks! curly locks! wilt thou be mine?
Thou shalt not wash dishes, nor yet feed the swine,
But sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam,
And feed upon strawberries, sugar, and cream!

THE north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will poor Robin do then?
Poor thing!

He'll sit in a barn,
And to keep himself warm,
Will hide his head under his wing.
Poor thing!

JACK SPRAT could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean;
And so between them both, you see,
They licked the platter clean.

COME let's to bed, says Sleepy-head;
Tarry a while, says Slow;
Put on the pan, says Greedy Nan,
Let's sup before we go.

Pease pudding hot,
Pease pudding cold,
Pease pudding in the pot,
Nine days old.

Some like it hot,
Some like it cold,
Some like it in the pot
Nine days old.

Solomon Grundy,
Born on Monday,
Christened on Tuesday,
Married on Wednesday,
Took ill on Thursday,
Worse on Friday,
Died on Saturday,
Buried on Sunday,
This is the end of
Solomon Grundy.

Ding, dong, bell,
Pussy's in the well!
Who put her in?—
Little Tommy Lin.
Who pulled her out?—
Dog with long snout.
What a naughty boy was that
To drown poor pussy-cat,
Who never did any harm,
But killed the mice in his father's barn.

THERE was an old woman toss'd up in a basket
Nineteen times as high as the moon;
Where she was going I couldn't but ask it,
For in her hand she carried a broom.

"Old woman, old woman, old woman," quoth I,
"O whither, O whither, O whither, so high?"
"To brush the cobwebs off the sky!"
"Shall I go with thee?" "Ay, by-and-by."

LITTLE Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet,
Eating of curds and whey;
There came a spider,
And sat down beside her,
And frightened Miss Muffet away.

LITTLE Jack Horner
Sat in a corner,
Eating a Christmas pie.
He put in his thumb,
And took out a plum,
And said, "What a good boy am I."

HEY! diddle, diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon;
The little dog laugh'd
To see the sport,
While the dish ran after the spoon.

THIS is the way the ladies ride:
Tri, tre, tre, tree,
Tri, tre, tre, tree!
This is the way the ladies ride:
Tri, tre, tre, tre, tri-tre-tre-tree!

This is the way the gentlemen ride:
Gallop-a-trot,
Gallop-a-trot!
This is the way the gentlemen ride:
Gallop-a-gallop-a-trot!

This is the way the farmers ride:
Hobbledy-hoy,
Hobbledy-hoy!
This is the way the farmers ride:
Hobbledy hobbledy-hoy!

LITTLE Bo-Peep has lost her sheep,
And can't tell where to find them;
Leave them alone, and they'll come home,
And bring their tails behind them.

Little Bo-Peep fell fast asleep,
And dreamt she heard them bleating;
But when she awoke, she found it a joke,
For they were still a-fleeting.

Then up she took her little crook,
Determin'd for to find them;
She found them indeed, but it made her heart bleed,
For they'd left all their tails behind 'em.

Old King Cole
Was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he;
He called for his pipe,
And he called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three.

Every fiddler, he had a fiddle,
And a very fine fiddle had he;
Twee tweedle dee, tweedle dee, went the fiddlers.
Oh, there's none so rare
As can compare
With King Cole and his fiddlers three!

Jack and Jill went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water;
Jack fell down and broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after.

Little Polly Flinders
Sat among the cinders,
Warming her pretty little toes.
Her mother came and caught her,
And whipped her little daughter
For spoiling her nice new clothes.

To market, to market, to buy a fat pig;
Home again, home again, dancing a jig.
Ride to the market to buy a fat hog;
Home again, home again, jiggety-jog.

THE Queen of Hearts,
She made some tarts,
All on a summer's day;
The Knave of Hearts,
He stole those tarts,
And took them clean away.

The King of Hearts
Called for the tarts,
And beat the Knave full sore;
The Knave of Hearts
Brought back the tarts,
And vowed he'd steal no more.

BLOW, wind, blow! and go, mill, go!
That the miller may grind his corn;
That the baker may take it,
And into rolls make it,
And send us some hot in the morn.

DIDDLE, diddle dumpling, my son John,
He went to bed with his stockings on;
One shoe off, and one shoe on,
Diddle, diddle dumpling, my son John.

THERE was an old woman who lived in a shoe;
She had so many children she didn't know what to do;
She gave them some broth without any bread;
She whipped them all soundly and put them to bed.

Goosey, goosey, gander,
Where shall I wander?
Upstairs, downstairs,
And in my lady's chamber.
There I met an old man
That would not say his prayers;
I took him by the left leg,
And threw him downstairs.

Ride a cock-horse
To Banbury Cross,
To see a fine lady
Upon a white horse.
Rings on her fingers,
Bells on her toes,
She shall have music
Wherever she goes.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going a-milking, sir," she said.
"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"
"You're kindly welcome, sir," she said.
"What is your father, my pretty maid?"
"My father's a farmer, sir," she said.

"Say, will you marry me, my pretty maid?"
"Yes, if you please, kind sir," she said.
"What is your fortune, my pretty maid?"
"My face is my fortune, sir," she said.
"Then I can't marry you, my pretty maid!"
"Nobody asked you, sir," she said.

BABY dear, good night, good night,
Doggie lies in slumbers deep;
Hush-a-bye, my treasure bright,
Pussy, too, is fast asleep.
Don't you wake them! If you do,
Pups will bark, and Puss will mew.
Go to sleep, and never fear,
Mother will call when morning's near.

KIND hearts are gardens,
Kind thoughts are roots,
Kind words are blossoms,
Kind deeds are fruits.

I HAD a little pony,
They called him Dapple-grey.
I lent him to a lady,
To ride a mile away.
She whipped him, she slashed him,
She rode him through the mire.
I would not lend my pony now,
For all the lady's hire.

TAFFY was a Welshman, Taffy was a thief;
Taffy came to my house and stole a piece of beef;
I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was not at home;
Taffy came to my house and stole a marrow-bone.
I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was not in;
Taffy came to my house and stole a silver pin;
I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was in bed,
I took up a poker and flung it at his head.

HUSHABY, baby, thy cradle is green;
Father's a nobleman, mother's a queen;
Sister's a lady, and wears a gold ring;
Brother's a drummer, and drums for the king.

Rockabye, baby, on the tree top;
When the wind blows the cradle will rock;
When the bough breaks the cradle will fall;
Down will come baby, bough, cradle, and all.

THERE is very little trouble
That happens us to-day,
It's the sorrow of to-morrow
That drives our joys away.

We sometimes sit and wonder
And stew and fume and fret
For fear something may happen,
But it hasn't happened yet.

MISTRESS MARY, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
With cockle-shells, and silver bells,
And pretty maids all a-row.

HEARTS, like doors, will open with ease,
To very, very little keys,
And don't forget that two of these
Are, "I thank you," and "If you please!"

WEATHER SONG

Anonymous

WHEN the weather is wet,
We must not fret.
When the weather is cold,
We must not scold.
When the weather is warm,
We must not storm,—
But be thankful together,
Whatever the weather.

THE OLD WOMAN WHO BOUGHT A LITTLE PIG

Anonymous

AN old woman was sweeping her house, and she found a little crooked sixpence. "What," said she, "shall I do with this little sixpence? I will go to market, and buy a little pig."

As she was coming home, she came to a stile; but the pig would not go over the stile.

She went a little further, and she met a dog. So she said to the dog—

"Dog, dog, bite pig!
Pig won't get over the stile,
And I shan't get home to-night."

But the dog would not.

She went a little further, and she met a stick. So she said—

"Stick, stick, beat dog!
Dog won't bite pig;
Pig won't get over the stile,
And I shan't get home to-night."

But the stick would not.

She went a little further, and she met a fire. So she said—

"Fire, fire, burn stick!
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Pig won't get over the stile,
And I shan't get home to-night."

But the fire would not.

She went a little further, and she met some water. So she said—

"Water, water, quench fire!
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Pig won't get over the stile,
And I shan't get home to-night."

But the water would not.

So she went a little further, and she met an ox. So she said—

"Ox, ox, drink water!
Water won't quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Pig won't get over the stile,
And I shan't get home to-night."

But the ox would not.

She went a little further, and she met a butcher. So she said—

"Butcher, butcher, kill ox!
Ox won't drink water;
Water won't quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Pig won't get over the stile,
And I shan't get home to-night."

But the butcher would not.

She went a little further, and she met a rope. So she said—

"Rope, rope, hang butcher!
Butcher won't kill ox;
Ox won't drink water;
Water won't quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Pig won't get over the stile,
And I shan't get home to-night."

But the rope would not.

She went a little further, and she met a rat. So she said—

"Rat, rat, gnaw rope!
Rope won't hang butcher;
Butcher won't kill ox;
Ox won't drink water;
Water won't quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Pig won't get over the stile,
And I shan't get home to-night."

But the rat would not.

She went a little further. and she met a cat. So she said—

"Cat, cat, kill rat!
Rat won't gnaw rope;
Rope won't hang butcher;
Butcher won't kill ox;
Ox won't drink water;
Water won't quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Pig won't get over the stile,
And I shan't get home to-night."

The cat said, "If you will give me a saucer of milk, I will kill the rat."

So the old woman gave the cat the milk, and when she had lapped up the milk—

The cat began to kill the rat;
The rat began to gnaw the rope;
The rope began to hang the butcher;
The butcher began to kill the ox;
The ox began to drink the water;
The water began to quench the fire;
The fire began to burn the stick;
The stick began to beat the dog;
The dog began to bite the pig;
The pig jumped over the stile,
And so the old woman got home that night.

THE THREE LITTLE KITTENS

Anonymous

THREE little kittens lost their mittens;
And they began to cry,
O mother dear,
We very much fear
That we have lost our mittens.

Lost your mittens!
You naughty kittens!
Then you shall have no pie.
Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow.
No, you shall have no pie.

PUSSY

The three little kittens found their mittens,
And they began to cry,
O mother dear,
See here, see here;
See, we have found our mittens.

What, found your mittens,
You darling kittens,
Then you shall have some pie.
Purr-r, purr-r,
Then you shall have some pie.

PUSSY

By Jane Taylor

I LIKE little Pussy, her coat is so warm,
And if I don't hurt her, she'll do me no harm;
So I'll not pull her tail, nor drive her away,
But Pussy and I very gently will play;
She shall sit by my side, and I'll give her some food;
And she'll love me, because I am gentle and good.

I'll pat little Pussy, and then she will purr,
And thus show her thanks for my kindness to her;
I'll not pinch her ears, nor tread on her paw,
Lest I should provoke her to use her sharp claw;
I never will vex her, nor make her displeased,
For Pussy don't like to be worried or teased.

MOTHER HUBBARD AND HER DOG

Anonymous

OLD Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard
To get her poor dog a bone;
But when she came there
The cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog had none.

She went to the baker's
To buy him some bread,
But when she came back
The poor dog was dead.

She went to the joiner's
To buy him a coffin,
But when she came back
The poor dog was laughing.

She took a clean dish
To get him some tripe,
But when she came back
He was smoking his pipe.

She went to the fishmonger's
To buy him some fish,
And when she came back
He was licking the dish.

MOTHER HUBBARD

She went to the ale-house
To get him some beer,
But when she got back
The dog sat in a chair.

She went to the tavern
For white wine and red,
But when she came back
The dog stood on his head.

She went to the hatter's
To buy him a hat,
But when she came back
He was feeding the cat.

She went to the barber's
To buy him a wig,
But when she came back
He was dancing a jig.

She went to the fruiterer's
To buy him some fruit,
But when she came back
He was playing the flute.

She went to the tailor's
To buy him a coat,
But when she came back
He was riding a goat.

She went to the cobbler's
To buy him some shoes,
But when she came back
He was reading the news.

THE SLEEPY SONG

She went to the seamstress
To buy him some linen,
But when she came back
The dog was spinning.

She went to the hosier's
To buy him some hose,
But when she came back
He was dress'd in his clothes.

The dame made a curtsey,
The dog made a bow;
The dame said, "Your servant,"
The dog said, "Bow, wow."

THE SLEEPY SONG

By Josephine Daskam Bacon

AS soon as the fire burns red and low
And the house upstairs is still,
She sings me a queer little sleepy song,
Of sheep that go over the hill.

The good little sheep run quick and soft,
Their colors are gray and white;
They follow their leader nose and tail,
For they must be home by night.

And one slips over, and one comes next,
And one runs after behind;
The gray one's nose at the white one's tail,
The top of the hill they find.

And when they get to the top of the hill
They quietly slip away,
But one runs over, and one comes next,
Their colors are white and gray.

And over they go, and over they go,
And over the top of the hill
The good little sheep run quick and soft,
And the house upstairs is still.

And one slips over, and one comes next,
The good little, gray little sheep!
I watch how the fire burns red and low,
And she says that I fall asleep.

TWENTY FROGGIES

By George Cooper

TWENTY froggies went to school,
Down beside a rushy pool,
Twenty little coats of green,
Twenty vests all white and clean.

"We must be in time," said they,
"First we study, then we play;
That is how we keep the rule,
When we froggies go to school."

Master Bull-frog, brave and stern,
Called his classes in their turn,
Taught them how to nobly strive,
Also how to leap and dive;

Taught them how to dodge a blow,
From the sticks that bad boys throw.
Twenty froggies grew up fast,
Bull-frogs they became at last;

Polished in a high degree,
As each froggie ought to be,
Now they sit on other logs,
Teaching other little frogs.

A CHILD'S EVEN SONG

By Richard Le Gallienne

THE sun is weary, for he ran
So far and fast to-day;
The birds are weary, for who sang
So many songs as they?
The bees and butterflies at last
Are tired out, for just think, too,
How many gardens through the day
Their little wings have fluttered through,
And so, as all tired people do,
They've gone to lay their sleepy heads
Deep, deep in warm and happy beds.
The sun has shut his golden eye
And gone to sleep beneath the sky,
The birds and butterflies and bees
Have all crept into flowers and trees,
And all lie quiet, still as mice,
Till morning comes—like father's voice.
So Geoffrey, Owen, Phyllis, you

SLEEP, BABY, SLEEP!

Must sleep away till morning, too.
Close little eyes, down little heads,
And sleep—sleep—sleep in happy beds.

OLD GAELIC LULLABY

Anonymous

HUSH! the waves are rolling in,
White with foam, white with foam;
Father toils amid the din;
But baby sleeps at home.

Hush! the winds roar hoarse and deep—
On they come, on they come!
Brother seeks the wandering sheep;
But baby sleeps at home.

Hush! the rain sweeps o'er the knowes,
Where they roam, where they roam;
Sister goes to seek the cows;
But baby sleeps at home.

SLEEP, BABY, SLEEP!

Anonymous

SLEEP, baby, sleep!
Thy father watches his sheep;
Thy mother is shaking the dreamland tree,
And down comes a little dream on thee.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

LADY BUTTON-EYES

Sleep, baby, sleep!
The large stars are the sheep;
The little stars are the lambs, I guess;
And the gentle moon is the shepherdess.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Our Saviour loves His sheep;
He is the Lamb of God on high,
Who for our sakes came down to die.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

LADY BUTTON-EYES

By Eugene Field

WHEN the busy day is done,
And my weary little one
Rocketh gently to and fro;
When the night winds softly blow,
And the crickets in the glen
Chirp and chirp and chirp again;
When upon the haunted green
Fairies dance around their queen—
Then from yonder misty skies
Cometh Lady Button-Eyes.

Through the murk and mist and gloam
To our quiet, cosey home,
Where to singing, sweet and low,
Rocks a cradle to and fro;
Where the clock's dull monotone
Telleth of the day that's done;

LADY BUTTON-EYES

Where the moonbeams hover o'er
Playthings sleeping on the floor—
Where my weary wee one lies
Cometh Lady Button-Eyes.

Cometh like a fleeting ghost
From some distant eerie coast;
Never footfall can you hear
As that spirit fareth near—
Never whisper, never word
From that shadow-queen is heard.
In ethereal raiment dight,
From the realm of fay and sprite
In the depth of yonder skies
Cometh Lady Button-Eyes.

Layeth she her hands upon
My dear weary little one,
And those white hands overspread
Like a veil the curly head,
Seem to fondle and caress
Every little silken tress;
Then she smooths the eyelids down
Over those two eyes of brown—
In such soothing, tender wise
Cometh Lady Button-Eyes.

Dearest, feel upon your brow
That caressing magic now;
For the crickets in the glen
Chirp and chirp and chirp again,
While upon the haunted green
Fairies dance around their queen,

And the moonbeams hover o'er
Playthings sleeping on the floor—
Hush, my sweet! from yonder skies
Cometh Lady Button-Eyes!

THE ROCK-A-BY LADY

By Eugene Field

THE Rock-a-By Lady from Hushaby street
Comes stealing; comes creeping;
The poppies they hang from her head to her feet,
And each hath a dream that is tiny and fleet—
She bringeth her poppies to you, my sweet,
When she findeth you sleeping!

There is one little dream of a beautiful drum—
"Rub-a-dub!" it goeth;
There is one little dream of a big sugar-plum,
And lo! thick and fast the other dreams come
Of popguns that bang, and tin tops that hum,
And a trumpet that bloweth!

And dollies peep out of those wee little dreams
With laughter and singing;
And boats go a-floating on silvery streams,
And the stars peek-a-boo with their own misty gleams,
And up, up, and up, where the Mother Moon beams,
The fairies go winging!

Would you dream all these dreams that are tiny and fleet?
They'll come to you sleeping;
So shut the two eyes that are weary, my sweet,
For the Rock-a-By Lady from Hushaby street,
With poppies that hang from her head to her feet,
Comes stealing; comes creeping.

THE NEW MOON

Anonymous

DEAR mother, how pretty
The moon looks to-night!
She was never so cunning before;
Her two little horns
Are so sharp and so bright,
I hope she'll not grow any more.

If I were up there,
With you and my friends,
I'd rock in it nicely, you'd see;
I'd sit in the middle
And hold by both ends;
Oh, what a bright cradle 'twould be!

I would call to the stars
To keep out of the way,
Lest we should rock over their toes;
And then I would rock
Till the dawn of the day,
And see where the pretty moon goes.

And there we would stay
In the beautiful skies,
And through the bright clouds we would roam;
We would see the sun set,
And see the sun rise,
And on the next rainbow come home.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY

By Mary Howitt

"WILL you walk into my parlor?"
Said a spider to a fly;
"'Tis the prettiest little parlor
That ever you did spy.
The way into my parlor
Is up a winding stair,
And I have many pretty things
To show when you are there."
"Oh, no, no!" said the little fly,
"To ask me is in vain;
For who goes up your winding stair
Can ne'er come down again."

"I'm sure you must be weary
With soaring up so high;
Will you rest upon my little bed?"
Said the spider to the fly.
"There are pretty curtains drawn around,
The sheets are fine and thin;
And if you like to rest awhile,
I'll snugly tuck you in."

"Oh, no, no!" said the little fly,
"For I've often heard it said,
They never, never wake again
Who sleep upon your bed."

Said the cunning spider to the fly,
"Dear friend, what shall I do
To prove the warm affection
I've always felt for you?
I have within my pantry
Good store of all that's nice;
I'm sure you're very welcome—
Will you please to take a slice?"
"Oh, no, no!" said the little fly,
"Kind sir, that cannot be;
I've heard what's in your pantry,
And I do not wish to see."

"Sweet creature," said the spider,
"You're witty and you're wise;
How handsome are your gauzy wings,
How brilliant are your eyes.
I have a little looking-glass
Upon my parlor shelf;
If you'll step in one moment, dear,
You shall behold yourself."
"I thank you, gentle sir," she said,
"For what you're pleased to say,
And bidding you good-morning, now,
I'll call another day."

The spider turned him round about,
And went into his den,

For well he knew the silly fly
  Would soon be back again;
So he wove a subtle thread
  In a little corner sly,
And set his table ready
  To dine upon the fly.
He went out to his door again,
  And merrily did sing,
"Come hither, hither, pretty fly,
  With the pearl and silver wing;
Your robes are green and purple,
  There's a crest upon your head;
Your eyes are like the diamond bright,
  But mine are dull as lead."

Alas, alas! how very soon
  This silly little fly,
Hearing his wily, flattering words,
  Came slowly flitting by:
With buzzing wings she hung aloft,
  Then near and nearer drew—
Thought only of her brilliant eyes,
  And green and purple hue;
Thought only of her crested head—
  Poor foolish thing! At last
Up jumped the cunning spider,
  And fiercely held her fast.

He dragged her up his winding stair
  Into his dismal den
Within his little parlor—but
  She ne'er came out again!

And now, dear little children
Who may this story read,
To idle, silly, flattering words,
I pray you, ne'er give heed:
Unto an evil counsellor
Close heart and ear and eye,
And learn a lesson from this tale
Of the spider and the fly.

THE SUGAR-PLUM TREE

By Eugene Field

HAVE you ever heard of the Sugar-Plum Tree?
'Tis a marvel of great renown!
It blooms on the shore of the Lollipop sea,
In the garden of Shut-Eye Town;
The fruit that it bears is so wondrously sweet
(As those who have tasted it say)
That good little children have only to eat
Of that fruit to be happy next day.

When you've got to the tree, you would have a hard time
To capture the fruit which I sing;
The tree is so tall that no person could climb
To the boughs where the sugar-plums swing!
But up in that tree sits a chocolate cat,
And a gingerbread dog prowls below—
And this is the way you contrive to get at
Those sugar-plums tempting you so:

YOUNG NIGHT-THOUGHT

You say but the word to that gingerbread dog
And he barks with such terrible zest
That the chocolate cat is at once all agog,
As her swelling proportions attest.
And the chocolate cat goes cavorting around
From this leafy limb unto that,
And the sugar-plums tumble, of course, to the ground—
Hurrah for that chocolate cat!

There are marshmallows, gumdrops, and peppermint canes,
With stripings of scarlet or gold,
And you carry away of the treasure that rains
As much as your apron can hold!
So come, little child, cuddle closer to me
In your dainty white nightcap and gown,
And I'll rock you away to that Sugar-Plum Tree
In the garden of Shut-Eye Town.

YOUNG NIGHT-THOUGHT

By Robert Louis Stevenson

ALL night long and every night,
When my mamma puts out the light
I see the people marching by,
As plain as day, before my eye.

Armies and emperors and kings,
All carrying different kinds of things,
And marching in so grand a way,
You never saw the like by day.

LULLABY

So fine a show was never seen
At the great circus on the green;
For every kind of beast and man
Is marching in that caravan.

At first they move a little slow,
But still the faster on they go,
And still beside them close I keep
Until we reach the town of Sleep.

LULLABY OF AN INFANT CHIEF

By Sir Walter Scott

O HUSH thee, my baby, thy sire was a knight,
Thy mother a lady both lovely and bright;
The woods and the glens from the tower which we see,
They all are belonging, dear baby, to thee.

O, fear not the bugle, though loudly it blows,
It calls but the warders that guard thy repose;
Their bows would be bended, their blades would be red,
Ere the step of a foeman draws near to thy bed.

O, hush thee, my baby, the time will soon come
When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and drum;
Then hush thee, my darling, take rest while you may,
For strife comes with manhood, and waking with day.

SWEET AND LOW

By Alfred Tennyson

SWEET and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dropping moon and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon:
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

WYNKEN, BLYNKEN, AND NOD

By Eugene Field

WYNKEN, Blynken, and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe—
Sailed on a river of crystal light,
Into a sea of dew.
"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"
The old moon asked the three.

"We have come to fish for the herring fish
That live in this beautiful sea;
Nets of silver and gold have we!"
Said Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song,
As they rocked in the wooden shoe,
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew.
The little stars were the herring fish
That lived in that beautiful sea—
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish—
Never afeard are we";
So cried the stars to the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
To the stars in the twinkling foam—
Then down from the skies came the wooden shoe,
Bringing the fishermen home;
'Twas all so pretty a sail it seemed
As if it could not be,
And some folks thought 'twas a dream they'd
dreamed
Of sailing that beautiful sea—
But I shall name you the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

CUDDLE DOWN, DOLLY

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle-bed.
So shut your eyes while mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock in the misty sea,
Where the old shoe rocked the fisherman three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

CUDDLE DOWN, DOLLY

By Kate Douglas Wiggin

THEY sent me to bed, dear, so dreadfully early,
I hadn't a moment to talk to my girlie;
But while Nurse is getting her dinner downstairs,
I'll rock you a little and hear you your prayers.
Cuddle down, dolly,
Cuddle down, dear!
Here on my shoulder you've nothing to fear.
That's what Mamma sings to me every night,
Cuddle down, dolly dear, shut your eyes tight!

Not comfor'ble dolly?—or why do you fidget?
You're hurting my shoulder, you troublesome midget!
Perhaps it's that hole that you told me about.
Why, darling, your sawdust is trick-ker-ling out!

THE SHUT-EYE TRAIN

We'll call the good doctor in, right straight away;
This can't be neglected a single more day;
I'll wet my new hankchif and tie it round tight,
'T will keep you from suffering pains in the night.

I hope you've been good, little dolly, to-day,
Not cross to your nursie, nor rude in your play;
Nor dabbled your feet in those puddles of water
The way you did yesterday, bad little daughter!

* * * * * *

Oh, dear! I'm so sleepy—can't hold up my head,
I'll sing one more verse, then I'll creep into bed.

Cuddle down, dolly,
Here on my arm,
Nothing shall frighten you, nothing shall harm,
Cuddle down sweetly, my little pink rose,
Good angels come now and guard thy repose.

THE SHUT-EYE TRAIN

By Eugene Field

COME, my little one, with me!
There are wondrous sights to see
As the evening shadows fall;
In your pretty cap and gown,
Don't detain
The Shut-Eye train—
"Ting-a-ling!" the bell it goeth,
"Toot-toot!" the whistle bloweth,
And we hear the warning call:
"All aboard for Shut-Eye Town!"

THE SHUT-EYE TRAIN

Over hill and over plain
Soon will speed the Shut-Eye train!
  Through the blue where bloom the stars
  And the Mother Moon looks down
    We'll away
    To land of Fay—
  Oh, the sights that we shall see there!
  Come, my little one, with me there—
'Tis a goodly train of cars—
All aboard for Shut-Eye Town!

Swifter than a wild bird's flight,
Through the realms of fleecy light
  We shall speed and speed away!
  Let the Night in envy frown—
    What care we
    How wroth she be!
  To the Balow-land above us,
  To the Balow-folk who love us,
Let us hasten while we may—
All aboard for Shut-Eye Town!

Shut-Eye Town is passing fair—
Golden dreams await us there;
  We shall dream those dreams, my dear,
  Till the Mother Moon goes down—
    See unfold
    Delights untold!
And in those mysterious places
  We shall see beloved faces
And belovèd voices hear
In the grace of Shut-Eye Town.

A MORTIFYING MISTAKE

Heavy are your eyes, my sweet,
Weary are your little feet—
Nestle closer up to me
In your pretty cap and gown;
Don't detain
The Shut-Eye train!
"Ting-a-ling!" the bell it goeth,
"Toot-toot!" the whistle bloweth;
Oh, the sights that we shall see!
All aboard for Shut-Eye Town!

A MORTIFYING MISTAKE

By Anna Maria Pratt

I STUDIED my tables over and over, and backward and forward too;
But I couldn't remember six times nine, and I didn't know what to do,
Till sister told me to play with my doll, and not to bother my head.
"If you call her 'Fifty-four' for a while, you'll learn it by heart," she said.

So I took my favorite, Mary Ann (though I thought 'twas a dreadful shame
To give such a perfectly lovely child such a perfectly horrid name),
And I called her my dear little "Fifty-four" a hundred times, till I knew
The answer of six times nine as well as the answer of two times two.

Next day Elizabeth Wigglesworth, who always acts so proud,
Said, "Six times nine is fifty-two," and I nearly laughed aloud!
But I wished I hadn't when teacher said, "Now, Dorothy, tell if you can."
For I thought of my doll and—sakes alive!—I answered, "Mary Ann!"

MAIDENHOOD

H. W. Longfellow

MAIDEN! with the meek, brown eyes,
In whose orbs a shadow lies
Like the dusk in evening skies!

Thou whose locks outshine the sun,
Golden tresses, wreathed in one,
As the braided streamlets run!

Standing, with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet!

Gazing, with a timid glance,
On the brooklet's swift advance,
On the river's broad expanse!

Deep and still, that gliding stream
Beautiful to thee must seem,
As the river of a dream.

Then why pause with indecision,
When bright angels in thy vision
Beckon thee to fields Elysian?

Seest thou shadows sailing by,
As the dove, with startled eye,
Sees the falcon's shadow fly?

Hearest thou voices on the shore,
That our ears perceive no more,
Deafened by the cataract's roar?

O, thou child of many prayers!
Life hath quicksands,—Life hath snares!
Care and age come unawares!

Like the swell of some sweet tune,
Morning rises into noon,
May glides onward into June.

Childhood is the bough, where slumbered
Birds and blossoms many-numbered;—
Age, that bough with snows encumbered.

Gather, then, each flower that grows,
When the young heart overflows,
To embalm that tent of snows.

Bear a lily in thy hand;
Gates of brass cannot withstand
The touch of that magic wand.

WILLIE WINKIE

Bear through sorrow, wrong, and ruth,
In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth.

O, that dew, like balm, shall steal
Into wounds, that cannot heal,
Even as sleep our eyes doth seal;

And that smile, like sunshine, dart
Into many a sunless heart,
For a smile of God thou art.

WILLIE WINKIE

By William Miller

WEE WILLIE WINKIE rins through the town,
Up-stairs and doon-stairs, in his nicht-gown,
Tirlin' at the window, cryin' at the lock,
"Are the weans in their bed?—for it's now ten o'clock."

Hey, Willie Winkie! are ye comin' ben?
The cat's singin' gay thrums to the sleepin' hen,
The doug's speldered on the floor, and disna gie a cheep;
But here's a waukrife laddie that winna fa' asleep.

THE GIANT

Onything but sleep, ye rogue! glow'rin' like the moon,
Rattlin' in an airn jug wi' an airn spoon,
Rumblin' tumblin', roun' about, crowin' like a cock,
Skirlin' like a kenna-what—wauknin' sleepin' folk.

Hey, Willie Winkie! the wean's in a creel!
Waumblin' aff a body's knee like a vera eel,
Ruggin' at the cat's lug, and ravellin' a' her thrums,—
Hey, Willie Winkie!—See, there he comes!

Wearie is the mither that has a storie wean,
A wee stumpie stoussie that canna rin his lane,
That has a battle aye wi' sleep before he'll close an ee;
But a kiss frae aff his rosy lips gies strength anew to me.

THE GIANT

By Charles Mackay

THERE came a Giant to my door,
A Giant fierce and strong;
His step was heavy on the floor,
His arms were ten yards long.
He scowled and frowned; he shook the ground;
I trembled through and through;
At length I looked him in the face
And cried, "Who cares for you?"

MARJORIE'S ALMANAC

The mighty Giant, as I spoke,
Grew pale and thin and small,
And through his body, as 'twere smoke,
I saw the sunshine fall.
His blood-red eyes turned blue as skies:—
"Is this," I cried, with growing pride,
"Is this the mighty foe?"

He sank before my earnest face,
He vanished quite away,
And left no shadow in his place
Between me and the day.
Such giants come to strike us dumb,
But, weak in every part,
They melt before the strong man's eyes,
And fly the true of heart.

MARJORIE'S ALMANAC

By Thomas Bailey Aldrich

ROBINS in the tree-top,
Blossoms in the grass,
Green things a-growing
Everywhere you pass;
Sudden little breezes,
Showers of silver dew,
Black bough and bent twig
Budding out anew;
Pine-tree and willow-tree,
Fringèd elm and larch,—
Don't you think that May-time's
Pleasanter than March?

MARJORIE'S ALMANAC

Apples in the orchard
  Mellowing one by one;
Strawberries upturning
  Soft cheeks to the sun;
Roses faint with sweetness,
  Lilies fair of face,
Drowsy scents and murmurs
  Haunting every place;
Lengths of golden sunshine,
  Moonlight bright as day,—
Don't you think that summer's
  Pleasanter than May?

Roger in the corn-patch
  Whistling negro songs;
Pussy by the hearth-side
  Romping with the tongs;
Chestnuts in the ashes
  Bursting through the rind;
Red leaf and gold leaf
  Rustling down the wind;
Mother "doin' peaches"
  All the afternoon,—
Don't you think that autumn's
  Pleasanter than June?

Little fairy snow-flakes
  Dancing in the flue;
Old Mr. Santa Claus,
  What is keeping you?
Twilight and firelight
  Shadows come and go:

WHO STOLE THE BIRD'S NEST?

Merry chime of sleigh-bells
Tinkling through the snow;
Mother knitting stockings
(Pussy's got the ball),—
Don't you think that winter's
Pleasanter than all?

WHO STOLE THE BIRD'S NEST?

By L. Maria Child

"TO-WHIT! to-whit! to-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

"Not I," said the cow; "Moo-oo!
Such a thing I'd never do.
I gave you a wisp of hay,
But didn't take your nest away.
Not I," said the cow, "Moo-oo!
Such a thing I'd never do."

"To-whit! to-whit! to-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

"Bob-o'-link! Bob-o'-link!
Now, what do you think?
Who stole a nest away
From the plum-tree, to-day?"

WHO STOLE THE BIRD'S NEST?

"Not I," said the dog; "Bow-wow!
I wouldn't be so mean, anyhow!
I gave hairs the nest to make,
But the nest I did not take.
Not I," said the dog, "Bow-wow!
I'm not so mean, anyhow."

"To-whit! to-whit! to-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

"Bob-o'-link! Bob-o'-link!
Now what do you think?
Who stole a nest away
From the plum-tree, to-day!"

"Coo-coo! Coo-coo! Coo-coo!
Let me speak a word, too!
Who stole that pretty nest
From little yellow-breast?"

"Not I," said the sheep; "Oh, no!
I wouldn't treat a poor bird so.
I gave wool the nest to line,
But the nest was none of mine.
Baa! Baa!" said the sheep; "Oh, no,
I wouldn't treat a poor bird so."

"To-whit! to-whit! to-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

WHO STOLE THE BIRD'S NEST?

"Bob-o'-link! Bob-o'-link!
Now, what do you think?
Who stole a nest away
From the plum-tree, to-day?"

"Coo-coo! Coo-coo! Coo-coo!
Let me speak a word, too!
Who stole that pretty nest
From little yellow-breast?"

"Caw! Caw!" cried the crow;
"I should like to know
What thief took away
A bird's nest to-day?"

"Cluck! Cluck!" said the hen,
"Don't ask me again.
Why, I haven't a chick
Would do such a trick.
We all gave her a feather,
And she wove them together.
I'd scorn to intrude
On her and her brood.
"Cluck! Cluck!" said the hen,
"Don't ask me again."

"Chirr-a-whirr! Chirr-a-whirr!
All the birds make a stir!
Let us find out his name,
And all cry 'For shame!' "

"I would not rob a bird,"
Said little Mary Green;
"I think I never heard
Of anything so mean."

THE LEAVES CAME DOWN

"It is very cruel, too,"
Said little Alice Neal;
"I wonder if he knew
How sad the bird would feel?"

A little boy hung down his head,
And went and hid behind the bed;
For *he* stole that pretty nest
From poor little yellow-breast;
And he felt so full of shame,
He didn't like to tell his name.

HOW THE LEAVES CAME DOWN

By Susan Coolidge

"I'LL tell you how the leaves came down,"
The great Tree to his children said:
"You're getting sleepy, Yellow and Brown,
Yes, very sleepy, little Red.
It is quite time to go to bed."

"Ah!" begged each silly, pouting leaf,
"Let us a little longer stay;
Dear Father Tree, behold our grief!
'Tis such a very pleasant day,
We do not want to go away."

So, for just one more merry day
To the great Tree the leaflets clung,
Frollicked and danced, and had their way,
Upon the autumn breezes swung,
Whispering all their sports among—

TRY AGAIN

"Perhaps the great Tree will forget,
And let us stay until the spring,
If we all beg, and coax, and fret."
But the great Tree did no such thing;
He smiled to hear their whispering.

"Come, children, all to bed," he cried;
And ere the leaves could urge their prayer,
He shook his head, and far and wide,
Fluttering and rustling everywhere,
Down sped the leaflets through the air.

I saw them; on the ground they lay,
Golden and red, a huddled swarm,
Waiting till one from far away,
White bedclothes heaped upon her arm,
Should come to wrap them safe and warm.

The great bare Tree looked down and smiled.
"Good-night, dear little leaves," he said.
And from below each sleepy child
Replied, "Good-night," and murmured,
"It is *so* nice to go to bed!"

TRY AGAIN

Anonymous

'TIS a lesson you should heed,
Try, try, try, again;
If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try, try again.

BLOWING BUBBLES

Once or twice though you should fail,
  Try again;
If you would at last prevail,
  Try again.

If we strive, 'tis no disgrace
  Though we may not win the race;
What should you do in that case?
  Try again.

If you find your task is hard,
  Try again;
Time will bring you your reward,
  Try again.

All that other folks can do,
  With your patience should not you?
Only keep this rule in view—
  Try again.

BLOWING BUBBLES

By William Allingham

SEE, the pretty planet!
  Floating sphere!
Faintest breeze will fan it
  Far or near;

World as light as feather;
  Moonshine rays,
Rainbow tints together,
  As it plays;

BABY BYE

Drooping, sinking, failing,
Nigh to earth,
Mounting, whirling, sailing,
Full of mirth;

Life there, welling, flowing,
Waving round;
Pictures coming, going,
Without sound.

Quick now, be this airy
Globe repell'd!
Never can the fairy
Star be held.

Touch'd—it in a twinkle
Disappears!
Leaving but a sprinkle,
As of tears.

BABY BYE

By Theodore Tilton

BABY Bye,
Here's a fly;
Let us watch him, you and I.
How he crawls
Up the walls,
Yet he never falls!
I believe with six such legs
You and I could walk on eggs.

BABY BYE

There he goes
On his toes,
Tickling Baby's nose.

Spots of red
Dot his head;
Rainbows on his back are spread;
That small speck
Is his neck;
See him nod and beck.
I can show you, if you choose,
Where to look to find his shoes,—
Three small pairs,
Made of hairs;
These he always wears.

Black and brown
Is his gown;
He can wear it upside down;
It is laced
Round his waist;
I admire his taste.
Yet though tight his clothes are made,
He will lose them, I'm afraid,
If to-night
He gets sight
Of the candle-light.

In the sun
Webs are spun;
What if he gets into one?
When it rains
He complains
On the window-panes.

BABY BYE

Tongue to talk have you and I;
God has given the little fly
No such things,
So he sings
With his buzzing wings.

He can eat
Bread and meat;
There's his mouth between his feet.
On his back
Is a pack
Like a pedler's sack
Does the baby understand?
Then the fly shall kiss her hand;
Put a crumb
On her thumb,
Maybe he will come.

Catch him? No,
Let him go,
Never hurt an insect so;
But no doubt
He flies out
Just to gad about.
Now you see his wings of silk
Drabbled in the baby's milk;
Fie, O fie,
Foolish fly!
How will he get dry?

All wet flies
Twist their thighs;
Thus they wipe their heads and eyes;

A BABY'S FEET

Cats, you know,
Wash just so,
Then their whiskers grow.
Flies have hairs too short to comb,
So they fly bareheaded home;
But the gnat
Wears a hat
Do you believe that?

Flies can see
More than we,
So how bright their eyes must be!
Little fly,
Ope your eye;
Spiders are near by.
For a secret I can tell,—
Spiders never use flies well.
Then away
Do not stay,
Little fly, good day.

A BABY'S FEET

By Algernon Charles Swinburne

A BABY'S feet, like sea shells pink,
Might tempt, should heaven see meet,
An angel's lips to kiss, we think,—
A baby's feet.

Like rose-hued sea flowers toward the heat
They stretch and spread and wink
Their ten soft buds that part and meet.

THE FAIRY FOLK

No flower bells that expand and shrink
Gleam half so heavenly sweet,
As shine on life's untrodden brink,—
A baby's feet.

THE FAIRY FOLK

By William Allingham

UP the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting,
For fear of little men;

Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather.
Down along the rocky shore
Some make their home,
They live on crispy pancakes
Of yellow tide-foam;
Some in the reeds
Of the black mountain-lake,
With frogs for their watch-dogs,
All night awake.

High on the hill-top
The old King sits;
He is now so old and gray
He's nigh lost his wits.

With a bridge of white mist
Columbkill he crosses,
On his stately journeys
From Slieveleague to Rosses;
Or going up with music,
On cold starry nights,
To sup with the Queen
Of the gay Northern Lights.

They stole little Bridget
For seven years long;
When she came down again
Her friends were all gone.
They took her lightly back,
Between the night and morrow;
They thought that she was fast asleep,
But she was dead with sorrow.
They have kept her ever since
Deep within the lakes,
On a bed of flag leaves,
Watching till she wakes.

By the craggy hill-side,
Through the mosses bare,
They have planted thorn trees
For pleasure here and there.
Is any man so daring
As dig one up in spite?
He shall find the thornies set
In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather.

THE VOWELS: AN ENIGMA

By Janathan Swift

WE are little airy creatures,
All of different voice and features;
One of us in glass is set,
One of us you'll find in jet,
T'other you may see in tin,
And the fourth a box within;
If the fifth you should pursue,
It can never fly from you.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

By Henry W. Longfellow

BETWEEN the dark and the daylight,
When night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the children's hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper and then a silence,
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall,
By three doors left unguarded,
They enter my castle wall.

They climb up into my turret,
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape, they surround me:
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me intwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine.

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old mustache as I am
Is not a match for you all?

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you into the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And moulder in dust away.

SMALL AND EARLY

By Tudor Jenks

WHEN Dorothy and I took tea, we sat upon the floor;
No matter how much tea I drank, she always gave me more;
Our table was the scarlet box in which her tea-set came;
Our guests, an armless one-eyed doll, a wooden horse gone lame.
She poured out nothing, very fast,—the tea pot tipped on high,—
And in the bowl found sugar lumps unseen by my dull eye.
She added rich (pretended) cream—it seemed a wilful waste,
For though she overflowed the cup, it did not change the taste.
She asked, "Take milk?" or "Sugar?" and though I answered "No,"
She put them in, and told me that I "*must* take it so!"
She'd say "Another cup, Papa?" and I, "No, thank you, Ma'am,"
But then I *had* to take it—her courtesy was sham.

Still, being neither green, nor black, nor English
breakfast tea,
It did not give her guests the "nerves"—whatever
those may be.
Though often I upset my cup, she only minded
when
I would mistake the empty cups for those she'd
filled again.
She tasted my cup gingerly, for fear I'd burn my
tongue;
Indeed, she really hurt my pride—she made me
feel so young.
I must have drunk some two-score cups, and
Dorothy sixteen,
Allowing only needful time to pour them in
between.
We stirred with massive pewter spoons, and sipped
in courtly ease,
With all the ceremony of the stately Japanese.
At length she put the cups away, "Good-night,
Papa," she said;
And I went to a real tea, and Dorothy to bed.

ADVICE

Anonymous

THERE was once a pretty chicken,
But *his* friends were very few,
For *he* thought that there was nothing
In the world but what *he* knew.
So *he* always in the farmyard
Had a very forward way,

ADVICE

Telling all the hens and turkeys
What *they* ought to do and say.
"Mrs. Goose," *he* said, "*I* wonder
That *your* goslings *you* should let
Go out paddling in the water;
It will kill *them* to get wet."

"And *I* wish, *my* old Aunt Dorking,"
He began to *her* one day,
"That *you* wouldn't sit all summer
In *your* nest upon the hay;
Won't *you* come out to the meadow,
Where the grass with seeds is filled?"

"If *I* should," said Mrs. Dorking,
"Then *my* eggs would get all chilled."
"No, *they* won't," replied the chicken;
"And no matter if *they* do.
Eggs are really good for nothing.
What's an egg to *me* or *you?*"

"What's an egg?" said Mrs. Dorking.
"Can it be *you* do not know?
You yourself were in an eggshell
Just a little month ago,—
And if kind wings had not warmed *you,*
You would not be out to-day,
Telling hens, and geese, and turkeys
What *they* ought to do or say!"

To be very wise and show it,
Is a pleasant thing, no doubt;
But when young folks talk to old folks,
They should know what *they*'re about.

ROBIN GOODFELLOW

Anonymous

FROM Oberon, in fairy land,
The king of ghosts and shadows there,
Mad Robin I, at his command,
Am sent to view the night-sports here.
What revel rout
Is kept about,
In every corner where I go,
I will o'ersee,
And merry be,
And make good sport, with ho, ho, ho!

More swift than lightning can I fly
About this airy welkin soon,
And, in a minute's space, descry
Each thing that's done below the moon.
There's not a hag
Or ghost shall wag,
Or cry 'ware goblins! where I go;
But, Robin, I
Their feats will spy,
And send them home with ho, ho, ho!

Whene'er such wanderers I meet,
As from their night-sports they trudge home,
With counterfeiting voice I greet,
And call them on with me to roam;
Through woods, through lakes,
Through bogs, through brakes,

Or else, unseen, with them I go,
All in the nick
To play some trick,
And frolic it, with ho, ho, ho!

Sometimes I meet them like a man,
Sometimes an ox, sometimes a hound;
And to a horse I turn me can,
To trip and trot about them round.
But if to ride,
My back they stride,
More swift than wind away I go,
O'er hedge and lands,
Through pools and ponds,
I hurry, laughing, ho, ho, ho!

By wells and rills, in meadows green,
We nightly dance our heyday guise;
And to our fairy King and Queen,
We chant our moonlight minstrelsies.
When larks 'gin sing,
Away we fling;
And babes new born steal as we go:
And elf in bed,
We leave instead,
And wend us laughing, ho, ho, ho!

From hag-bred Merlin's time have I
Thus nightly revell'd to and fro;
And for my pranks men call me by
The name of Robin Goodfellow.
Fiends, ghosts, and sprites,
Who haunt the nights,

SUPPOSE

The hags and goblins do me know;
And beldames old
My feats have told,
So *valé, valé!* ho, ho, ho!

SUPPOSE

By Phœbe Cary

SUPPOSE, my little lady,
Your doll should break her head;
Could you make it whole by crying
Till your eyes and nose were red?
And wouldn't it be pleasanter
To treat it as a joke,
And say you're glad 'twas dolly's
And not your own that broke?

Suppose you're dressed for walking,
And the rain comes pouring down;
Will it clear off any sooner
Because you scold and frown?
And wouldn't it be nicer
For you to smile than pout,
And so make sunshine in the house
When there is none without?

Suppose your task, my little man,
Is very hard to get;
Will it make it any easier
For you to sit and fret?

TO-DAY

And wouldn't it be wiser,
  Than waiting like a dunce,
To go to work in earnest
  And learn the thing at once?

Suppose that some boys have a horse,
  And some a coach and pair;
Will it tire you less while walking
  To say, "It isn't fair"?
And wouldn't it be nobler
  To keep your temper sweet,
And in your heart be thankful
  You can walk upon your feet?

Suppose the world don't please you,
  Nor the way some people do;
Do you think the whole creation
  Will be altered just for you?
And isn't it, my boy or girl,
  The wisest, bravest plan,
Whatever comes, or doesn't come,
  To do the best you can?

TO-DAY

By Thomas Carlyle

SO here hath been dawning
  Another blue Day:
Think wilt thou let it
  Slip useless away.

MY SHADOW

Out of Eternity
  This new Day is born;
Into Eternity,
  At night, will return.

Behold it aforetime
  No eye ever did:
So soon it forever
  From all eyes is hid.

Here hath been dawning
  Another blue Day:
Think wilt thou let it
  Slip useless away.

MY SHADOW

By Robert Louis Stevenson

I HAVE a little shadow that goes in and out with me,
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.
He is very, very like me from the heels up to the head;
And I see him jump before me, when I jump into my bed.

The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow—
Not at all like proper children, which is always very slow;

For he sometimes shoots up taller like an india-rubber ball,
And he sometimes gets so little that there's none of him at all.

He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to play,
And can only make a fool of me in every sort of way.
He stays so close beside me, he's a coward, you can see;
I'd think shame to stick to nursie as that shadow sticks to me!

One morning, very early, before the sun was up,
I rose and found the shining dew on every buttercup;
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepy-head,
Had stayed at home behind me and was fast asleep in bed.

THE LOST DOLL

By Charles Kingsley

I ONCE had a sweet little doll, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world;
Her cheeks were so red and white, dears,
And her hair was so charmingly curled.
But I lost my poor little doll, dears,
As I played on the heath one day;
And I cried for her more than a week, dears
But I never could find where she lay.

THE SWING

I found my poor little doll, dears,
  As I played on the heath one day;
Folks say she is terribly changed, dears,
  For her paint is all washed away,
And her arms trodden off by the cows, dears,
  And her hair not the least bit curled;
Yet for old sakes' sake, she is still, dears,
  The prettiest doll in the world.

TIME TO RISE

By Robert Louis Stevenson

A BIRDIE with a yellow bill
  Hopped upon the window-sill,
Cocked his shining eye and said:
"Ain't you 'shamed, you sleepy-head!"

THE SWING

By Robert Louis Stevenson

HOW do you like to go up in a swing,
  Up in the air so blue?
Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing
  Ever a child can do!

Up in the air and over the wall,
  Till I can see so wide,
Rivers and trees and cattle and all
  Over the countryside—

THE LAMPLIGHTER

Till I look down on the garden green,
Down on the roof so brown—
Up in the air I go flying again,
Up in the air and down!

HAPPY THOUGHT

By Robert Louis Stevenson

THE world is so full of a number of
things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as
kings.

THE LAMPLIGHTER

By Robert Louis Stevenson

MY tea is nearly ready and the sun has left the
sky;
It's time to take the window to see Leerie going by;
For every night at teatime, and before you take
your seat,
With lantern and with ladder he comes posting up
the street.

Now Tom would be a driver and Maria go to sea,
And my papa's a banker and as rich as he can be;
But I, when I am stronger and can choose what
I'm to do,
O Leerie, I'll go round at night and light the
lamps with you!

LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

For we are very lucky, with a lamp before the door,
And Leerie stops to light it as he lights so many more;
And oh! before you hurry by with ladder and with light,
O Leerie, see a little child and nod to him to-night!

O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

By Phillips Brooks

O LITTLE town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

For Christ is born of Mary,
And, gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars together
Proclaim the holy birth!
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.

No ear may hear his coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

PICTURE-BOOKS IN WINTER

O holy child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
Oh, come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Immanuel!

PICTURE-BOOKS IN WINTER

By Robert Louis Stevenson

SUMMER fading, winter comes—
Frosty mornings, tingling thumbs,
Window robins, winter rooks,
And the picture story-books.

Water now is turned to stone
Nurse and I can walk upon;
Still we find the flowing brooks
In the picture story-books.

All the pretty things put by
Wait upon the children's eye,
Sheep and shepherds, trees and crooks,
In the picture story-books.

We may see how all things are,
Seas and cities, near and far,
And the flying fairies' looks,
In the picture story-books.

THE LAND OF STORY-BOOKS

How am I to sing your praise,
Happy chimney-corner days,
Sitting safe in nursery nooks,
Reading picture story-books?

THE LAND OF STORY-BOOKS

By Robert Louis Stevenson

AT evening when the lamp is lit,
Around the fire my parents sit;
They sit at home and talk and sing,
And do not play at anything.

Now, with my little gun, I crawl
All in the dark along the wall,
And follow round the forest track
Away behind the sofa back.

There, in the night, where none can spy,
All in my hunter's camp I lie,
And play at books that I have read
Till it is time to go to bed.

These are the hills, these are the woods,
These are my starry solitudes;
And there the river by whose brink
The roaring lions come to drink.

I see the others far away,
As if in firelit camp they lay,
And I, like to an Indian scout,
Around their party prowled about.

So, when my nurse comes in for me,
Home I return across the sea,
And go to bed with backward looks
At my dear land of Story-books.

CHRISTMAS

By Alfred Tennyson

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night—
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new—
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress for all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times:
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

THE LAND OF COUNTERPANE

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite:
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,—
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

THE LAND OF COUNTERPANE

By Robert Louis Stevenson

WHEN I was sick and lay a-bed,
I had two pillows at my head,
And all my toys beside me lay
To keep me happy all the day.

And sometimes for an hour or so
I watched my leaden soldiers go,
With different uniforms and drills,
Among the bed-clothes, through the hills;

And sometimes sent my ships in fleets
All up and down among the sheets;
Or brought my trees and houses out,
And planted cities all about.

BLOCK CITY

I was the giant great and still
That sits upon the pillow-hill,
And sees before him, dale and plain,
The pleasant land of counterpane.

BLOCK CITY

By Robert Louis Stevenson

WHAT are you able to build with your blocks?
Castles and palaces, temples and docks.
Rain may keep raining, and others go roam,
But I can be happy and building at home.

Let the sofa be mountains, the carpet be sea,
There I'll establish a city for me:
A kirk and a mill and a palace beside,
And a harbor as well where my vessels may ride.

Great is the palace with pillar and wall,
A sort of a tower on the top of it all,
And steps coming down in an orderly way
To where my toy vessels lie safe in the bay.

This one is sailing and that one is moored:
Hark to the song of the sailors on board!
And see, on the steps of my palace, the kings
Coming and going with presents and things!

Now I have done with it, down let it go!
All in a moment the town is laid low.
Block upon block lying scattered and free,
What is there left of my town by the sea?

MARCHING SONG

Yet as I saw it, I see it again,
The kirk and the palace, the ships and the men,
And as long as I live, and where'er I may be,
I'll always remember my town by the sea.

THE DANCERS

By Michael Field

I DANCE and dance! Another faun,
A black one, dances on the lawn.
He moves with me, and when I lift
My heels his feet directly shift:
I can't outdance him though I try;
He dances nimbler than I.
I toss my head and so does he;
What tricks he dares to play on me!
I touch the ivy in my hair;
Ivy he has and finger there.
The spiteful thing to mock me so!
I will outdance him! Ho, ho, ho!

MARCHING SONG

By Robert Louis Stevenson

BRING the comb and play upon it!
Marching, here we come!
Willie cocks his Highland bonnet,
Johnnie beats the drum.

WINTER-TIME

Mary Jane commands the party,
  Peter leads the rear;
Feet in time, alert and hearty,
  Each a Grenadier!

All in the most martial manner
  Marching double-quick;
While the napkin like a banner
  Waves upon the stick!

Here's enough of fame and pillage,
  Great commander Jane!
Now that we've been round the village,
  Let's go home again.

WINTER-TIME

By Robert Louis Stevenson

LATE lies the wintry sun a-bed,
  A frosty, fiery sleepy-head;
Blinks but an hour or two; and then,
A blood-red orange, sets again.

Before the stars have left the skies,
At morning in the dark I rise;
And, shivering in my nakedness,
By the cold candle, bathe and dress.

Close by the jolly fire I sit
To warm my frozen bones a bit;
Or, with a reindeer-sled, explore
The colder countries round the door.

FOREIGN LANDS

When, to go out, my nurse doth wrap
Me in my comforter and cap,
The cold wind burns my face, and blows
Its frosty pepper up my nose.

Black are my steps on silver sod;
Thick blows my frosty breath abroad;
And tree and house, and hill and lake,
Are frosted like a wedding-cake.

FOREIGN LANDS

By Robert Louis Stevenson

UP into the cherry tree,
Who should climb but little me?
I held the trunk with both my hands
And looked abroad on foreign lands.

I saw the next-door garden lie,
Adorned with flowers, before my eye,
And many pleasant places more
That I had never seen before.

I saw the dimpling river pass
And be the sky's blue looking-glass;
The dusty roads go up and down
With people tramping in to town.

If I could find a higher tree,
Further and further I should see,
To where the grown-up river slips
Into the sea among the ships;

To where the roads on either hand
Lead onward into fairy land,
Where all the children dine at five,
And all the playthings come alive.

THE OWL AND THE PUSSY-CAT

By Edward Lear

THE Owl and the Pussy-Cat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat;
They took some honey, and plenty of money
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.
The Owl looked up to the moon above,
And sang to a small guitar:
"O lovely Pussy! O Pussy, my love,
What a beautiful Pussy you are,
You are,
You are!
What a beautiful Pussy you are!"

Pussy said to the Owl: "You elegant fowl,
How charmingly sweet you sing!
Oh, let us be married,—too long we have
tarried,—
But what shall we do for a ring?"
They sailed away for a year and a day
To the land where the bong tree grows;
And there in a wood, a piggy-wig stood
With a ring at the end of his nose,
His nose,
His nose.
With a ring at the end of his nose.

FOREIGN CHILDREN

"Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling
Your ring?" Said the piggy, "I will."
So they took it away, and were married next day
By the turkey who lives on the hill.
They dined upon mince and slices of quince,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon,
And hand in hand on the edge of the sand
They danced by the light of the moon,
The moon,
The moon.
They danced by the light of the moon.

FOREIGN CHILDREN

By Robert Louis Stevenson

LITTLE Indian, Sioux or Crow,
Little frosty Eskimo,
Little Turk or Japanese,
Oh! don't you wish that you were me?

You have seen the scarlet trees
And the lions over seas;
You have eaten ostrich eggs,
And turned the turtles off their legs.

Such a life is very fine,
But it's not so nice as mine:
You must often, as you trod,
Have wearied *not* to be abroad.

VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS

You have curious things to eat,
I am fed on proper meat;
You must dwell beyond the foam,
But I am safe and live at home.
  Little Indian, Sioux or Crow,
  Little frosty Eskimo,
Little Turk or Japanee,
Oh! don't you wish that you were me!

A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS

By Clement C. Moore

'TWAS the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there.
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;
And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap—
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave a lustre of midday to objects below;
When what to my wondering eyes should appear
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer.
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,

I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name:
"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and Vixen!
On! Comet, on! Cupid, on! Donder and Blitzen—
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall,
Now, dash away, dash away, dash away all!"
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly
When they meet with an obstacle mount to the sky,
So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With a sleigh full of toys—and St. Nicholas, too.
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound:
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a pedler just opening his pack.
His eyes, how they twinkled! his dimples, how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.
He had a broad face and a little round belly
That shook when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly.
He was chubby and plump—a right jolly old elf—

And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself;
A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle;
But I heard him exclaim, ere they drove out of sight,
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!"

THREE KINGS OF ORIENT

By J. H. Hopkins

WE three Kings of Orient are
Bearing gifts we traverse far
Field and fountain, moor and mountain,
Following yonder Star.

Born a babe on Bethlehem plain,
Gold we bring to crown him again;
King for ever, ceasing never,
Over us all to reign.

Frankincense to offer have I;
Incense owns a Deity nigh,
Prayer and praising all men raising,
Worship Him, God on high.

MY BED IS A BOAT

Oh, star of wonder, star of might,
Star with royal beauty bright,
Westward leading, still proceeding,
Guide us to the perfect light.

BED IN SUMMER

By Robert Louis Stevenson

IN winter I get up at night
And dress by yellow candle-light.
In summer, quite the other way,
I have to go to bed by day.

I have to go to bed and see
The birds still hopping on the tree,
Or hear the grown-up people's feet
Still going past me in the street.

And does it not seem hard to you,
When all the sky is clear and blue,
And I should like so much to play,
To have to go to bed by day?

MY BED IS A BOAT

By Robert Louis Stevenson

MY bed is like a little boat;
Nurse helps me in when I embark;
She girds me in my sailor's coat
And starts me in the dark.

THE WALRUS

At night, I go on board and say
  Good-night to all my friends on shore;
I shut my eyes and sail away,
  And see and hear no more.

And sometimes things to bed I take,
  As prudent sailors have to do;
Perhaps a slice of wedding-cake,
  Perhaps a toy or two.

All night across the dark we steer;
  But when the day returns at last,
Safe in my room, beside the pier,
  I find my vessel fast.

THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER

By Lewis Carroll

"THE sun was shining on the sea,
  Shining with all his might:
He did his very best to make
  The billows smooth and bright—
And this was odd, because it was
  The middle of the night.

The moon was shining sulkily,
  Because she thought the sun
Had got no business to be there
  After the day was done—
'It's very rude of him,' she said,
  'To come and spoil the fun!'

THE WALRUS

The sea was wet as wet could be,
The sands were dry as dry.
You could not see a cloud, because
No cloud was in the sky:
No birds were flying overhead—
There were no birds to fly.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Were walking close at hand:
They wept like anything to see
Such quantities of sand:
'If this were only cleared away,'
They said, 'it *would* be grand!'

'If seven maids with seven mops
Swept it for half a year,
Do you suppose,' the Walrus said,
'That they could get it clear?'
'I doubt it,' said the Carpenter,
And shed a bitter tear.

'O Oysters, come and walk with us!'
The Walrus did beseech.
'A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,
Along the briny beach:
We cannot do with more than four,
To give a hand to each.'

The eldest Oyster looked at him,
But never a word he said:
The eldest Oyster winked his eye,
And shook his heavy head—
Meaning to say he did not choose
To leave the oyster-bed.

But four young Oysters hurried up,
All eager for the treat:
Their coats were brushed, their faces washed,
Their shoes were clean and neat—
And this was odd, because, you know,
They hadn't any feet.

Four other Oysters followed them,
And yet another four;
And thick and fast they came at last,
And more, and more, and more—
All hopping through the frothy waves,
And scrambling to the shore.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Walked on a mile or so,
And then they rested on a rock
Conveniently low:
And all the little Oysters stood
And waited in a row.

'The time has come,' the Walrus said,
'To talk of many things:
Of shoes—and ships—and sealing-wax—
Of cabbages—and kings—
And why the sea is boiling hot—
And whether pigs have wings.'

'But wait a bit,' the Oysters cried,
'Before we have our chat;
For some of us are out of breath,
And all of us are fat!'
'No hurry!' said the Carpenter.
They thanked him much for that.

THE WALRUS

'A loaf of bread,' the Walrus said,
'Is what we chiefly need:
Pepper and vinegar besides
Are very good indeed—
Now, if you're ready, Oysters dear,
We can begin to feed.'

'But not on us!' the Oysters cried,
Turning a little blue.
'After such kindness, that would be
A dismal thing to do!'
'The night is fine,' the Walrus said.
'Do you admire the view?

'It was so kind of you to come!
And you are very nice!'
The Carpenter said nothing but
'Cut us another slice.
I wish you were not quite so deaf—
I've had to ask you twice!'

'It seems a shame,' the Walrus said,
'To play them such a trick.
After we've brought them out so far,
And made them trot so quick!'
The Carpenter said nothing but
'The butter's spread too thick!'

'I weep for you,' the Walrus said:
'I deeply sympathize.'
With sobs and tears he sorted out
Those of the largest size,
Holding his pocket-handkerchief
Before his streaming eyes.

THE TABLE AND THE CHAIR

'O Oysters,' said the Carpenter,
'You've had a pleasant run!
Shall we be trotting home again?'
But answer came there none—
And this was scarcely odd, because
They'd eaten every one."

THE TABLE AND THE CHAIR

By Edward Lear

SAID the Table to the Chair,
"You can hardly be aware
How I suffer from the heat,
And from chilblains on my feet.
If we took a little walk,
We might have a little talk;
Pray let us take the air,"
Said the Table to the Chair.

Said the Chair unto the Table,
"Now, you *know* we are not able:
How foolishly you talk,
When you know we *cannot* walk!"
Said the Table with a sigh,
"It can do no harm to try.
I've as many legs as you:
Why can't we walk on two?"

So they both went slowly down,
And walked about the town
With a cheerful bumpy sound
As they toddled round and round;

And everybody cried,
As they hastened to their side,
"See! the Table and the Chair!
Have come out to take the air!"

But in going down an alley,
To a castle in a valley,
They completely lost their way,
And wandered all the day;
Till, to see them safely back,
They paid a Ducky-quack,
And a Beetle and a Mouse,
Who took them to their house.

Then they whispered to each other,
"O delightful little brother,
What a lovely walk we've taken!
Let us dine on beans and bacon."
So the Ducky and the leetle
Browny-Mousy and the Beetle
Dined, and danced upon their heads
Till they toddled to their beds.

A GOOD PLAY

By Robert Louis Stevenson

WE built a ship upon the stairs
All made of the back-bedroom chairs,
And filled it full of sofa pillows
To go a-sailing on the billows.

GOD REST YE

We took a saw and several nails,
And water in the nursery pails;
And Tom said, "Let us also take
An apple and a slice of cake;"—
Which was enough for Tom and me
To go a-sailing on, till tea.

We sailed along for days and days,
And had the very best of plays;
But Tom fell out and hurt his knee,
So there was no one left but me.

GOD REST YE, MERRY GENTLEMEN

By Dinah Maria Mulock

GOD rest ye, merry gentlemen; let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born on Christmas-day.
The dawn rose red o'er Bethlehem, the stars shone through the gray,
When Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born on Christmas-day.

God rest ye, little children; let nothing you affright,
For Jesus Christ, your Saviour, was born this happy night;
Along the hills of Galilee the white flocks sleeping lay,
When Christ, the child of Nazareth, was born on Christmas-day.

A LOBSTER QUADRILLE

God rest ye, all good Christians; upon this blessed morn
The Lord of all good Christians was of a woman born:
Now all your sorrows He doth heal, your sins He takes away;
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born on Christmas-day.

A LOBSTER QUADRILLE

By Lewis Carroll

"WILL you walk a little faster?" said a whiting to a snail,
"There's a porpoise close behind us, and he's treading on my tail.
See how eagerly the lobsters and the turtles all advance!
They are waiting on the shingle—will you come and join the dance?
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the dance?
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you join the dance?

"You can really have no notion how delightful it will be
When they take us up and throw us, with the lobsters, out to sea!"
But the snail replied, "Too far, too far!" and gave a look askance—

Said he thanked the whiting kindly, but he would
not join the dance.
Would not, could not, would not, could not,
would not join the dance.
Would not, could not, would not, could not,
could not join the dance.

"What matters it how far we go?" his scaly friend
replied,
"There is another shore, you know, upon the other
side.
The further off from England the nearer is to
France—
Then turn not pale, beloved snail, but come and
join the dance.
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will
you join the dance?
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't
you join the dance?"

YOUNG DANDELION

By Dinah Maria Mulock

YOUNG Dandelion
On a hedge-side,
Said young Dandelion,
"Who'll be my bride?

"I'm a bold fellow
As ever was seen,
With my shield of yellow,
In the grass green.

YOUNG DANDELION

"You may uproot me
From field and from lane,
Trample me, cut me,—
I spring up again.

"I never flinch, sir,
Wherever I dwell;
Give me an inch, sir,
I'll soon take an ell.

"Drive me from garden
In anger and pride,
I'll thrive and harden
By the road-side.

"Not a bit fearful,
Showing my face,
Always so cheerful
In every place."

Said young Dandelion,
With a sweet air,
"I have my eye on
Miss Daisy fair.

"Though we may tarry
Till past the cold,
Her I will marry
Ere I grow old.

"I will protect her
From all kinds of harm,
Feed her with nectar,
Shelter her warm.

JOHN GILPIN

"Whate'er the weather,
Let it go by;
We'll hold together,
Daisy and I.

"I'll ne'er give in,—no!
Nothing I fear:
All that I win, oh!
I'll keep for my dear."

Said young Dandelion
On his hedge-side,
"Who'll me rely on?
Who'll be my bride?"

JOHN GILPIN

By William Cowper

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A train-band captain eke was he
Of famous London Town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
"Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

"To-morrow is our wedding-day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton,
All in a chaise and pair.

"My sister and my sister's child,
Myself, and children three,
Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
On horseback after we."

He soon replied, "I do admire
Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear,
Therefore it shall be done.

"I am a linendraper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend, the Calender,
Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mistress Gilpin, "That's well said;
And, for that wine is dear,
We will be furnish'd with our own,
Which is both bright and clear."

John Gilpin kiss'd his loving wife;
O'erjoy'd was he to find
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allow'd
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stay'd,
Where they did all get in,
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels:
Were never folks so glad:
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin, at his horse's side,
Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride,
But soon came down again;

For saddle-tree scarce reach'd had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty, screaming, came downstairs,
"The wine is left behind!"

"Good lack!" quoth he, "yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword
When I do exercise."

Now Mistress Gilpin (careful soul!)
Had two stone-bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side.
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipp'd from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well-brush'd and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which gall'd him in his seat.

So, "Fair and softly!" John he cried,
But John he cried in vain;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasp'd the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought;
Away went hat and wig;
He little dreamt, when he set out,
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly
Like streamer long and gay,
Till loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had slung;
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children scream'd,
Up flew the windows all;
And every soul cried out—"Well done!"
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he?
His fame soon spread around,
"He carries weight; he rides a race!
'Tis for a thousand pound!"

And still as fast as he drew near,
'Twas wonderful to view
How in a trice the turnpike men
Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shatter'd at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been.

But still he seem'd to carry weight,
With leathern girdle braced;
For all might see the bottle-necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols he did play,
Until he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay;

And there he threw the Wash about
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife
From the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wondering much
To see how he did ride.

"Stop, stop, John Gilpin!—Here's the house!"
They all at once did cry;
"The dinner waits, and we are tired;"
Said Gilpin, "So am I!"

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclined to tarry there;
For why? his owner had a house
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong;
So did he fly—which brings me to
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till at his friend the Calender's
His horse at last stood still.

The Calender, amazed to see
His neighbor in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him.

"What news? what news? your tidings tell!
Tell me you must and shall—
Say, why bare-headed you are come,
Or why you come at all?"

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And loved a timely joke;
And thus unto the Calender
In merry guise he spoke:

"I came, because your horse would come;
And, if I well forbode,
My hat and wig will soon be here,
They are upon the road."

The Calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Return'd him not a single word,
But to the house went in;

Whence straight he came, with hat and wig,
A wig that flow'd behind;
A hat not much the worse for wear;
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn
Thus show'd his ready wit:
"My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit.

"But let me scrape the dirt away,
That hangs upon your face;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case."

Said John, "It is my wedding-day,
And all the world would stare,
If wife should dine at Edmonton,
And I should dine at Ware!"

So, turning to his horse, he said,
"I am in haste to dine;
'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
You shall go back for mine."

Ah, luckless speech, and bootless boast!
For which he paid full dear;
For, while he spake, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar,
And gallop'd off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
  Went Gilpin's hat and wig;
He lost them sooner than at first,
  For why?—they were too big.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
  Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
  She pull'd out half-a-crown;

And thus unto the youth she said,
  That drove them to the Bell,
"This shall be yours, when you bring back
  My husband safe and well."

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
  John coming back amain;
Whom in a trice he tried to stop,
  By catching at his rein;

But not performing what he meant,
  And gladly would have done,
The frighten'd steed he frighten'd more,
  And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
  Went postboy at his heels,
The postboy's horse right glad to miss
  The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road
  Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With postboy scampering in the rear,
  They raised the hue and cry:—

"Stop thief!—stop thief!—a highwayman!"
Not one of them was mute;
And all and each that pass'd that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again
Flew open in short space:
The toll-men thinking as before
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too!
For he got first to town;
Nor stopp'd till where he had got up
He did again get down.

—Now let us sing, Long live the King,
And Gilpin, long live he;
And, when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see!

THE FLOWERS

By Robert Louis Stevenson

ALL the names I know from nurse:
Gardener's garters, Shepherd's purse,
Bachelor's buttons, Lady's smock,
And the Lady Hollyhock.

Fairy places, fairy things,
Fairy woods where the wild bee wings,
Tiny trees for tiny dames—
These must all be fairy names!

THE DUEL

Tiny woods below whose boughs
Shady fairies weave a house;
Tiny tree-tops, rose or thyme,
Where the braver fairies climb!

Fair are grown-up people's trees,
But the fairest woods are these;
Where, if I were not so tall,
I should live for good and all.

THE DUEL

By Eugene Field

THE gingham dog and the calico cat
Side by side on the table sat;
'Twas half-past twelve, and (what do you think!)
Nor one nor t'other had slept a wink!
The old Dutch clock and the Chinese plate
Appeared to know as sure as fate
There was going to be a terrible spat.
(*I wasn't there; I simply state*
What was told me by the Chinese plate!)

The gingham dog went "Bow-wow-wow!"
And the calico cat replied "Mee-ow!"
The air was littered, an hour or so,
With bits of gingham and calico,
While the old Dutch clock in the chimney-place
Up with its hands before its face,
For it always dreaded a family row!
(*Now mind: I'm only telling you*
What the old Dutch clock declares is true!)

LITTLE ORPHANT ANNIE

The Chinese plate looked very blue,
And wailed, "Oh, dear! what shall we do?"
But the gingham dog and the calico cat
Wallowed this way and tumbled that,
  Employing every tooth and claw
  In the awfullest way you ever saw—
And, oh! how the gingham and calico flew!
  (*Don't fancy I exaggerate!*
  I got my news from the Chinese plate!)

Next morning, where the two had sat,
They found no trace of dog or cat;
And some folks think unto this day
That burglars stole that pair away!
  But the truth about the cat and pup
  Is this: they ate each other up!
Now what do you really think of that!
  (*The old Dutch clock it told me so,*
  And that is how I came to know.)

LITTLE ORPHANT ANNIE

By James Whitcomb Riley

LITTLE Orphant Annie's come to our house to stay,
An' wash the cups and saucers up, an' brush the crumbs away,
An' shoo the chickens off the porch, an' dust the hearth, an' sweep,
An' make the fire, an' bake the bread, an' earn her board-an'-keep;

An' all us other children, when the supper things
is done,
We set around the kitchen fire an' has the mostest
fun
A-list'nin' to the witch-tales 'at Annie tells about,
An' the Gobble-uns 'at gits you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

Onc't they was a little boy wouldn't say his
pray'rs—
An' when he went to bed at night, away up-stairs,
His mammy heerd him holler, an' his daddy heerd
him bawl,
An' when they turn't the kivvers down, he wasn't
there at all!
An' they seeked him in the rafter-room, an' cubby-
hole, an' press,
An' seeked him up the chimbly flue, an' ever'-
wheres, I guess;
But all they ever found was thist his pants an'
roundabout!
An' the Gobble-uns'll git you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

An' one time a little girl 'ud allus laugh an' grin,
An' make fun of ever' one, an' all her blood-an'-kin,
An' onc't when they was "company," an' ole folks
was there,

She mocked 'em an' shocked 'em, an' said she
didn't care!
An' thist as she kicked her heels, an' turn't to run
an' hide,
They was two great big Black Things a-standin'
by her side,
An' they snatched her through the ceilin' 'fore she
knowed what she's about!
An' the Gobble-uns'll git you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

An' little Orphant Annie says, when the blaze is
blue,
An' the lampwick sputters, an' the wind goes
woo-oo!
An' you hear the crickets quit, an' the moon is
gray,
An' the lightnin'-bugs in dew is all squenched
away,—
You better mind yer parents, an' yer teachers fond
an' dear,
An' churish them 'at loves you, an' dry the or-
phant's tear,
An' he'p the pore an' needy ones 'at clusters all
about,
Er the Gobble-uns'll git you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

TRIPPING AND SKIPPING, RAN MERRILY AFTER
THE WONDERFUL MUSIC WITH SHOUTING AND LAUGHTER
—page 154

From the painting by M. Dibdin Spooner

READY FOR DUTY

By Anna B. Warner

DAFFY-DOWN-DILLY came up in the cold,
Through the brown mould,
Although the March breezes blew keen on her face,
Although the white snow lay on many a place.

Daffy-Down-Dilly had heard under ground
The sweet, rushing sound
Of the streams, as they burst off their white winter chains—
Of the whistling spring winds, and the pattering rains.

"Now then," thought Daffy, deep down in her heart,
"It's time I should start."
So she pushed her soft leaves through the hard frozen ground,
Quite up to the surface—and then she looked round.

There was snow all about her, gray clouds overhead;
The trees all looked dead:
Then how do you think Daffy-Down-Dilly felt,
When the sun would not shine, and the ice would not melt?

THANATOPSIS

"Cold weather," thought Daffy, still working away;
"The earth's hard to-day;
There's but a half-inch of my leaves to be seen,
And two-thirds of that is more yellow than green.

"I can't do much yet, but I'll do what I can;
It's well I began;
For unless I can manage to lift up my head,
The people will think that Spring herself's dead."

So little by little she brought her leaves out,
All clustered about;
And then her bright flowers began to unfold,
Till Daffy stood robed in her spring green and gold.

Oh, Daffy-Down-Dilly, so brave and so true!
I wish all were like you:
So ready for duty in all sorts of weather,
And showing forth courage and beauty together.

THANATOPSIS

By William Cullen Bryant

TO him who, in the love of Nature, holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language: for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild

And gentle sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart,
Go forth under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice,—Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements;
To be a brother to the insensible rock,
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.
Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone,—nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world,—with kings,
The powerful of the earth,—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills,
Rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun; the vales

Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods; rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks,
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man! The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, traverse Barca's desert sands,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings,—yet the dead are there!
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep,—the dead reign there alone!
So shalt thou rest; and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men—
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,

And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man—
Shall, one by one, be gathered to thy side
By those who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

HEAVING OF THE LEAD

By Charles Dibdin

FOR England when with favoring gale
Our gallant ship up channel steered,
And, scudding under easy sail,
The high blue western land appeared;
To heave the lead the seaman sprung,
And to the pilot cheerly sung,
"By the deep—nine!"

And bearing up to gain the port,
Some well-known object kept in view,—
An abbey-tower, a harbor-fort,
Or beacon to the vessel true;
While oft the lead the seaman flung,
And to the pilot cheerly sung,
"By the mark—seven!"

And as the much-loved shore we near,
  With transport we behold the roof
Where dwelt a friend or partner dear,
  Of faith and love a matchless proof.
The lead once more the seaman flung,
And to the watchful pilot sung,
  "Quarter less—five!"

Now to her berth the ship draws nigh:
  We shorten sail,—she feels the tide,—
"Stand clear the cable" is the cry,—
  The anchor's gone; we safely ride.
The watch is set, and through the night
We hear the seamen with delight
  Proclaim,—"All's well!"

MORNING

By James Beattie

BUT who the melodies of morn can tell?
  The wild brook babbling down the mountain side;
The lowing herd; the sheepfold's simple bell;
The pipe of early shepherd dim descried
In the lone valley; echoing far and wide
The clamorous horn along the cliffs above;
The hollow murmur of the ocean tide;
The hum of bees, the linnet's lay of love,
And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

The cottage curs at early pilgrim bark;
Crowned with her pail the tripping milkmaid sings;
The whistling ploughman stalks afield; and, hark!

THE CORAL GROVE

Down the rough slope the ponderous wagon rings;
Through rustling corn the hare astonished springs;
Slow tolls the village-clock the drowsy hour;
The partridge bursts away on whirring wings;
Deep mourns the turtle in sequestered bower,
And shrill lark carols clear from her aerial tower.

THE CORAL GROVE

By James Gates Percival

DEEP in the wave is a coral grove,
Where the purple mullet and gold-fish rove;
Where the sea-flower spreads its leaves of blue
That never are wet with falling dew,
But in bright and changeful beauty shine
Far down in the green and glassy brine.
The floor is of sand, like the mountain drift,
And the pearl-shells spangle the flinty snow;
From coral rocks the sea-plants lift
Their boughs, where the tides and billows flow;
The water is calm and still below,
For the winds and waves are absent there,
And the sands are bright as the stars that glow
In the motionless fields of upper air.
There, with its waving blade of green,
The sea-flag streams through the silent water,
And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen
To blush, like a banner bathed in slaughter,
There, with a light and easy motion,
The fan-coral sweeps through the clear, deep sea;
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean
Are bending like corn on the upland lea,

And life, in rare and beautiful forms,
Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,
And is safe when the wrathful spirit of storms
Has made the top of the wave his own.
And when the ship from his fury flies,
Where the myriad voices of ocean roar,
When the wind-god frowns in the murky skies,
And demons are waiting the wreck on shore,
Then, far below, in the peaceful sea,
The purple mullet and gold-fish rove,
Where the waters murmur tranquilly,
Through the bending twigs of the coral grove.

THE JUMBLIES

By Edward Lear

THEY went to sea in a sieve, they did,
In a sieve they went to sea:
In spite of all their friends could say,
On a winter's morn, on a stormy day,
In a sieve they went to sea.
And when the sieve turned round and round,
And every one cried, "You'll all be drowned!"
They called aloud, "Our sieve ain't big;
But we don't care a button, we don't care a fig:
In a sieve we'll go to sea!"
Far and few, far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumblies live;
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue,
And they went to sea in a sieve.

THE JUMBLIES

They sailed away in a sieve, they did,
In a sieve they sailed so fast,
With only a beautiful pea-green veil
Tied with a ribbon, by way of a sail,
To a small tobacco-pipe mast.
And every one said who saw them go,
"Oh! won't they be soon upset, you know?
For the sky is so dark, and the voyage is long;
And, happen what may, it's extremely wrong
In a sieve to sail so fast."
Far and few, far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumblies live;
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue,
And they went to sea in a sieve.

The water it soon came in, it did,
The water it soon came in;
So, to keep them dry, they wrapped their feet
In a pinky paper all folded neat;
And they fastened it down with a pin.
And they passed the night in a crockery jar;
And each of them said: "How wise we are!
Though the sky be dark and the voyage long
Yet we never can think we were rash or wrong,
While round in our sieve we spin."
Far and few, far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumblies live;
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue,
And they went to sea in a sieve.

And all night long they sailed away;
And when the sun went down,
They whistled and warbled a moony song
To the echoing sound of a coppery gong,
In the shade of the mountains brown.
"O Timballoo! How happy we are
When we live in a sieve and a crockery jar!
And all night long, in the moonlight pale,
We sail away with a pea-green sail
In the shade of the mountains brown."

Far and few, far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumblies live;
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue,
And they went to sea in a sieve.

They sailed to the Western Sea, they did,—
To a land all covered with trees;
And they bought an owl, and a useful cart,
And a pound of rice, and a cranberry-tart,
And a hive of silvery bees;
And they bought a pig, and some green jackdaws,
And a lovely monkey with lollipop paws.
And forty bottles of ring-bo-ree,
And no end of Stilton cheese.

Far and few, far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumblies live;
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue,
And they went to sea in a sieve.

And in twenty years they all came back,—
In twenty years or more;
And every one said, "How tall they've grown!
For they've been to the Lakes, and the Torrible Zone,
And the hills of the Chankly Bore."
And they drank their health, and gave them a feast
Of dumplings made of beautiful yeast;
And every one said, "If we only live,
We, too, will go to sea in a sieve,
To the hills of the Chankly Bore."
Far and few, far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumblies live;
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue,
And they went to sea in a sieve.

THE MAN IN THE MOON

By James Whitcomb Riley

SAID The Raggedy Man, on a hot afternoon:
"My!
Sakes!
What a lot o' mistakes
Some little folks makes on The Man in the Moon!
But people that's be'n to *see* him, like *me,*
And calls on him frequent and intimuttly.
Might drop a few facts that would interest you
Clean!
Through!—
If you wanted 'em to—
Some *actual* facts that might interest you!

"O The Man in the Moon has a crick in his back;
Whee!
Whimm!
Ain't you sorry for him?
And a mole on his nose that is purple and black;
And his eyes are so weak that they water and run
If he dares to *dream* even he looks at the sun,—
So he jes dreams of stars, as the doctors advise—
My!
Eyes!
But isn't he wise—
To jes dream of stars, as the doctors advise?

"And The Man in the Moon has a boil on his ear—
Whee!
Whing!
What a singular thing!
I know! but these facts are authentic, my dear,—
There's a boil on his ear; and a corn on his chin—
He calls it a dimple—but dimples stick in;—
Yet it might be a dimple turned over, you know!
Whang!
Ho!
Why, certainly so!—
It might be a dimple turned over, you know!

"And The Man in the Moon has a rheumatic knee—
Gee!
Whizz!
What a pity that is!
And his toes have worked round where his heels ought to be.—
So whenever he wants to go north he goes *south,*

And comes back with porridge-crumbs all round
his mouth,
And he brushes them off with a Japanese fan,
Whing!
Whann!
What a marvellous man!
What a very remarkably marvellous man!

"And The Man in the Moon," sighed The Raggedy
Man,
"Gits!
So!
Sullonesome, you know,—
Up there by hisse'f sence creation began!—
That when I call on him and then come away,
He grabs me and holds me and begs me to stay,—
Till—*Well!* if it wasn't fer *Jimmy-cum-jim,*
Dadd!
Limb!
I'd go pardners with him—
Jes jump my job here and be pardners with
him!"

THE RAGGEDY MAN

By James Whitcomb Riley

O THE Raggedy Man! He works fer Pa;
An' he's the goodest man ever you saw!
He comes to our house every day,
An' waters the horses, an' feeds 'em hay;
An' he opens the shed—an' we all ist laugh
When he drives out our little old wobble-ly calf;

An' nen—ef our hired girl says he can—
He milks the cow fer 'Lizabuth Ann.—
Ain't he a' awful good Raggedy Man?
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

W'y, The Raggedy Man—he's ist so good
He splits the kindlin' an' chops the wood;
An' nen he spades in our garden, too,
An' does most things 'at boys can't do.—
He clumbed clean up in our big tree
An' shooked a' apple down fer me—
An' nother'n, too, fer 'Lizabuth Ann—
An' nother'n, too, fer The Raggedy Man.—
Ain't he a' awful kind Raggedy Man?
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

An' The Raggedy Man, he knows most rhymes
An' tells 'em ef I be good, sometimes:
Knows 'bout Giunts, an' Griffuns, an' Elves,
An' the Squidgicum-Squees 'at swallers therselves!
An', wite by the pump in our pasture-lot,
He showed me the hole 'at the Wunks is got,
'At lives 'way deep in the ground, an' can
Turn into me, er 'Lizabuth Ann!
Ain't he a funny old Raggedy Man?
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

The Raggedy Man—one time when he
Was makin' a little bow-'n-'orry fer me,
Says, "When *you're* big like your Pa is,
Air you go' to keep a fine store like his—
An' be a rich merchunt—an' wear fine clothes?—
Er what *air* you go' to be, goodness knows!"

THE DINKEY-BIRD

An' nen he laughed at 'Lizabuth Ann,
An' I says, " 'M go' to be a Raggedy Man!
I'm ist go' to be a nice Raggedy Man!"
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

THE DINKEY-BIRD

By Eugene Field

IN an ocean, 'way out yonder
(As all sapient people know),
Is the land of Wonder-Wander,
Whither children love to go;
It's their playing, romping, swinging,
That give great joy to me
While the Dinkey-Bird goes singing
In the amfalula tree.

There the gumdrops grow like cherries,
And taffy's thick as peas—
Caramels you pick like berries
When, and where, and how you please;
Big red sugar-plums are clinging
To the cliffs beside that sea
Where the Dinkey-Bird is singing
In the amfalula tree.

So when children shout and scamper
And make merry all the day,
When there's naught to put a damper
To the ardor of their play;

HOLLYHOCK

When I hear their laughter ringing,
  Then I'm sure as sure can be
That the Dinkey-Bird is singing
  In the amfalula tree.

For the Dinkey-Bird's bravuras
  And staccatos are so sweet—
His roulades, appoggiaturas,
  And robustos so complete,
That the youth of every nation—
  Be they near or far away—
Have especial delectation
  In that gladsome roundelay.

Their eyes grow bright and brighter,
  Their lungs begin to crow,
Their hearts get light and lighter,
  And their cheeks are all aglow;
For an echo cometh bringing
  The news to all and me,
That the Dinkey-Bird is singing
  In the amfalula tree.

HOLLYHOCK

By Sarah J. Day

THE stately Lady Hollyhock
  Has graced my garden-bed for years,
Sedately stiffened in a frock
  All frills and ruffles to her ears;
For at the fashions one may mock
When one is born a Hollyhock.

Her gay companions creep and twine
And riot in the summer breeze;
But she doth haughtily decline
To join in common sports like these;
Such indecorum needs must shock
A well-bred, well-starched Hollyhock.

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

By Robert Browning

HAMELIN Town's in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover city;
The River Weser, deep and wide,
Washes its walls on the southern side;
A pleasanter spot you never spied;
But, when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townsfolk suffer so,
From vermin, was a pity.

Rats!
They fought the dogs and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cooks' own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats,
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

At last the people in a body
To the Town Hall came flocking;
" 'Tis clear," cried they, "our Mayor's a noddy;
And as for our Corporation—shocking
To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
For dolts that can't or won't determine
What's best to rid us of our vermin!
You hope, because you're old and obese,
To find in the furry civic robe ease?
Rouse up, sirs! Give your brains a racking
To find the remedy we're lacking,
Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing!"
At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

An hour they sat in council;
At length the Mayor broke silence;
"For a guilder I'd my ermine gown sell;
I wish I were a mile hence!
It's easy to bid one rack one's brain—
I'm sure my poor head aches again,
I've scratched it so, and all in vain.
Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap!"
Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chamber door, but a gentle tap?
"Bless us!" cried the Mayor, "what's that?"
(With the Corporation as he sat,
Looking little though wondrous fat;
Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister
Than a too-long-opened oyster,
Save when at noon his paunch grew mutinous
For a plate of turtle green and glutinous.)
"Only a scraping of shoes on the mat?

Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!"

"Come in!" the Mayor cried, looking bigger,
And in did come the strangest figure!
His queer long coat, from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red,
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in;
There was no guessing his kith and kin:
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire.
Quoth one: "It's as if my great-grandsire,
Starting up at the Trump of Doom's tone,
Had walked this way from his painted tombstone!"

He advanced to the council table:
And, "Please your honors," said he, "I'm able,
By means of a secret charm, to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep, or swim, or fly, or run,
After me so as you never saw!
And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm,
The mole, the toad, the newt, the viper;
And people call me the Pied Piper."
(And here they noticed round his neck
A scarf of red and yellow stripe

To match his coat of the selfsame cheque;
And at the scarf's end hung a pipe;
And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying
As if impatient to be playing
Upon his pipe, as low it dangled
Over his vesture so old-fangled.)
"Yet," said he, "poor piper as I am,
In Tartary I freed the Cham,
Last June, from his huge swarm of gnats;
I eased in Asia the Nizam
Of a monstrous brood of vampyre bats:
And as for what your brain bewilders,
If I can rid your town of rats
Will you give me a thousand guilders?"
"One? fifty thousand!"—was the exclamation
Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

Into the street the Piper stept,
Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while;
Then, like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,
Like a candle-flame where salt is sprinkled;
And ere three shrill notes the pipe had uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered;
And the muttering grew to a grumbling;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling;
And out of the houses the rats came tumbling.
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,

Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
  Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails, and pricking whiskers,
  Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—
Followed the Piper for their lives.
From street to street he piped, advancing,
And step for step they followed dancing,
Until they came to the River Weser,
  Wherein all plunged and perished!
—Save one, who, stout as Julius Cæsar,
Swam across and lived to carry
  (As he, the manuscript he cherished)
To Rat-land home his commentary:
Which was, "At the first shrill notes of the pipe,
I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,
And putting apples, wondrous ripe,
Into a cider-press's gripe:
And moving away of pickle-tub boards,
And a leaving ajar of conserve-cupboards,
And a drawing the corks of train-oil-flasks,
And a breaking the hoops of butter-casks:
And it seemed as if a voice
(Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery
Is breathed) called out, 'Oh, rats, rejoice!
  The world is grown to one vast drysaltery!
So munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,
Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon!'
And just as a bulky sugar-puncheon,
All ready staved, like a great sun shone
Glorious, scarce an inch before me,
Just as methought it said, 'Come, bore me!'
—I found the Weser rolling o'er me."

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

You should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple.
"Go," cried the Mayor, "and get long poles,
Poke out the nests, and block up the holes!
Consult with carpenters and builders,
And leave in our town not even a trace
Of the rats!" When suddenly, up the face
Of the Piper perked in the market-place,
With a, "First, if you please, my thousand guilders!"

A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked blue;
So did the Corporation, too.
For council dinners made rare havoc
With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock;
And half the money would replenish
Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish.
To pay this sum to a wandering fellow,
With a gypsy coat of red and yellow!
"Beside," quoth the Mayor, with a knowing wink,
"Our business was done at the river's brink;
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
And what's dead can't come to life, I think.
So friend, we're not the folks to shrink
From the duty of giving you something to drink,
And a matter of money to put in your poke;
But, as for the guilders, what we spoke
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.
Beside, our losses have made us thrifty.
A thousand guilders! Come, take fifty!"

The Piper's face fell, and he cried,
"No trifling! I can't wait, beside!
I've promised to visit by dinner-time
Bagdad, and accept the prime
Of the Head-Cook's pottage, all he's rich in,
For having left, in the Caliph's kitchen,
Of a nest of scorpions no survivor:
With him I proved no bargain-driver,
With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver!
And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe after another fashion."

"How!" cried the Mayor, "d'ye think I'll brook
Being worse treated than a cook?
Insulted by a lazy ribald
With idle pipe and vesture piebald?
You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst,
Blow your pipe there till you burst!"

Once more he stept into the street,
And to his lips again
Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane;
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
Soft notes as yet musician's cunning
Never gave the enraptured air)
There was a rustling that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling,
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping and little tongues chattering.
And, like fowls in a farmyard when barley is scattering,
Out came the children running.
And all the little boys and girls,

With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children merrily skipping by,
—Could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.
And now the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,
As the Piper turned from the High Street
To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and daughters!
However, he turned from south to west,
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
And after him the children pressed;
Great was the joy in every breast.
"He never can cross that mighty top!
He's forced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop!"
When, lo, as they reached the mountain-side,
A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;
And the Piper advanced, and the children followed,
And when all were in to the very last,
The door in the mountain-side shut fast.
Did I say all? No! One was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the way;
And in after years, if you would blame
His sadness, he was used to say,—

"It's dull in our town since my playmates left!
I can't forget that I'm bereft
Of all the pleasant sights they see,
Which the Piper also promised me.
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
Joining the town and just at hand,
Where waters gushed and fruit trees grew,
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
And everything was strange and new;
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
And their dogs outran our fallow deer,
And honey-bees had lost their stings,
And horses were born with eagles' wings;
And just as I became assured
My lame foot would be speedily cured,
The music stopped, and I stood still,
And found myself outside the hill,
Left alone against my will,
To go now limping as before,
And never hear of that country more!"

Alas, alas for Hamelin!
There came into many a burgher's pate
A text which says that heaven's gate
Opes to the rich at as easy rate
As the needle's eye takes a camel in!
The Mayor sent East, West, North and South,
To offer the Piper, by word of mouth,
Wherever it was man's lot to find him,
Silver and gold to his heart's content,
If he'd only return the way he went,
And bring the children behind him.

But when they saw 'twas a lost endeavor,
And Piper and dancers were gone forever,
They made a decree that lawyers never
  Should think their records dated duly
If, after the day of the month and the year,
These words did not as well appear:
"And so long after what happened here
  On the Twenty-second of July,
Thirteen hundred and seventy-six."
And the better in memory to fix
The place of the children's last retreat,
They called it the Pied Piper's Street—
Where any one playing on pipe or tabor
Was sure for the future to lose his labor.
Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern
  To shock with mirth a street so solemn;
But opposite the place of the cavern
  They wrote the story on a column,
And on the great church-window painted
The same, to make the world acquainted
How their children were stolen away,
And there it stands to this very day.
And I must not omit to say
That in Transylvania there's a tribe
Of alien people who ascribe
The outlandish ways and dress
On which their neighbors lay such stress,
To their fathers and mothers having risen
Out of some subterraneous prison
Into which they were trepanned
Long ago in a mighty band
Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,
But how or why, they don't understand.

WAITING AROUND

So, Willy, let you and me be wipers
Of scores out with all men—especially pipers!
And, whether they pipe us free fróm rats or fróm
mice,
If we've promised them aught, let us keep our
promise!

WAITING AROUND

By Burges Johnson

IT was awful long ago
That I put those seeds around;
And I guess I ought to know
When I stuck 'em in the ground.
'Cause I noted down the day
In a little diary book—
It's gotten losted somewheres, and
I don't know where to look.

But I'm certain anyhow,
They've been planted 'most a week;
And it must be time by now
For their little sprouts to peek.
They've been watered every day
With a very speshul care,
And once or twice I've dug 'em up, to
See if they was there.

I fixed the dirt in humps,
Just the way they said I should;
And I crumbled all the lumps
Just as finely as I could.

WISHING

And I found an angle-worm
A-poking up his head—
He maybe feeds on seeds and such,
And so I squashed him dead.

A seed's so very small;
And dirt all looks the same—
How can they know at all
The way they ought to aim?
And so I'm waiting 'round
In case of any need;
A farmer ought to do his best for
Every single seed!

WISHING

By William Allingham

RING-TING! I wish I were a Primrose,
A bright yellow Primrose, blowing in the spring!
The stooping boughs above me,
The wandering bee to love me,
The fern and moss to creep across,
And the Elm-tree for our king!

Nay—stay! I wish I were an Elm-tree,
A great, lofty Elm-tree, with green leaves gay!
The winds would set them dancing,
The sun and moonshine glance in,
The birds would house among the boughs,
And sweetly sing.

A CHURCHYARD ELEGY

Oh-no! I wish I were a Robin,
A Robin or a little Wren, everywhere to go;
Through forest, field, or garden,
And ask no leave or pardon,
Till winter comes with icy thumbs
To ruffle up our wing!

Well—tell! Where should I fly to,
Where go to sleep in the dark wood or dell?
Before a day was over,
Home comes the rover,
For mother's kiss—sweeter this
Than any other thing.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD

By Thomas Gray

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

A CHURCHYARD ELEGY

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude Forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn
Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the Poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave
Awaits alike th' inevitable hour:—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye Proud, impute to these the fault
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre:

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er enroll;
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes

Their lot forbad: nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenour of their way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

AND ALL THE AIR A SOLEMN STILLNESS HOLDS
—page 159

From the original painting by Thomas Fogarty

A CHURCHYARD ELEGY

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,—

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn;

There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove;
Now drooping, woeful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
Along the heath, and near his favourite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

The next with dirges due in sad array
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne,—
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon agèd thorn.

CROCUS

The Epitaph

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth
A youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown;
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a tear,
He gain'd from Heaven ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

CROCUS

By Sarah J. Day

THE Crocus had slept in his little round house
So soundly the whole winter through;
There came a tap-tapping,—'twas spring at the door:
"Up! up! we are waiting for you!"

The Crocus peeped out from his little brown house
And nodded his gay little head;
"Good-morning, Miss Snowdrop! and how do you do
This fine, chilly morning?" he said.

TO A WATERFOWL

By William Cullen Bryant

WHITHER, 'midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,
The desert and illimitable air—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

THE BROWN THRUSH

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone
Will lead my steps aright.

THE BROWN THRUSH

By Lucy Larcom

THERE'S a merry brown thrush sitting up in the tree—
"He's singing to me! He's singing to me!"
And what does he say, little girl, little boy?
"Oh, the world's running over with joy!
Don't you hear? don't you see?
Hush! Look! In my tree,
I'm as happy as happy can be!"

And the brown thrush keeps singing, "A nest do you see,
And five eggs hid by me in the juniper-tree?
Don't meddle! don't touch! little girl, little boy,
Or the world will lose some of its joy!
Now I'm glad! now I'm free!
And I always shall be,
If you never bring sorrow to me."

So the merry brown thrush sings away in the tree,
To you and to me, to you and to me;
And he sings all the day, little girl, little boy,
"Oh, the world's running over with joy;
But long it won't be,
Don't you know? don't you see?
Unless we are as good as can be?"

THE BLUE JAY

By Susan Hartley Swett

O BLUE JAY up in the maple tree,
Shaking your throat with such bursts of glee,
How did you happen to be so blue?
Did you steal a bit of the lake for your crest,
And fasten blue violets into your vest?
Tell me, I pray you,—tell me true!

Did you dip your wings in azure dye,
When April began to paint the sky,
That was pale with the winter's stay?
Or were you hatched from a blue bell bright,
'Neath the warm, gold breast of a sunbeam light,
By the river one blue spring day?

O Blue Jay up in the maple tree,
A tossing your saucy head at me,
With ne'er a word for my questioning,
Pray, cease for a moment your "ting-a-link,"
And hear when I tell you what I think,—
You bonniest bit of the spring.

THE BLUEBIRD

I think when the fairies made the flowers,
To grow in these mossy fields of ours,
  Periwinkles and violets rare,
There was left of the spring's own color, blue,
Plenty to fashion a flower whose hue
  Would be richer than all and as fair.

So, putting their wits together, they
Made one great blossom so bright and gay,
  The lily beside it seemed blurred;
And then they said, "We will toss it in air;
So many blue blossoms grow everywhere,
  Let this pretty one be a bird!"

THE BLUEBIRD

By Emily Huntington Miller

I KNOW the song that the bluebird is singing,
  Out in the apple-tree where he is swinging,
Brave little fellow! the skies may be dreary—
Nothing cares he while his heart is so cheery.

Hark! how the music leaps out from his throat!
Hark! was there ever so merry a note?
Listen awhile, and you'll hear what he's saying,
Up in the apple-tree swinging and swaying:

"Dear little blossoms down under the snow,
You must be weary of winter, I know;
Hark while I sing you a message of cheer:
Summer is coming! and spring-time is here!

THE NIGHTINGALE

"Little white snow-drop! I pray you arise;
Bright yellow crocus! come, open your eyes;
Sweet little violets, hid from the cold,
Put on your mantles of purple and gold;
Daffodils! daffodils! say, do you hear?—
Summer is coming! and spring-time is here!"

THE NIGHTINGALE AND GLOW-WORM

By William Cowper

A NIGHTINGALE, that all day long
Had cheered the village with his song,
Nor yet at eve his note suspended,
Nor yet when eventide was ended,
Began to feel—as well he might—
The keen demands of appetite;
When, looking eagerly around,
He spied, far off, upon the ground,
A something shining in the dark,
And knew the glow-worm by his spark;
So, stooping down from hawthorn top,
He thought to put him in his crop.
The worm, aware of his intent,
Harangued him thus, quite eloquent,—
"Did you admire my lamp," quoth he,
"As much as I your minstrelsy,
You would abhor to do me wrong,
As much as I to spoil your song;
For 'twas the self-same Power divine
Taught you to sing, and me to shine;

That you with music, I with light,
Might beautify and cheer the night."
The songster heard his short oration,
And, warbling out his approbation,
Released him, as my story tells,
And found a supper somewhere else.

THE LARK AND THE ROOK

Anonymous

"GOOD-NIGHT, Sir Rook!" said a little lark.
"The daylight fades; it will soon be dark;
I've bathed my wings in the sun's last ray;
I've sung my hymn to the parting day;
So now I haste to my quiet nook
In yon dewy meadow—good-night, Sir Rook!"

"Good-night, poor Lark," said his titled friend
With a haughty toss and a distant bend;
"I also go to my rest profound,
But not to sleep on the cold, damp ground.
The fittest place for a bird like me
Is the topmost bough of yon tall pine tree.

"I opened my eyes at peep of day
And saw you taking your upward way,
Dreaming your fond romantic dreams,
An ugly speck in the sun's bright beams;
Soaring too high to be seen or heard;
And I said to myself, 'What a foolish bird!'

THE OWL

"I trod the park with a princely air,
I filled my crop with the richest fare;
I cawed all day 'mid a lordly crew,
And I made more noise in the world than you!
The sun shone forth on my ebon wing;
I looked and wondered—good-night, poor thing!"

"Good-night, once more," said the lark's sweet voice.
"I see no cause to repent my choice;
You build your nest in the lofty pine,
But is your slumber more sweet than mine?
You make more noise in the world than I,
But whose is the sweeter minstrelsy?"

THE OWL

By Alfred Tennyson

WHEN cats run home and light is come,
And dew is cold upon the ground,
And the far-off stream is dumb,
And the whirring sail goes round,
And the whirring sail goes round;
Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.

When merry milkmaids click the latch,
And rarely smells the new-mown hay,
And the cock hath sung beneath the thatch
Twice or thrice his roundelay,
Twice or thrice his roundelay;
Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.

ROBERT OF LINCOLN

By William Cullum Bryant

MERRILY swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain-side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name.
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
Snug and safe is this nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gayly dressed,
Wearing a bright, black wedding-coat;
White are his shoulders, and white his crest,
Hear him call in his merry note,
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
Look what a nice, new coat is mine;
Sure there was never a bird so fine.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
Brood, kind creature, you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.
Chee, chee, chee.

ROBERT OF LINCOLN

Modest and shy as a nun is she;
One weak chirp is her only note;
Braggart, and prince of braggarts is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat,
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
Never was I afraid of man,
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can.
Chee, chee, chee.

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight:
There as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might,
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
Nice good wife that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about.
Chee, chee, chee.

Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
Six wide mouths are open for food;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work, and silent with care,

TO THE LADY-BIRD

Off is his holiday garment laid,
Half forgotten that merry air,
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
Nobody knows but my mate and I,
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
Chee, chee, chee.

Summer wanes; the children are grown;
Fun and frolic no more he knows,
Robert of Lincoln's a hum-drum drone;
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes,
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again.
Chee, chee, chee.

TO THE LADY-BIRD

By Mrs. Southey

LADY-BIRD! lady-bird! fly away home:
The field-mouse has gone to her nest,
The daisies have shut up their sleepy red eyes,
And the bees and the birds are at rest.

Lady-bird! lady-bird! fly away home:
The glow-worm is lighting her lamp,
The dew's falling fast, and your fine speckled wings
Will flag with the close-clinging damp.

GRASSHOPPER AND CRICKET

Lady-bird! lady-bird! fly away home,—
  Good luck if you reach it at last!
The owl's come abroad, and the bat's on the roam,
  Sharp set from their Ramazan fast.

Lady-bird! lady-bird! fly away home,—
  The fairy bells tinkle afar!
Make haste, or they'll catch you, and harness you fast
  With a cobweb to Oberon's car.

Lady-bird! lady-bird! fly away home,—
  To your house in the old willow-tree,
Where your children so dear have invited the ant
  And a few cosy neighbors to tea.

Lady-bird! lady-bird! fly away home,
  And if not gobbled up by the way,
Nor yoked by the fairies to Oberon's car,
  You're in luck—and that's all I've to say.

THE GRASSHOPPER AND CRICKET

By Leigh Hunt

GREEN little vaulter in the sunny grass,
  Catching your heart up at the feel of June,—
Sole voice that's heard amidst the lazy noon
When even the bees lag at the summoning brass;
And you, warm little housekeeper, who class
With those who think the candles come too soon,
Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune
Nick the glad silent moments as they pass!

ANT AND CRICKET

O sweet and tiny cousins, that belong,
One to the fields, the other to the hearth,
Both have your sunshine; both, though small, are strong
At your clear hearts; and both seem given to earth
To sing in thoughtful ears this natural song,—
In doors and out, summer and winter, mirth.

THE ANT AND THE CRICKET

Anonymous

A SILLY young cricket, accustomed to sing
Through the warm, sunny months of gay summer and spring,
Began to complain, when he found that at home
His cupboard was empty and winter was come.
Not a crumb to be found
On the snow-covered ground;
Not a flower could he see,
Not a leaf on a tree:
"Oh, what will become," says the cricket, "of me?"

At last, by starvation and famine made bold,
All dripping with wet and all trembling with cold,
Away he set off to a miserly ant,
To see if, to keep him alive, he would grant
Him shelter from rain;
A mouthful of grain
He wished only to borrow,
He'd repay it to-morrow;
If not, he must die of starvation and sorrow.

THE HOUSEKEEPER

Says the ant to the cricket, "I'm your servant and friend,
But we ants never borrow, we ants never lend;
But tell me, dear sir, did you lay nothing by
When the weather was warm?" Said the cricket,
"Not I.
My heart is so light
That I sang day and night,
For all nature looked gay"—
"You *sang*, sir, you say?
Go then," said the ant, "and *dance* winter away."

Thus ending, he hastily lifted the wicket
And out of the door turned the poor little cricket.
Though this is a fable, the moral is good:
If you live without work, you must live without food.

THE HOUSEKEEPER

By Charles Lamb

THE frugal snail, with forecast of repose,
Carries his house with him where'er he goes;
Peeps out,—and if there comes a shower of rain,
Retreats to his small domicile again.
Touch but a tip of him, a horn,—'tis well,—
He curls up in his sanctuary Shell,
He's his own landlord, his own tenant; stay
Long as he will, he dreads no Quarter Day.
Himself he boards and lodges; both invites
And feasts himself; sleeps with himself o' nights

GRASSHOPPER AND CRICKET

He spares the upholsterer trouble to procure
Chattels; himself is his own furniture,
And his sole riches. Wheresoe'er he roam—
Knock when you will—he's sure to be at home.

SONG

By Alfred Tennyson

THE winds, as at their hour of birth,
Leaning upon the ridged sea,
Breathed low around the rolling earth
With the mellow preludes, "We are free."

The streams through many a lilied row
Down-carolling to the crisped sea,
Low-tinkled with a bell-like flow
Atween the blossoms, "We are free."

THE GRASSHOPPER AND CRICKET

By John Keats

THE poetry of earth is never dead;
When all the birds are faint with the hot sun
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead.
That is the grasshopper's,—he takes the lead
In summer luxury,—he has never done
With his delights; for, when tired out with fun,
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.
The poetry of earth is ceasing never.

THE KITTEN

On a lone winter evening, when the frost
Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills
The cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,
And seems, to one in drowsiness half lost,
The grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

KEEPING STORE

By Mary F. Butts

WE have bags and bags of whitest down
Out of the milk-weed pods;
We have purple asters in lovely heaps,
And stacks of golden-rods.

We have needles out of the sweet pine woods,
And spools of cob-web thread;
We have bachelor's buttons for dolly's dress,
And hollyhock caps for her head.

THE KITTEN, AND FALLING LEAVES

By William Wordsworth

SEE the kitten on the wall,
Sporting with the leaves that fall,
Withered leaves—one—two—and three—
From the lofty elder tree!
Through the calm and frosty air
Of this morning bright and fair,
Eddying round and round they sink
Softly, slowly: one might think,

WHAT THE WIND BRINGS

From the motions that are made,
Every little leaf conveyed
Sylph or fairy hither tending,—
To this lower world descending,
Each invisible and mute,
In his wavering parachute.
But the kitten, how she starts!
Crouches, stretches, paws and darts!
First at one, and then its fellow,
Just as light and just as yellow;
There are many now—now one—
Now they stop and there are none.
What intenseness of desire
In her upward eye of fire!
With a tiger-leap, half-way
Now she meets the coming prey;
Lets it go as fast, and then
Has it in her power again:
Now she works with three or four,
Like an Indian conjuror;
Quick as he in feats of art,
Far beyond in joy of heart.

WHAT THE WIND BRINGS

By Edmund Clarence Stedman

WHICH is the wind that brings the cold?
The North-Wind, Freddy, and all the snow;
And the sheep will scamper into the fold
When the North begins to blow.

THE WIND

Which is the wind that brings the heat?
The South-Wind, Katy; and corn will grow,
And peaches redden for you to eat,
When the South begins to blow.

Which is the wind that brings the rain?
The East-Wind, Arty; and farmers know
The cows come shivering up the lane
When the East begins to blow.

Which is the wind that brings the flowers?
The West-Wind, Bessy; and soft and low
The birdies sing in the summer hours,
When the West begins to blow.

THE WIND

By Robert Louis Stevenson

I SAW you toss the kites on high
And blow the birds about the sky;
And all around I heard you pass,
Like ladies' skirts across the grass—
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

I saw the different things you did,
But always you yourself you hid.
I felt you push, I heard you call,
I could not see yourself at all—
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

WIND-SONG

O you that are so strong and cold,
O blower are you young or old?
Are you a beast of field and tree,
Or just a stronger child than me?
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

WHO HAS SEEN THE WIND?

By Christina G. Rossetti

WHO has seen the wind?
Neither I nor you:
But when the leaves hang trembling,
The wind is passing through.

Who has seen the wind?
Neither you nor I:
But when the trees bow down their heads
The wind is passing by.

WIND-SONG

By Nora Hopper

BLOW, blow, winds blow, braggart winds and merry—
Blow down the almond snow, toss the flowering cherry.
Daffodils ablow, arow, mingle in their dances,
Shake the purple flags that grow tall amid their lances.
Blow, O winds blow, strip the winter-berry!

WINDY NIGHTS

Far and near, push and peer, here's a nest a-growing—
Winds merry, winds dear, hush here your blowing!
Trouble not the mother-wren when she comes and goes,
Dreaming of the wings and songs that her secret knows—
Soft here, winds dear, where the nests are showing.

Blow, blow loud and low, wild winds and merry,
Hurtling down upon our heads bring a snow of cherry.
Bring the yellow kingcups out in the flowerless places,
Set the naked woods aflush with the wind-flowers' faces.
Make the old briar run with sap ready for the berry,
Bring the swallows, April follows, wild winds and merry.

WINDY NIGHTS

By Robert Louis Stevenson

WHENEVER the moon and stars are set,
Whenever the wind is high,
All night long in the dark and wet,
A man goes riding by.
Late in the night when the fires are out,
Why does he gallop and gallop about?

THE WIND AND THE MOON

Whenever the trees are crying aloud,
And ships are tossed at sea,
By, on the highway, low and loud,
By at the gallop goes he.
By at the gallop he goes, and then
By he comes back at the gallop again.

THE WIND AND THE MOON

By George MacDonald

SAID the Wind to the Moon, "I will blow you out!

You stare
In the air
As if crying 'Beware,'
Always looking what I am about:
I hate to be watched; I will blow you out!"

The Wind blew hard, and out went the Moon.

So, deep
On a heap
Of clouds, to sleep,
Down lay the Wind, and slumbered soon,
Muttering low, "I've done for that Moon!"

He turned in his bed: she was there again!

On high
In the sky,
With her one ghost-eye
The Moon shone white and alive and plain:
Said the Wind, "I will blow you out again!"

THE WIND AND THE MOON

The Wind blew hard, and the Moon grew slim.
"With my sledge
And my wedge
I have knocked off her edge!
I will blow," said the Wind, "right fierce and grim,
And the creature will soon be slimmer than slim!"

He blew and he blew, and she thinned to a thread.
"One puff
More's enough
To blow her to snuff!
One good puff more where the last was bred,
And glimmer, glimmer, glum will go that thread!"

He blew a great blast, and the thread was gone.
In the air
Nowhere
Was a moonbeam bare;
Larger and nearer the shy stars shone:
Sure and certain the Moon was gone!

The Wind he took to his revels once more;
On down
And in town,
A merry-mad clown,
He leaped and holloed with whistle and roar—
When there was that glimmering thread once more!

He flew in a rage—he danced and blew;
But in vain
Was the pain
Of his bursting brain,
For still the Moon-scrap the broader grew
The more that he swelled his big cheeks and blew.

SLEIGH SONG

Slowly she grew—till she filled the night,
And shone
On her throne
In the sky alone,
A matchless, wonderful, silvery light,
Radiant and lovely, the queen of the night.

Said the Wind: "What a marvel of power am I!
With my breath,
In good faith,
I blew her to death!—
First blew her away right out of the sky,
Then blew her in: what a strength am I!"

But the Moon she knew naught of the silly affair;
For, high
In the sky,
With her one white eye,
Motionless miles above the air,
She never had heard the great Wind blare.

SLEIGH SONG

By G. W. Pettee

JINGLE, jingle, clear the way,
'Tis the merry, merry sleigh,
As it swiftly scuds along
Hear the burst of happy song,
See the gleam of glances bright,
Flashing o'er the pathway white.
Jingle, jingle, past it flies,

COME, LITTLE LEAVES

Sending shafts from hooded eyes,
Roguish archers, I'll be bound,
Little heeding who they wound;
See them, with capricious pranks,
Ploughing now the drifted banks;
Jingle, jingle, mid the glee
Who among them cares for me?
Jingle, jingle, on they go,
Capes and bonnets white with snow
Not a single robe they fold
To protect them from the cold;
Jingle, jingle, mid the storm,
Fun and frolic keep them warm;
Jingle, jingle, down the hills,
O'er the meadows, past the mills,
Now 'tis slow, and now 'tis fast;
Winter will not always last.
Jingle, jingle, clear the way,
'Tis the merry, merry sleigh.

COME, LITTLE LEAVES

By George Cooper

"COME, little Leaves," said the Wind one day,
"Come over the meadows with me and play;
Put on your dresses of red and gold,
For summer is gone and the days grow cold."

Soon as the Leaves heard the Wind's loud call,
Down they came fluttering, one and all;
Over the brown fields they danced and flew,
Singing the sweet little song they knew:

"Cricket, good-bye, we've been friends so long;
Little brook, sing us your farewell song;
Say you are sorry to see us go;
Ah, you will miss us, right well we know.

"Dear little lambs in your fleecy fold,
Mother will keep you from harm and cold;
Fondly we watched you in vale and glade,
Say, will you dream of our loving shade?"

Dancing and whirling, the little Leaves went,
Winter had called them, and they were content;
Soon, fast asleep in their earthy beds,
The snow laid a coverlid over their heads.

SEVEN TIMES ONE

By Jean Ingelow

THERE'S no dew left on the daisies and clover
There's no rain left in heaven;
I've said my "seven times" over and over—
Seven times one are seven.

I am old! so old I can write a letter;
My birthday lessons are done:
The lambs play always, they know no better;
They are only one times one.

O Moon! in the night I have seen you sailing,
And shining so round and low;
You were bright! ah, bright! but your light is failing;
You are nothing now but a bow.

A PITCHER OF MIGNONETTE

You Moon! have you done something wrong in heaven,
That God has hidden your face?
I hope if you have, you will soon be forgiven,
And shine again in your place.

O velvet Bee! you're a dusty fellow,
You've powdered your legs with gold;
O brave marsh Mary-buds, rich and yellow!
Give me your money to hold.

O Columbine! open your folded wrapper
Where two twin turtle-doves dwell;
O Cuckoo-pint! toll me the purple clapper,
That hangs in your clear, green bell.

And show me your nest with the young ones in it—
I will not steal them away,
I am old! you may trust me, Linnet, Linnet,—
I am seven times one to-day.

A PITCHER OF MIGNONETTE

By H. C. Bunner

A PITCHER of mignonette,
In a tenement's highest casement:
Queer sort of flower-pot—yet
That pitcher of mignonette
Is a garden in heaven set,
To the little sick child in the basement
The pitcher of mignonette,
In the tenement's highest casement.

SIGNS OF RAIN

By Dr. Edward Jenner

Forty Reasons for Not Accepting an Invitation of a Friend to Make an Excursion With Him

THE hollow winds begin to blow;
The clouds look black, the glass is low,
The soot falls down, the spaniels sleep,
And spiders from their cobwebs peep.
Last night the sun went pale to bed,
The moon in halos hid her head;
The boding shepherd heaves a sigh,
For see a rainbow spans the sky.
The walls are damp, the ditches smell,
Closed is the pink-eyed pimpernel.
Hark how the chairs and tables crack!
Old Betty's nerves are on the rack;
Loud quacks the duck, the peacocks cry,
The distant hills are seeming nigh.
How restless are the snorting swine!
The busy flies disturb the kine;
Low o'er the grass the swallow wings,
The cricket, too, how sharp he sings,
Puss on the hearth, with velvet paws,
Sits wiping o'er her whiskered jaws,
Through the clear streams the fishes rise,
And nimbly catch the incautious flies.
The glow-worms, numerous and light,
Illumed the dewy dell last night,
At dusk the squalid toad was seen,
Hopping and crawling o'er the green,
The whirling dust the wind obeys,

And in the rapid eddy plays;
The frog has changed his yellow vest,
And in a russet coat is dressed.
Though June, the air is cold and still,
The mellow blackbird's voice is shrill;
My dog, so altered in his taste,
Quits mutton-bones on grass to feast;
And see yon rooks, how odd their flight,
They imitate the gliding kite,
And seem precipitate to fall,
As if they felt the piercing ball.
'Twill surely rain; I see with sorrow,
Our jaunt must be put off to-morrow.

A BOY'S SONG

By James Hogg

WHERE the pools are bright and deep
Where the gray trout lies asleep,
Up the river and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest;
There to trace the homeward bee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

FARM-YARD SONG

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow falls the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Why the boys should drive away
Little sweet maidens from the play,
Or love to banter and fight so well,
That's the thing I never could tell.

But this I know, I love to play,
Through the meadow, among the hay;
Up the water and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

FARM-YARD SONG

By J. T. Trowbridge

OVER the hill the farm-boy goes,
His shadow lengthens along the land,
A giant staff in a giant hand;
In the poplar-tree, above the spring,
The katydid begins to sing;
The early dews are falling;—
Into the stone-heap darts the mink;
The swallows skim the river's brink;
And home to the woodland fly the crows,
When over the hill the farm-boy goes,
Cheerily calling,—
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"

FARM-YARD SONG

Farther, farther over the hill,
Faintly calling, calling still,—
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'!"

Into the yard the farmer goes,
With grateful heart, at the close of day;
Harness and chain are hung away;
In the wagon-shed stand yoke and plow;
The straw's in the stack, the hay in the mow;
The cooling dews are falling;—
The friendly sheep his welcome bleat,
The pigs come grunting to his feet,
The whinnying mare her master knows,
When into the yard the farmer goes,
His cattle calling,—
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"
While still the cow-boy, far away,
Goes seeking those that have gone astray,—
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'!"

Now to her task the milkmaid goes.
The cattle come crowding through the gate,
Lowing, pushing, little and great;
About the trough, by the farm-yard pump,
The frolicsome yearlings frisk and jump,
While the pleasant dews are falling;—
The new-milch heifer is quick and shy,
But the old cow waits with tranquil eye;
And the white stream into the bright pail flows,
When to her task the milkmaid goes,
Soothingly calling,—
"So, boss! so, boss! so! so! so!"

THE MILKMAID

The cheerful milkmaid takes her stool,
And sits and milks in the twilight cool,
Saying, "So! so, boss! so! so!"

To supper at last the farmer goes.
The apples are pared, the paper read,
The stories are told, then all to bed.
Without, the crickets' ceaseless song
Makes shrill the silence all night long;
The heavy dews are falling.
The housewife's hand has turned the lock;
Drowsily ticks the kitchen clock;
The household sinks to deep repose;
But still in sleep the farm-boy goes.
Singing, calling,—
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"
And oft the milkmaid in her dreams,
Drums in the pail with the flashing streams,
Murmuring, "So, boss! so!"

THE MILKMAID

By Jeffreys Taylor

A MILKMAID, who poised a full pail on her head,
Thus mused on her prospects in life, it is said:
"Let me see,—I should think that this milk will procure
One hundred good eggs, or fourscore, to be sure.

"Well then,—stop a bit,—it must not be forgotten,
Some of these may be broken, and some may be rotten;

But if twenty for accident should be detached,
It will leave me just sixty sound eggs to be hatched.

"Well, sixty sound eggs,—no, sound chickens, I mean:
Of these some may die,—we'll suppose seventeen,
Seventeen! not so many,—say ten at the most,
Which will leave fifty chickens to boil or to roast.

"But then there's their barley: how much will they need?
Why, they take but one grain at a time when they feed,—
So that's a mere trifle; now then, let us see,
At a fair market price how much money there'll be.

"Six shillings a pair—five—four—three-and-six,
To prevent all mistakes, that low price I will fix;
Now what will that make? fifty chickens, I said,—
Fifty times three-and-sixpence—*I'll ask Brother Ned.*

"O, but stop,—three-and-sixpence a *pair* I must sell 'em;
Well, a pair is a couple,—now then let us tell 'em;
A couple in fifty will go (my poor brain!)
Why, just a score times, and five pair will remain.

"Twenty-five pairs of fowls—now how tiresome it is
That I can't reckon up so much money as this!
Well, there's no use in trying, so let's give a guess,—
I'll say twenty pounds, *and it can't be no less.*

"Twenty pounds, I am certain, will buy me a cow,
Thirty geese, and two turkeys,—eight pigs and a sow;
Now if these turn out well, at the end of the year,
I shall fill both my pockets with guineas, 'tis clear."

Forgetting her burden, when this she had said,
The maid superciliously tossed up her head;
When, alas for her prospects! her milk-pail descended,
And so all her schemes for the future were ended.

This moral, I think, may be safely attached,—
"Reckon not on your chickens before they are hatched."

HIAWATHA'S CHILDHOOD

By Henry W. Longfellow

BY the shores of Gitche Gumee,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
Stood the wigwam of Nokomis,
Daughter of the Moon, Nokomis.
Dark behind it rose the forest,
Rose the black and gloomy pine-trees,
Rose the firs with cones upon them;
Bright before it beat the water,
Beat the clear and sunny water,
Beat the shining Big-Sea-Water.

There the wrinkled old Nokomis
Nursed the little Hiawatha,
Rocked him in his linden cradle,

Bedded soft in moss and rushes,
Safely bound with reindeer sinews;
Stilled his fretful wail by saying,
"Hush! the Naked Bear will hear thee!"
Lulled him into slumber, singing,
"Ewa-yea! my little owlet!
Who is this that lights the wigwam?
With his great eyes lights the wigwam?
Ewa-yea! my little owlet!"

Many things Nokomis taught him
Of the stars that shine in heaven;
Showed him Ishkoodah, the comet,
Ishkoodah, with fiery tresses;
Showed the Death-Dance of the spirits,
Warriors with their plumes and war-clubs,
Flaring far away to northward
In the frosty nights of winter;
Showed the broad, white road in heaven,
Pathway of the ghosts, the shadows,
Running straight across the heavens,
Crowded with the ghosts, the shadows.

At the door, on summer evenings,
Sat the little Hiawatha;
Heard the whispering of the pine-trees,
Heard the lapping of the water,
Sounds of music, words of wonder;
"Minnie-wawa!" said the pine-trees,
"Mudway-aushka!" said the water;
Saw the fire-fly, Wah-wah-taysee,
Flitting through the dusk of evening,
With the twinkle of its candle

Lighting up the brakes and bushes,
And he sang the song of children,
Sang the song Nokomis taught him:
"Wah-wah-taysee, little fire-fly,
Little, flitting, white-fire insect,
Little, dancing, white-fire creature,
Light me with your little candle,
Ere upon my bed I lay me,
Ere in sleep I close my eyelids!"

Saw the moon rise from the water
Rippling, rounding from the water,
Saw the flecks and shadows on it,
Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:
"Once a warrior, very angry,
Seized his grandmother, and threw her
Up into the sky at midnight;
Right against the moon he threw her;
'Tis her body that you see there."

Saw the rainbow in the heaven,
In the eastern sky, the rainbow,
Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:
"'Tis the heaven of flowers you see there;
All the wild-flowers of the forest,
All the lilies of the prairie,
When on earth they fade and perish,
Blossom in that heaven above us."

When he heard the owls at midnight,
Hooting, laughing in the forest,

SEVEN TIMES TWO

"What is that?" he cried in terror;
"What is that," he said, "Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:
"That is but the owl and owlet,
Talking in their native language,
Talking, scolding at each other."
Then the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How they built their nests in summer,
Where they hid themselves in winter,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Chickens."

Of all beasts he learned the language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How the beavers built their lodges,
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
Why the rabbit was so timid,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Brothers."

SEVEN TIMES TWO

By Jean Ingelow

YON bells in the steeple, ring out your changes,
How many soever they be,
And let the brown meadow-lark's note as he ranges
Come over, come over to me.

Yet birds' clearest carol by fall or by swelling
No magical sense conveys,
And bells have forgotten their old art of telling
The fortune of future days.

"Turn again, turn again," once they rang cheerily
While a boy listened alone:
Made his heart yearn again, musing so wearily
All by himself on a stone.

Poor bells! I forgive you; your good days are over,
And mine, they are yet to be;
No listening, no longing, shall aught, aught discover:
You leave the story to me.

The foxglove shoots out of the green matted heather,
Preparing her hoods of snow;
She was idle, and slept till the sunshiny weather:
O, children take long to grow.

I wish, and I wish, that the spring would go faster,
Nor long summer bide so late;
And I could grow on like the foxglove and aster,
For some things are ill to wait.

I wait for the day when dear hearts shall discover,
While dear hands are laid on my head;
"The child is a woman, the book may close only,
For all the lessons are said."

THE BAREFOOT BOY

I wait for my story—the birds cannot sing it,
Not one, as he sits on the tree;
The bells cannot ring it, but long years, O, bring it!
Such as I wish it to be.

THE BAREFOOT BOY

By John Greenleaf Whittier

BLESSINGS on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!
With thy upturned pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;
From my heart I give thee joy,—
I was once a barefoot boy!
Prince thou art,—the grown-up man
Only is republican.
Let the million-dollared ride!
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy
In the reach of ear and eye,—
Outward sunshine, inward joy:
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

O for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned of schools:

Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground-mole sinks his well;
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the groundnut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine;
Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artisans!—
For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy,—
Blessings on the barefoot boy!

O for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I heard or saw,
Me, their master, waited for.
I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming-birds and honey-bees;
For my sport the squirrel played,
Plied the snouted mole his spade;
For my taste the blackberry cone

Purpled over hedge and stone;
Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night,
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine, on bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides!
Still, as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches, too;
All the world I saw or knew
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
Fashioned for a barefoot boy!

O for festal dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread,—
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the door-stone, gray and rude!
O'er me like a regal tent,
Cloudy ribbed, the sunset bent,
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wind-swung fold;
While for music came the play
Of the pied frogs' orchestra;
And, to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
I was monarch: pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy!

Cheerily, then, my little man,
Live and laugh as boyhood can!
Though the flinty slopes be hard,

THANKSGIVING DAY

Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat:
All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod,
Made to tread the mills of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless moil:
Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground;
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
Ah! that thou couldst know thy joy,
Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

THANKSGIVING DAY

By Lydia Maria Child

OVER the river and through the wood,
To grandfather's house we go;
The horse knows the way
To carry the sleigh
Through the white and drifted snow.
Over the river and through the wood—
Oh, how the wind does blow!
It stings the toes,
And bites the nose,
As over the ground we go.

THE SWAN'S NEST

Over the river and through the wood,
To have a first-rate play.
Hear the bells ring,
"Ting-a-ling-ding!"
Hurrah for Thanksgiving Day!
Over the river and through the wood
Trot fast, my dapple-gray!
Spring over the ground,
Like a hunting-hound!
For this is Thanksgiving Day.

Over the river and through the wood,
And straight through the barnyard gate.
We seem to go
Extremely slow,—
It is so hard to wait!
Over the river and through the wood—
Now grandmother's cap I spy!
Hurrah for the fun!
Is the pudding done?
Hurrah for the pumpkin-pie!

THE ROMANCE OF THE SWAN'S NEST

By Elizabeth Barrett Browning

LITTLE Ellie sits alone
Mid the beeches of a meadow,
By a stream-side on the grass,
And the trees are showering down
Doubles of their leaves in shadow,
On her shining hair and face.

She has thrown her bonnet by,
And her feet she has been dipping
In the shallow water's flow.
Now she holds them nakedly
In her hands all sleek and dripping,
While she rocketh to and fro.

Little Ellie sits alone,
And the smile she softly uses
Fills the silence like a speech,
While she thinks what shall be done,—
And the sweetest pleasure chooses
For her future within reach.

Little Ellie in her smile
Chooses * * * "I will have a lover,
Riding on a steed of steeds!
He shall love me without guile,
And to *him* I will discover
The swan's nest among the reeds.

"And the steed shall be red-roan,
And the lover shall be noble,
With an eye that takes the breath.
And the lute he plays upon
Shall strike ladies into trouble,
As his sword strikes men to death.

"And the steed it shall be shod
All in silver, housed in azure,
And the mane shall swim the wind;
And the hoofs along the sod
Shall flash onward and keep measure,
Till the shepherds look behind.

"But my lover will not prize
All the glory that he rides in,
When he gazes in my face.
He will say, 'O Love, thine eyes
Build the shrine my soul abides in,
And I kneel here for thy grace.'

"Then, ay then—he shall kneel low,
With the red roan steed anear him,
Which shall seem to understand—
Till I answer, 'Rise and go!
For the world must love and fear him
Whom I gift with heart and hand.'

"Then he will arise so pale,
I shall feel my own lips tremble
With a *yes* I must not say;
Nathless maiden-brave, 'Farewell'
I will utter, and dissemble;—
'Light to-morrow with to-day.'

"Then he'll ride among the hills
To the wide world past the river,
There to put away all wrong;
To make straight distorted wills,
And to empty the broad quiver
Which the wicked bear along.

"Three times shall a young foot-page
Swim the stream and climb the mountain
And kneel down beside my feet;—
'Lo, my master sends this gage,
Lady, for thy pity's counting!
What wilt thou exchange for it?'

"And the first time, I will send
A white rosebud for a guerdon,—
And the second time, a glove;
But the third time, I may bend
From my pride, and answer, 'Pardon,
If he comes to take my love.'

"Then the young foot-page will run,—
Then my lover will ride faster,
Till he kneeleth at my knee:
'I am a duke's eldest son!
Thousand serfs do call me master,—
But, O Love, I love but *thee!*'

"He will kiss me on the mouth
Then, and lead me as a lover
Through the crowds that praise his deeds;
And, when soul-tied by one troth,
Unto *him* I will discover
That swan's nest among the reeds."

Little Ellie, with her smile
Not yet ended, rose up gayly,
Tied the bonnet, donned the shoe,
And went homeward, round a mile,
Just to see, as she did daily,
What more eggs were with the two.

Pushing through the elm-tree copse,
Winding up the stream, light-hearted,
Where the osier pathway leads,—
Past the boughs she stoops—and stops.
Lo, the wild swan had deserted,
And a rat had gnawed the reeds.

THE VOICE OF SPRING

Ellie went home sad and slow.
If she found the lover ever,
With his red-roan steed of steeds,
Sooth I know not! but I know
She could never show him—never,
That swan's nest among the reeds!

THE VOICE OF SPRING

By Mary Howitt

I AM coming, I am coming!
Hark! the little bee is humming;
See, the lark is soaring high
In the blue and sunny sky;
And the gnats are on the wing,
Wheeling round in airy ring.

See the yellow catkins cover
All the slender willows over!
And on the banks of mossy green
Star-like primroses are seen;
And, their clustering leaves below,
White and purple violets blow.

Hark! the new-born lambs are bleating,
And the cawing rooks are meeting
In the elms a noisy crowd;
All the birds are singing loud;
And the first white butterfly
In the sunshine dances by.

GREEN THINGS GROWING

Look around thee, look around!
Flowers in all the fields abound:
Every running stream is bright;
All the orchard trees are white;
And each small and waving shoot
Promises sweet flowers and fruit.

Turn thine eyes to earth and heaven:
God for thee the spring has given,
Taught the birds their melodies,
Clothed the earth and cleared the skies,
For thy pleasure or thy food;
Pour thy soul in gratitude.

GREEN THINGS GROWING

By Dinah Maria Mulock

OH, the green things growing, the green things growing,
The faint sweet smell of the green things growing!
I should like to live, whether I smile or grieve
Just to watch the happy life of my green things growing.

Oh, the fluttering and the pattering of those green things growing!
How they talk each to each, when none of us are knowing;
In the wonderful white of the weird moonlight
Or the dim dreamy dawn when the cocks are crowing.

DAFFODILS

I love, I love them so,—my green things growing!
And I think that they love me, without false showing;
For by many a tender touch, they comfort me so much,
With the soft mute comfort of green things growing.

A BOY'S PRAYER

By H. C. Beeching

GOD who created me
Nimble and light of limb,
In three elements free,
To run, to ride, to swim
Not when the sense is dim,
But now from the heart of joy,
I would remember Him:
Take the thanks of a boy.

DAFFODILS

By William Wordsworth

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

DAFFODIL

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company.
I gazed, and gazed, but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought.

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

DAFFODIL

By Katherine Tynan Hinkson

WHO passes down the wintry street?
Hey, ho, daffodil!
A sudden flame of gold and sweet,

With sword of emerald girt to meet,
And golden gay from head to feet.

JULY

How are you here this wintry day?
  Hey, ho, daffodil!
Your radiant fellows yet delay.

No wind flower dances scarlet gay,
Nor crocus flame lights up the way.

What land of cloth o' gold and green,
  Hey, ho, daffodil!
Cloth o' gold with the green between.

Was that you left but yestere'en,
To light a gloomy world and mean?

King Trumpeter to Flora's queen,
  Hey, ho, daffodil!
Blow, and the golden jousts begin.

JULY

By Susan Hartley Swett

WHEN the scarlet cardinal tells
  Her dream to the dragon fly,
And the lazy breeze makes a nest in the trees,
  And murmurs a lullaby,
    It is July.

When the tangled cobweb pulls
  The cornflower's cap awry,
And the lilies tall lean over the wall
  To bow to the butterfly,
    It is July.

THE FRINGED GENTIAN

When the heat like a mist veil floats,
And poppies flame in the rye,
And the silver note in the streamlet's throat
Has softened almost to a sigh,
It is July.

When the hours are so still that time
Forgets them, and lets them lie
'Neath petals pink till the night stars wink
At the sunset in the sky,
It is July.

When each finger-post by the way
Says that Slumbertown is nigh;
When the grass is tall, and the roses fall,
And nobody wonders why,
It is July.

TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN

By William Cullen Bryant

THOU blossom, bright with autumn dew,
And colored with the heaven's own blue,
That openest when the quiet light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night,

Thou comest not when violets lean
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,
Or columbines, in purple dressed,
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.

SUMMER DAYS

Thou waitest late, and com'st alone,
When woods are bare and birds are flown,
And frosts and shortening days portend
The aged Year is near his end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fringes to the sky,
Blue—blue—as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to me,
Hope, blossoming within my heart,
May look to heaven as I depart.

SUMMER DAYS

Anonymous

WINTER is cold-hearted;
Spring is yea and nay;
Autumn is a weathercock,
Blown every way:
Summer days for me
When every leaf is on its tree,

When Robin's not a beggar,
And Jenny Wren's a bride,
And larks hang, singing, singing, singing,
Over the wheat-fields wide,
And anchored lilies ride,
And the pendulum spider
Swings from side to side,

And blue-black beetles transact business,
  And gnats fly in a host
And furry caterpillars hasten
  That no time be lost,
And moths grow fat and thrive,
And lady birds arrive.

Before green apples blush,
  Before green nuts embrown,
Why, one day in the country
  Is worth a month in town—
Is worth a day and a year
  Of the dusty, musty, lag-last fashion
That days drone elsewhere.

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE!

By George Pope Morris

WOODMAN, spare that tree!
  Touch not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
  And I'll protect it now.
'Twas my forefather's hand
  That placed it near his cot;
There, woodman, let it stand,
  Thy ax shall harm it not.

That old familiar tree,
  Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea—
  And wouldst thou hew it down?

DAISY'S SONG

Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
Cut not its earth-bound ties;
Oh, spare that agèd oak
Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy,
I sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joy
Here, too, my sisters played.
My mother kissed me here;
My father pressed my hand—
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let that old oak stand.

My heart-strings round thee cling,
Close as thy bark, old friend!
Here shall the wild-bird sing,
And still thy branches bend.
Old tree! the storm still brave!
And, woodman, leave the spot;
While I've a hand to save,
Thy ax shall harm it not.

DAISY'S SONG

By John Keats

THE sun with his great eye,
Sees not so much as I;
And the moon, all silver-proud,
Might as well be in a cloud.

And oh, the spring—the spring!
I lead the life of a king!
Couch'd in the teeming grass,
I spy each pretty lass.

I look where no one dares,
And I stare where no one stares,
And when the night is nigh,
Lambs bleat my lullaby.

THE FROST

By Hannah Flagg Gould

THE Frost looked forth, one still, clear night,
And whispered, "Now I shall be out of sight;
So through the valley and over the height,
In silence I'll take my way:
I will not go on with that blustering train,
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,
Who make so much bustle and noise in vain,
But I'll be as busy as they."

Then he flew to the mountain and powdered its crest;
He lit on the trees, and their boughs he dressed
In diamond beads—and over the breast
Of the quivering lake he spread
A coat of mail, that it need not fear
The downward point of many a spear
That hung on its margin far and near,
Where a rock could rear its head.

ALMOND BLOSSOM

He went to the windows of those who slept,
And over each pane, like a fairy, crept;
Wherever he breathed, wherever he slept,
By the light of the moon were seen
Most beautiful things—there were flowers and trees;
There were bevies of birds and swarms of bees;
There were cities with temples and towers, and these
All pictured in silver sheen!

But he did one thing that was hardly fair;
He peeped in the cupboard, and finding there
That all had forgotten for him to prepare—
"Now just to set them a-thinking,
I'll bite this basket of fruit," said he,
"This costly pitcher I'll burst in three,
And the glass of water they've left for me
Shall *'tchich!'* to tell them I'm drinking."

ALMOND BLOSSOM

By Edwin Arnold

BLOSSOM of the almond-trees,
April's gift to April's bees,
Birthday ornament of spring,
Flora's fairest daughterling;—
Coming when no flowerets dare
Trust the cruel outer air,
When the royal king-cup bold
Dares not don his coat of gold,

And the sturdy blackthorn spray
Keeps his silver for the May;—
Coming when no flowerets would,
Save thy lowly sisterhood,
Early violets, blue and white,
Dying for their love of light.

Almond blossom, sent to teach us
That the spring days soon will reach us,
Lest, with longing over-tried,
We die as the violets died,—
Blossom, clouding all the tree
With thy crimson broidery,
Long before a leaf of green
On the bravest bough is seen,—
Ah! when winter winds are swinging
All thy red bells into ringing,
With a bee in every bell,
Almond bloom, we greet thee well.

A SONG OF CLOVER

By Saxe Holm

I WONDER what the Clover thinks,
Intimate friend of Bob-o'-links,
Lover of Daisies slim and white,
Waltzer with Buttercups at night;
Keeper of Inn for travelling Bees,
Serving to them wine-dregs and lees,
Left by the Royal Humming Birds,
Who sip and pay with fine-spun words;

A STORM

Fellow with all the lowliest,
Peer of the gayest and the best;
Comrade of winds, beloved of sun,
Kissed by the Dew-drops one by one;
Prophet of Good-luck mystery
By sign of four which few may see;
Symbol of Nature's magic zone;
One out of three, and three in one;
Emblem of comfort in the speech
Which poor men's babies early reach;
Sweet by the roadsides, sweet by rills,
Sweet in the meadows, sweet on hills,
Sweet in its white, sweet in its red,—
Oh, half its sweetness cannot be said;—
Sweet in its every living breath.
Sweetest, perhaps, at last in death!
Oh, who knows what the Clover thinks?
No one! unless the Bob-o'-links!

A STORM IN THE DISTANCE

By Paul H. Hayne

I SEE the cloud-born squadrons of the gale,
Their lines of rain like glittering spears deprest,
While all the affrighted land grows darkly pale
In flashing charge on earth's half-shielded breast.

Sounds like the rush of trampling columns float
From that fierce conflict; volleyed thunders peal,
Blent with the maddened wind's wild bugle-note;
The lightnings flash, the solid woodlands reel!

SEVEN TIMES FOUR

Ha! many a foliaged guardian of the height,
  Majestic pine or chestnut, riven and bare,
Falls in the rage of that aerial flight,
  Led by the Prince of all the Powers of air!

Vast boughs like shattered banners hurtling fly
  Down the thick tumult; while, like emerald snow,
Millions of orphaned leaves make wild the sky,
  Or drift in shuddering helplessness below.

Still, still, the levelled lances of the rain
  At earth's half-shielded breast take glittering aim;
All space is rife with fury, racked with pain,
  Earth bathed in vapor, and heaven rent by flame!

At last the cloud battalions through long rifts
  Of luminous mists retire:—the strife is done,
And earth once more her wounded beauty lifts,
  To meet the healing kisses of the sun.

SEVEN TIMES FOUR

By Jean Ingelow

HEIGH-HO! Daisies and buttercups,
  Fair yellow daffodils, stately and tall!
When the wind wakes, how they rock in the grasses,
And dance with the cuckoo-buds slender and small!
Here's two bonny boys, and here's mother's own lasses,
Eager to gather them all.

TO A SKYLARK

Heigh-ho! Daisies and buttercups!
Mother shall thread them a daisy chain;
Sing them a song of the pretty hedge-sparrow,
That loved her brown little ones, loved them full fair;
Sing, "Heart thou art wide, though the house be but narrow,"
Sing once, and sing it again.

Heigh-ho! Daisies and buttercups,
Sweet wagging cowslips, they bend and they bow;
A ship sails afar over warm ocean waters,
And haply one musing doth stand at her prow.
O bonny brown sons, and O sweet little daughters,
Maybe he thinks on you now.

Heigh-ho! Daisies and buttercups,
Fair yellow daffodils, stately and tall—
A sunshiny world full of laughter and leisure,
And fresh hearts unconscious of sorrow and thrall!
Send down on their pleasure smiles passing its measure,
God that is over us all!

TO A SKYLARK

By Percy Bysshe Shelley

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird thou never wert—
That from heaven or near it
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

TO A SKYLARK

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest:
Like a cloud of fire,
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run,
Like an embodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven
In the broad daylight,
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight—

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel, that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflow'd.

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?

TO A SKYLARK

From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody:—

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not:

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love which overflows her bower:

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aërial hue
Among the flowers and grass which screen it from the view:

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflower'd,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-wingèd thieves.

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,

TO A SKYLARK

Rain-awaken'd flowers,
All that ever was,
Joyous and clear and fresh—thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine:
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal
Or triumphal chaunt,
Match'd with thine, would be all
But an empty vaunt—
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be:
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee:
Thou lovest, but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem

TO A SKYLARK

Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet, if we could scorn,
Hate and pride, and fear;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know;
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow
The world should listen then as I am listening now!

SWIMMING

By Lord Byron

HOW many a time have I
Cloven with arm still lustier, breast more daring,
The wave all roughen'd; with a swimmer's stroke
Flinging the billows back from my drench'd hair,
And laughing from my lip the audacious brine,
Which kiss'd it like a wine-cup, rising o'er
The waves as they arose, and prouder still
The loftier they uplifted me; and oft,
In wantonness of spirit, plunging down
Into the green and glossy gulfs, and making
My way to shells and sea-weed, all unseen
By those above, till they wax'd fearful; then
Returning with my grasp full of such tokens
As show'd that I had search'd the deep: exulting,
With a far dashing stroke, and drawing deep
The long-suspended breath, again I spurn'd
The foam which broke around me, and pursued
My track like a sea-bird—I was a boy then.

THE BROOK

By Alfred Tennyson

I COME from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

THE BROOK

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

THE BUGLE SONG

By Alfred Tennyson

THE splendour falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story:
The long light shakes across the lakes
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

THE BRAVE OLD OAK

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

THE BRAVE OLD OAK

By H. F. Chorley

A SONG to the oak, the brave old oak,
Who hath ruled in the greenwood long;
Here's health and renown to his broad green crown,
And his fifty arms so strong.
There's fear in his frown when the sun goes down,
And the fire in the west fades out;
And he showeth his might on a wild midnight,
When the storm through his branches shout.

Then here's to the oak, the brave old oak,
Who stands in his pride alone;
And still flourish he, a hale green tree,
When a hundred years are gone!

DAYBREAK

In the days of old, when the spring with cold
Had brightened his branches gray,
Through the grass at his feet crept maidens sweet,
To gather the dew of May.
And on that day to the rebeck gay
They frolicked with lovesome swains;
They are gone, they are dead, in the churchyard laid,
But the tree it still remains.
Then here's, &c.

He saw the rare times when the Christmas chimes
Was a merry sound to hear,
When the squire's wide hall and the cottage small
Were filled with good English cheer.
Now gold hath the sway we all obey,
And a ruthless king is he;
But he never shall send our ancient friend
To be tossed on the stormy sea.
Then here's, &c.

DAYBREAK

By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

A WIND came up out of the sea,
And said, "O mists, make room for me!"

It hailed the ships, and cried, "Sail on,
Ye mariners, the night is gone."

And hurried landward far away,
Crying, "Awake! it is the day."

THE MEADOWS IN SPRING

It said unto the forest, "Shout!
Hang all your leafy banners out!"

It touched the wood-bird's folded wing,
And said, "O bird, awake and sing!"

And o'er the farms, "O chanticleer,
Your clarion blow; the day is near!"

It whispered to the fields of corn,
"Bow down, and hail the coming morn!"

It shouted through the belfry-tower,
"Awake, O bell! proclaim the hour."

It crossed the churchyard with a sigh,
And said, "Not yet! in quiet lie."

THE MEADOWS IN SPRING

By Edward Fitzgerald

'TIS a dull sight
To see the year dying,
When winter winds
Set the yellow wood sighing:
Sighing, oh! sighing.

When such a time cometh,
I do retire
Into an old room
Beside a bright fire:
Oh, pile a bright fire!

And there I sit
Reading old things,
Of knights and lorn damsels,
While the wind sings—
  Oh, drearily sings!

I never look out
Nor attend to the blast;
For all to be seen
Is the leaves falling fast:
  Falling, falling!

But close at the hearth
Like a cricket, sit I,
Reading of summer
And chivalry—
  Gallant chivalry!

Then with an old friend
I talk of our youth—
How 'twas gladsome, but often
Foolish, forsooth:
  But gladsome, gladsome!

Or to get merry
We sing some old rhyme,
That made the wood ring again
In summer time—
  Sweet summer time!

And sometimes a tear
Will rise in each eye.
Seeing the two old friends
So merrily—
  So merrily!

And ere to bed
Go we, go we,
Down on the ashes
We kneel on the knee,
Praying together!

Thus, then, live I,
Till, 'mid all the gloom,
By heaven! the bold sun
Is with me in the room
Shining, shining!

Then the clouds part,
Swallows soaring between;
The spring is alive,
And the meadows are green!

I jump up like mad,
Break the old pipe in twain,
And away to the meadows,
The meadows again!

HIAWATHA'S SAILING

By Henry W. Longfellow

"GIVE me of your bark, O Birch tree!
Of your yellow bark, O Birch tree!
Growing by the rushing river,
Tall and stately in the valley!
I a light canoe will build me,
Build a swift Cheemaun for sailing,

That shall float upon the river,
Like a yellow leaf in autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily!
"Lay aside your cloak, O Birch tree!
Lay aside your white-skin wrapper,
For the summer-time is coming,
And the sun is warm in heaven,
And you need no white-skin wrapper!"
Thus aloud cried Hiawatha
In the solitary forest,
When the birds were singing gaily,
In the moon of leaves were singing,
And the Sun, from sleep awaking,
Started up and said, "Behold me!
Gheezis, the great Sun, behold me!"
And the tree with all its branches
Rustled in the breeze of morning,
Saying, with a sigh of patience,
"Take my cloak, O Hiawatha!"
With his knife the tree he girdled;
Just beneath its lowest branches,
Just above the roots, he cut it,
Till the sap came oozing outward;
Down the trunk, from top to bottom,
Sheer he cleft the bark asunder,
With a wooden wedge he raised it,
Stripped it from the trunk unbroken.
"Give me of your boughs, O Cedar!
Of your strong and pliant branches,
My canoe to make more steady,
Make more strong and firm beneath me!"
Through the summit of the cedar
Went a sound, a cry of horror,

Went a murmur of resistance;
But it whispered, bending downward,
"Take my boughs, O Hiawatha!"
Down he hewed the boughs of cedar,
Shaped them straightway to a framework,
Like two bows he formed and shaped them,
Like two bended bows together.
"Give me of your roots, O Tamarack!
Of your fibrous roots, O Larch tree!
My canoe to bind together.
So to bind the ends together
That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me!"
And the larch, with all its fibres,
Shivered in the air of morning,
Touched his forehead with its tassels,
Said, with one long sigh of sorrow,
"Take them all, O Hiawatha!"
From the earth he tore the fibres,
Tore the tough roots of the larch tree,
Closely sewed the bark together,
Bound it closely to the framework.
"Give me of your balm, O Fir tree!
Of your balsam and your resin,
So to close the seams together
That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me!"
And the fir tree, tall and sombre,
Sobbed through all its robes of darkness,
Rattled like a shore with pebbles,
Answered wailing, answered weeping,
"Take my balm, O Hiawatha!"
And he took the tears of balsam,

Took the resin of the fir tree,
Smeared therewith each seam and fissure,
Made each crevice safe from water.
"Give me of your quills, O Hedgehog!
I will make a necklace of them,
Make a girdle for my beauty,
And two stars to deck her bosom!"
From a hollow tree the hedgehog
With his sleepy eyes looked at him,
Shot his shining quills, like arrows,
Saying, with a drowsy murmur,
Through the tangle of his whiskers,
"Take my quills, O Hiawatha!"
From the ground the quills he gathered,
All the little shining arrows,
Stained them red and blue and yellow,
With the juice of roots and berries;
Into his canoe he wrought them,
Round its waist a shining girdle,
Round its bows a gleaming necklace,
On its breast two stars resplendent.
Thus the birch canoe was builded
In the valley, by the river,
In the bosom of the forest;
And the forest's life was in it,
All its mystery and its magic,
All the lightness of the birch tree,
All the toughness of the cedar,
All the larch's supple sinew;
And it floated on the river
Like a yellow leaf in autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily.

PROCESSION OF THE FLOWERS

By Sydney Dobell

FIRST came the primrose,
On the bank high,
Like a maiden looking forth
From the window of a tower
When the battle rolls below,
So looked she,
And saw the storms go by.

Then came the wind-flower
In the valley left behind,
As a wounded maiden pale
With purple streaks of woe
When the battle has roll'd by
Wanders to and fro,
So tottered she,
Dishevell'd in the wind.

Then came the daisies,
On the first of May,
Like a bannered show's advance
While the crowd runs by the way,
With ten thousand flowers about them
They came trooping through the fields.

As a happy people come,
So came they;
As a happy people come
When the war has rolled away,
With dance and tabor, pipe and drum,
And all make holiday.

Then came the cowslip
Like a dancer in the fair,
She spread her little mat of green,
And on it danced she.
With a fillet bound about her brow,
A fillet round her happy brow,
A golden fillet round her brow,
And rubies in her hair.

THE TIGER

By William Blake

TIGER, tiger, burning bright,
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand and what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

A SEA SONG

When the stars threw down their spears,
And water'd heaven with their tears,
Did he smile his work to see?
Did He who made the lamb make thee?

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

A SEA SONG

By Allan Cunningham

A WET sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail
And bends the gallant mast;
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

"O for a soft and gentle wind!"
I heard a fair one cry;
But give to me the snoring breeze
And white waves heaving high;
And white waves heaving high, my lads,
The good ship tight and free,—
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

MERRY SUMMER MONTHS

There's tempest in yon hornèd moon,
And lightning in yon cloud;
But hark the music, mariners!
The wind is piping loud;
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashes free,
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

SONG

By Robert Browning

THE year's at the spring
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn:
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world!

THEY COME: THE MERRY SUMMER MONTHS

By William Motherwell

THEY come! the merry summer months of beauty, song, and flowers;
They come! the gladsome months that bring thick leafiness to bowers.
Up, up, my heart! and walk abroad; fling cark and care aside;

Seek silent hills, or rest thyself where peaceful
waters glide;
Or, underneath the shadow vast of patriarchal
tree,
Scan through its leaves the cloudless sky in rapt
tranquillity.

The grass is soft, its velvet touch is grateful to the
hand;
And, like the kiss of maiden love, the breeze is
sweet and bland;
The daisy and the buttercup are nodding cour-
teously;
It stirs their blood with kindest love, to bless and
welcome thee;
And mark how with thine own thin locks—they
now are silvery gray—
That blissful breeze is wantoning, and whispering,
"Be gay!"

There is no cloud that sails along the ocean of yon
sky
But hath its own winged mariners to give it
melody;
Thou seest their glittering fans outspread, all
gleaming like red gold;
And hark! with shrill pipe musical, their merry
course they hold.
God bless them all, those little ones, who, far above
this earth,
Can make a scoff of its mean joys, and vent a
nobler mirth.

But soft! mine ear upcaught a sound,—from yonder wood it came!
The spirit of the dim green glade did breathe his own glad name;—
Yes, it is he! the hermit bird, that, apart from all his kind,
Slow spells his beads monotonous to the soft western wind;
Cuckoo! Cuckoo! he sings again,—his notes are void of art;
But simplest strains do soonest sound the deep founts of the heart.

Good Lord! it is a gracious boon for thought-crazed wight like me,
To smell again these summer flowers beneath this summer tree!
To suck once more in every breath their little souls away,
And feed my fancy with fond dreams of youth's bright summer day,
When, rushing forth like untamed colt, the reckless, truant boy
Wandered through greenwoods all day long, a mighty heart of joy!

I'm sadder now,—I have had cause; but O, I'm proud to think
That each pure joy-fount, loved of yore, I yet delight to drink;—
Leaf, blossom, blade, hill, valley, stream, the calm, unclouded sky,

Still mingle music with my dreams, as in the days
gone by.
When summer's loveliness and light fall round me
dark and cold,
I'll bear indeed life's heaviest curse,—a heart that
hath waxed old!

LITTLE DANDELION

By Helen B. Bostwick

GAY little Dandelion
Lights up the meads,
Swings on her slender foot,
Telleth her beads,
Lists to the robin's note
Poured from above:
Wise little Dandelion
Asks not for love.

Cold lie the daisy banks
Clothed but in green,
Where, in the days agone,
Bright hues were seen.
Wild pinks are slumbering;
Violets delay:
True little Dandelion
Greeteth the May.

Brave little Dandelion!
Fast falls the snow,
Bending the daffodil's
Haughty head low.

THE DAY IS DONE

Under that fleecy tent,
  Careless of cold,
Blithe little Dandelion
  Counteth her gold.

Meek little Dandelion
  Groweth more fair,
Till dies the amber dew
  Out from her hair.
High rides the thirsty sun,
  Fiercely and high;
Faint little Dandelion
  Closeth her eye.

Pale little Dandelion,
  In her white shroud,
Heareth the angel-breeze
  Call from the cloud!
Tiny plumes fluttering
  Make no delay!
Little winged Dandelion
  Soareth away.

THE DAY IS DONE

By Henry W. Longfellow

THE day is done, and the darkness
  Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
  From an eagle in his flight.

THE DAY IS DONE

I see the lights of the village
  Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me,
  That my soul cannot resist:

A feeling of sadness and longing,
  That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
  As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
  Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
  And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
  Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
  Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music,
  Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor;
  And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
  Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
  Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who, through long days of labor,
  And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
  Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

SAILOR'S SONG

By Thomas Lowell Beddoes

TO sea, to sea! The calm is o'er;
The wanton water leaps in sport,
And rattles down the pebbly shore;
The dolphin wheels, the sea cows snort,
And unseen mermaids' pearly song
Comes bubbling up, the weeds among.
Fling broad the sail, dip deep the oar:
To sea, to sea! the calm is o'er.

To sea, to sea! our wide-winged bark
Shall billowy cleave its sunny way,
And with its shadow, fleet and dark,
Break the caved Triton's azure day,

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

Like mighty eagle soaring light
O'er antelopes on Alpine height.
The anchor heaves, the ship swings free
The sails swell full. To sea, to sea!

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

By Oliver Wendell Holmes

THIS is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main,—
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed,—
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

HOME, SWEET HOME

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings:—

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length are free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

HOME, SWEET HOME

By John Howard Payne

'MID pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home!

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain!
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again!
The birds singing gayly that came at my call:—
Oh, give me sweet peace of mind, dearer than all!
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home!

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND

By Thomas Campbell

YE mariners of England,
That guard our native seas;
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe!
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave;
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave.
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak,
She quells the floods below,—
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow;
When the battle rages loud and long
And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more
And the storm has ceased to blow.

BOYHOOD

By Washington Allston

AH, then how sweetly closed those crowded days!
The minutes parting one by one like rays,
That fade upon a summer's eve.
But O, what charm or magic numbers
Can give me back the gentle slumbers
Those weary, happy days did leave?

MARCH

When by my bed I saw my mother kneel,
  And with her blessing took her nightly kiss;
  Whatever Time destroys, he cannot this;—
E'en now that nameless kiss I feel.

DAISIES

By John Dryden

A TUFT of daisies on a flowery lea
  They saw, and thitherward they bent their way;
To this both knights and dames their homage made,
And due obeisance to the daisy paid.
And then the band of flutes began to play,
To which a lady sang a virelay:
And still at every close she would repeat
The burthen of the song: "The daisy is so sweet."

MARCH

By Nora Hopper

BLOSSOM on the plum,
  Wild wind and merry;
Leaves upon the cherry,
  And one swallow come.

Red windy dawn,
  Swift rain and sunny;
Wild bees seeking honey,
  Crocus on the lawn;
Blossom on the plum.

MARCH

Grass begins to grow
Dandelions come;
Snowdrops haste to go
After last month's snow;
Rough winds beat and blow,
Blossom on the plum.

SUCCESSION OF THE FOUR SWEET MONTHS

By Robert Herrick

FIRST, April, she with mellow showers,
Opens the way for early flowers;
Then after her comes smiling May,
In a more rich and sweet array;
Next enters June, and brings us more
Gems, than those two that went before;
Then, lastly, July comes, and she
More wealth brings in than all those three.

MARCH

By William Wordsworth

THE cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,
The green field sleeps in the sun;
The oldest and youngest
Are at work with the strongest;
The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising;
There are forty feeding like one!

A WAYFARING SONG

Like an army defeated
The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill;
The ploughboy is whooping—anon—anon:
There's joy in the mountains;
There's life in the fountains;
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing;
The rain is over and gone!

A WAYFARING SONG

By Henry Van Dyke

O WHO will walk a mile with me
Along life's merry way?
A comrade blithe and full of glee,
Who dares to laugh out loud and free,
And let his frolic fancy play,
Like a happy child, through the flowers gay
That fill the field and fringe the way
Where he walks a mile with me.

And who will walk a mile with me
Along life's weary way?
A friend whose heart has eyes to see
The stars shine out o'er the darkening lea,
And the quiet rest at the end o' the day,—
A friend who knows and dares to say,
The brave, sweet words that cheer the way
Where he walks a mile with me.

With such a comrade, such a friend,
I fain would walk till journey's end,
Through summer sunshine, winter rain,
And then?—Farewell, we shall meet again!

HARK, HARK! THE LARK!

By William Shakespeare

HARK, hark! the lark at heaven's gates sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With everything that pretty is,
My lady sweet, arise:
Arise, arise.

THE ARROW AND THE SONG

By Henry W. Longfellow

I SHOT an arrow into the air
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

THE SEA

By Barry Cornwall

THE sea, the sea, the open sea,
The blue, the fresh, the ever free;
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round:

It plays with the clouds, it mocks the skies,
Or like a cradled creature lies.
I'm on the sea, I'm on the sea,
I am where I would ever be,
With the blue above and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go.
If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter? I shall ride and sleep.

I love, O, how I love to ride
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
Where every mad wave drowns the moon,
And whistles aloft its tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the southwest wind doth blow!
I never was on the dull, tame shore
But I loved the great sea more and more,

And backward flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh her mother's nest,—
And a mother she was and is to me,
For I was born on the open sea.

The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born;
The whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold;
And never was heard such an outcry wild,
As welcomed to life the ocean child.
I have lived since then, in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers a rover's life,
With wealth to spend, and a power to range,
But never have sought or sighed for change:
And death, whenever he comes to me,
Shall come on the wide, unbounded sea!

SMALL BEGINNINGS

By Charles Mackay

A TRAVELLER through a dusty road strewed
acorns on the lea;
And one took root and sprouted up, and grew
into a tree.
Love sought its shade, at evening time, to breathe
its early vows;
And age was pleased, in heats of noon, to bask
beneath its boughs;
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs, the birds
sweet music bore;
It stood a glory in its place, a blessing evermore.

SMALL BEGINNINGS

A little spring had lost its way amid the grass and fern,
A passing stranger scooped a well, where weary men might turn;
He walled it in, and hung with care a ladle at the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did, but judged that toil might drink.
He passed again, and lo! the well, by summers never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues, and saved a life beside.

A dreamer dropped a random thought; 'twas old, and yet 'twas new;
A simple fancy of the brain, but strong in being true.
It shone upon a genial mind, and lo! its light became
A lamp of life, a beacon ray, a monitory flame.
The thought was small; its issue great; a watch-fire on the hill;
It sheds its radiance far adown, and cheers the valley still!

A nameless man, amid a crowd that thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of Hope and Love, unstudied from the heart;
A whisper on the tumult thrown,—a transitory breath,—
It raised a brother from the dust; it saved a soul from death.

OPPORTUNITY

O germ! O fount! O word of love! O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first, but mighty at the last.

VOYAGERS

By Emily Dickinson

THERE is no frigate like a book,
To take us lands away,
Nor any coursers like a page
Of prancing poetry.
This traverse may the poorest take,
Without oppress of toil;
How frugal is the chariot
That bears a human soul.

OPPORTUNITY

By Edward Rowland Sill

THIS I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream:—
There spread a cloud of dust along a plain;
And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged
A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords
Shocked upon swords and shields. A prince's banner
Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by foes.
A craven hung along the battle's edge,
And thought, "Had I a sword of keener steel—

LABOR SONG

What blue blade that the king's son bears,—but this
Blunt thing—!" he snapt and flung it from his hand,
And lowering crept away and left the field.
Then came the king's son, wounded, sore bestead,
And weaponless, and saw the broken sword,
Hilt-buried in the dry and trodden sand,
And ran and snatched it, and with battle-shout
Lifted afresh he hewed his enemy down,
And saved a great cause that heroic day.

LABOR SONG

By Denis MacCarthy

AH! little they know of true happiness, they whom satiety fills,
Who, flung on the rich breast of luxury, eat of the rankness that kills.
Ah! little they know of the blessedness toil-purchased slumber enjoys
Who, stretched on the hard rack of indolence, taste of the sleep that destroys;
Nothing to hope for, or labor for; nothing to sigh for, or gain;
Nothing to light in its vividness, lightning-like, bosom and brain;
Nothing to break life's monotony, rippling it o'er with its breath:
Nothing but dulness and lethargy, weariness, sorrow, and death!

But blesséd that child of humanity, happiest man among men,
Who, with hammer or chisel or pencil, with rudder or ploughshare or pen,
Laboreth ever and ever with hope through the morning of life,
Winning home and its darling divinities,—love-worshipped children and wife.
Round swings the hammer of industry, quickly the sharp chisel rings,
And the heart of the toiler has throbbings that stir not the bosom of kings,—
He the true ruler and conqueror, he the true king of his race,
Who nerveth his arm for life's combat, and looks the strong world in the face.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

By Henry W. Longfellow

UNDER a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling—rejoicing—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

THE HAPPIEST HEART

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought!

LIFE

By James Russell Lowell

LIFE is a leaf of paper white
Whereon each one of us may write
His word or two; and then comes night.

Though thou have time
But for a line, be that sublime;
Not failure, but *low aim,* is crime.

THE HAPPIEST HEART

By John Vance Cheney

WHO drives the horses of the sun
Shall lord it but a day;
Better the lowly deed were done,
And kept the humble way.

The rust will find the sword of fame,
The dust will hide the crown;
Ay, none shall nail so high his name,
Time will not tear it down.

INSIGNIFICANT EXISTENCE

The happiest heart that ever beat
Was in some quiet breast
That found the common daylight sweet,
And left to Heaven the rest.

THE NOBLE NATURE

By Ben Jonson

IT is not growing like a tree
In bulk doth make man better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sear
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night,—
It was the plant and flower of light.
In small proportions we just beauties see;
And in short measures life may perfect be.

INSIGNIFICANT EXISTENCE

By Isaac Watts

THERE are a number of us creep
Into this world, to eat and sleep;
And know no reason why we're born,
But only to consume the corn,
Devour the cattle, fowl, and fish,
And leave behind an empty dish.
The crows and ravens do the same,
Unlucky birds of hateful name;
Ravens or crows might fill their place,

And swallow corn and carcasses,
Then if their tombstone, when they die,
Be n't taught to flatter and to lie,
There's nothing better will be said
Than that "they've eat up all their bread,
Drunk up their drink, and gone to bed."

FOR A' THAT

By Robert Burns

IS there, for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that;
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that!

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin-gray,[1] and a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that;
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that!

Ye see yon birkie[2] ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;
Though hundreds worship at his word;
He's but a coof[3] for a' that;

[1] Coarse woolen clothes. [2] Impudent fellow. [3] Fool, blockhead.

For a' that, and a' that,
His riband, star, and a' that,
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can make a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith he maunna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may—
As come it will for a' that—
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet for a' that,
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that!

PROCRASTINATION

By Robert Southwell

SHUN delays, they breed remorse;
Take thy time while time is lent thee;
Creeping snails have weakest force;
Fly thy fault, lest thou repent thee;
Good is best when soonest wrought,
Lingering labours come to naught.

CARDINAL WOLSEY'S SPEECH

Hoist up sail while gale doth last;
Tide and wind wait no man's pleasure;
Seek not time when time is past;
Sober speed is wisdom's leisure;
Afterwits are dearly bought,
Let thy forewit guide thy thought.

CARDINAL WOLSEY'S SPEECH TO CROMWELL

By William Shakespeare

CROMWELL, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And—when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of—say, I taught thee,
Say, Wolsey—that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor—
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruined me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee:
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:

WOLSEY'S FALL

Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O
Cromwell!
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king;
And—pr'ythee, lead me in:
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell!
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies!

—From "Henry VIII."

WOLSEY'S FALL

By William Shakespeare

FAREWELL, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him:
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me.

SEVEN AGES OF MAN

Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye:
I feel my heart new open'd. O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have:
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

—*From "Henry VIII."*

SEVEN AGES OF MAN

By William Shakespeare

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
Then the whining school-boy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part: the sixth age shifts

POLONIUS'S ADVICE

Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion,—
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

—From "As You Like It."

JOG ON

By William Shakespeare

JOG on, jog on, the footpath way,
And merrily hent the stile-a;
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.

—From "The Winter's Tale."

POLONIUS'S ADVICE

By William Shakespeare

GIVE every man thy ear, but few thy voice:
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.
Neither a borrower nor a lender be;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,

OVER HILL, OVER DALE

And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all: to thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

—*From "Hamlet."*

REPUTATION

By William Shakespeare

GOOD name in man or woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

—*From "Othello."*

OVER HILL, OVER DALE

By William Shakespeare

OVER hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green:
The cowslips tall her pensioners be;

INGRATITUDE

In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favors,
In those freckles live their savors:
I must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
—From "A Midsummer-Night's Dream."

I KNOW A BANK

By William Shakespeare

I KNOW a bank where the wild thyme blows;
Where oxlips, and the nodding violet grows;
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine:
There sleeps Titania sometime of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight;
And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in.
—From "A Midsummer-Night's Dream."

INGRATITUDE

By William Shakespeare

BLOW, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou are not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

MERCY

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
  As benefits forgot;
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
  As friend remember'd not.

WHERE THE BEE SUCKS

By William Shakespeare

WHERE the bee sucks, there suck I:
  In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer, merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

—*From "The Tempest."*

MERCY

By William Shakespeare

THE quality of mercy is not strained,—
  It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blessed,—
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The thronéd monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings:

THE PEDLER'S PACK

But mercy is above this sceptred sway,—
It is enthronéd in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice.

—*From "The Merchant of Venice."*

PERFECTION

By William Shakespeare

TO gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

—*From "King John."*

THE PEDLER'S PACK

By William Shakespeare

Enter AUTOLYCUS, *singing*

LAWN as white as driven snow;
Cyprus black as e'er was crow;
Gloves as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces and for noses;
Bugle bracelet, necklace-amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber:
Golden quoifs and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears;
Pins and poking-sticks of steel,

THE FAIRIES' LULLABY

What maids lack from head to heel:
Come buy of me, come; come buy, come buy;
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry:
Come buy. —*From "The Winter's Tale."*

THE FAIRIES' LULLABY

By William Shakespeare

Enter TITANIA, *with her train*

TITANIA. Come, now a roundel, and a fairy song;
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence;—
Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds;
Some, war with rere-mice for their leathern wings,
To make my small elves coats; and some, keep back
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders
At our quaint spirits. Sing me now asleep;
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

SONG

1 FAIRY. *You spotted snakes, with double tongue,*
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;
Newts, and blind-worms, do no wrong;
Come not near our fairy queen.

CHORUS

Philomel, with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby:
Never harm,
Nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night, with lullaby.

YELLOW SANDS

1 FAIRY. *Weaving spiders, come not here;*
Hence, you long-legged spinners hence!
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm, nor snail, do no offence.

CHORUS

Philomel, with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby:
Never harm,
Nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night, with lullaby.

2 FAIRY. *Hence, away! now all is well.*
One aloof stand sentinel!
—From "A Midsummer-Night's Dream."

COME UNTO THESE YELLOW SANDS

By William Shakespeare

COME unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands;
Court'sied when you have, and kissed
The wild waves whist,
Foot it featly here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.
Hark, hark!
Bowgh-wow.
The watch-dogs bark:
Bowgh-wow.

DESCRIPTION OF A FOP

Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer
Cry, Cock-a-doodle-dow.

—*From "The Tempest."*

OPPORTUNITY

By William Shakespeare

THERE is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

—*From "Julius Cæsar."*

HOTSPUR'S DESCRIPTION OF A FOP

By William Shakespeare

BUT I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dress'd,
Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new reap'd,
Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home;
He was perfumed like a milliner;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose, and took 't away again;—
Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in snuff:—and still he smiled and talk'd;

BUTTERCUP

And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He questioned me; amongst the rest, demanded
My prisoners in your majesty's behalf.
I then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold,
To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
Out of my grief and my impatience,
Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what,—
He should, or he should not; for he made me mad
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting gentlewoman,
Of guns, and drums, and wounds,—God save the mark!—
And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmaceti for an inward bruise;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
This villanous saltpetre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly; and, but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.

BUTTERCUP

By Jean Ingelow

AND O the buttercups! that field
O' the cloth of gold, where pennons swam,
Where France set up his lilied shield,
His oriflamb,

TO GENERAL CROMWELL

And Henry's lion-standard rolled;
What was it to their matchless sheen,
Their million million drops of gold
Among the green!

KNOWLEDGE

By William Cowper

KNOWLEDGE and wisdom, far from being one,
Have ofttimes no connection. Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men,
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.

TO THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL

By John Milton

CROMWELL, our chief of men, who through a cloud
Not of war only, but detractions rude,
Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast plowed,
And on the neck of crownéd fortune proud
Hast reared God's trophies, and his work pursued,
While Darwen stream with blood of Scots imbrued,
And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud,
And Worcester's laureate wreath. Yet much remains

ON HIS BLINDNESS

To conquer still; peace hath her victories
No less renowned than war: new foes arise
Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains:
Help us to save free conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw.

THE RAINBOW

By William Wordsworth

MY heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky;
So was it when my life began,
So is it now I am a man,
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
The Child is father of the Man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

ON HIS BLINDNESS

By John Milton

WHEN I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide;
And that one talent which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he returning chide;
Doth God exact day-labor, light denied,

TO MILTON

I fondly ask? But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts; who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best: his state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait.

A FAREWELL

By Charles Kingsley

MY fairest child, I have no song to give you;
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray;
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them all day long:
And so make life, death, and that vast forever
One grand, sweet song.

TO MILTON

By William Wordsworth

MILTON! thou shouldst be living at this hour:
England hath need of thee: she is a fen
Of stagnant waters: altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;
Oh! raise us up, return to us again;
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.

RETRIBUTION

Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart:
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea:
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

PERSEVERANCE

By Edward Fitzgerald

FANCY Thou not, though weary, as if won
The Journey's End when only just begun;
For not a Mountain Peak with Toil attain'd
But shows a Top yet higher to be gain'd.
Wherefore still Forward, Forward!

RETRIBUTION

By Henry W. Longfellow

THOUGH the mills of God grind slowly
Yet they grind exceeding small;
Though with patience he stands waiting,
With exactness grinds he all.

THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

By Abraham Lincoln

President Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, which Dr. Eliot specially mentions in his introduction, while not a poem in form, embodies the loftiest conception of what true patriotism really is. For that reason this world classic is here inserted at the head of patriotic poems.

FOURSCORE and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion;

that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

AMERICA

By S. F. Smith

MY country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrims' pride;
From every mountain side,
Let Freedom ring.

My native country, thee—
Land of the noble free—
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet Freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break—
The sound prolong.

STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With Freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

By Francis Scott Key

O say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming!
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there:
O say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?

Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first
beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream:
'Tis the star-spangled banner! O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps'
pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave:
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

Oh! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's
desolation!
Blest with victory and peace, may the Heaven-
rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved
us a nation.
Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,
And this be our motto: *"In God is our trust."*
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall
wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the
brave.

DIXIE

By Daniel Decatur Emmett

I WISH I was in de land ob cotton,
Old times dar am not forgotten,
Look away! Look away! Look away!
In Dixie Land where I was born in,
Early on a frosty mornin',
Look away! Look away! Look away!
Den I wish I was in Dixie,
Hooray! Hooray!
In Dixie Land, I'll take my stand,
To lib and die in Dixie,
Away! Away!
Away down south in Dixie.

Old Missus marry "Will-de-weaber,"
Willium was a gay deceaber;
Look away! Look away! Look away!
But when he put his arm around 'er,
He smiled as fierce as a forty-pounder,
Look away! Look away! Look away!

His face was as sharp as a butcher's cleaber,
But dat did not seem to greab 'er;
Look away! Look away! Look away!
Old Missus acted de foolish part,
And died for a man dat broke her heart.
Look away! Look away! Look away!

Now here's a health to de next old Missus,
And all de gals dat want to kiss us;
Look away! Look away! Look away!

RULE BRITANNIA

But if you want to drive 'way sorrow,
Come and hear dis song to-morrow,
Look away! Look away! Look away!

Dar's buckwheat cakes an' Injen batter,
Makes you fat or a little fatter;
Look away! Look away! Look away!
Den hoe it down and scratch your grabble,
To Dixie's Land I'm bound to trabble,
Look away! Look away! Look away!

RULE BRITANNIA!

By James Thomson

WHEN Britain first, at Heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sing the strain:
Rule Britannia! Britannia rules the waves!
Britons never will be slaves.

The nations not so blest as thee,
Must, in their turn, to tyrants fall;
Whilst thou shalt flourish, great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.
Rule Britannia! etc.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke,
As the loud blasts that tear thy skies
Serve but to root thy native oak.
Rule Britannia! etc.

THE WATCH ON THE RHINE

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;
All their attempts to hurl thee down
Will but arouse thy generous flame,
And work their woe—but thy renown.
Rule Britannia! etc.

To thee belongs the rural reign;
Thy cities shall with commerce shine;
All thine shall be the subject main,
And every shore encircle thine.
Rule Britannia! etc.

The Muses, still with Freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair;
Blest Isle! with matchless beauty crowned,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.
Rule Britannia! etc.

THE WATCH ON THE RHINE

By Max Schneckenburger

A VOICE resounds like thunder peal,
'Mid dashing wave and clang of steel;
"The Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine!
Who guards to-day my stream divine?"
Dear Fatherland! no danger thine,
Dear Fatherland! no danger thine;
Firm stand thy sons to watch, to watch the Rhine,
Firm stand thy sons to watch, to watch the Rhine.

THE WATCH ON THE RHINE

They stand a hundred thousand strong,
Quick to avenge their country's wrong;
With filial love their bosoms swell;
They'll guard the sacred land-mark well.
Dear Fatherland! no danger thine,
Dear Fatherland! no danger thine;
Firm stand thy sons to watch, to watch the Rhine,
Firm stand thy sons to watch, to watch the Rhine.

While flows one drop of German blood,
Or sword remains to guard thy flood,
While rifle rests in patriot's hand,
No foe shall tread thy sacred strand!
Dear Fatherland! no danger thine,
Dear Fatherland! no danger thine;
Firm stand thy sons to watch, to watch the Rhine,
Firm stand thy sons to watch, to watch the Rhine.

Our oath resounds, the river flows,
In golden light our banner glows,
Our hearts will guard thy stream divine,
The Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine.
Dear Fatherland! no danger thine,
Dear Fatherland! no danger thine;
Firm stand thy sons to watch, to watch the Rhine,
Firm stand thy sons to watch, to watch the Rhine.

THE MARSEILLAISE HYMN

By Rouget de Lisle

YE sons of freedom, wake to glory!
Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise!
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,
Behold their tears and hear their cries!
Shall hateful tyrants, mischiefs breeding,
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?
To arms! to arms! ye brave!
Th' avenging sword unsheathe;
March on! march on! all hearts resolved
On victory or death.

Now, now the dangerous storm is rolling,
Which treacherous kings confederate raise;
The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,
And lo! our fields and cities blaze;
And shall we basely view the ruin,
While lawless force, with guilty stride,
Spreads desolation far and wide,
With crimes and blood his hands embruing?
To arms! to arms! ye brave!
Th' avenging sword unsheathe;
March on! march on! all hearts resolved
On victory or death.

O Liberty! can man resign thee,
Once having felt thy generous flame?
Can dungeons, bolts, or bars confine thee?
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?

NATIONAL HYMN OF NORWAY

Too long the world has wept, bewailing
That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield,
But freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing.
To arms! to arms! ye brave!
Th' avenging sword unsheathe;
March on! march on! all hearts resolved
On victory or death.

SWEDISH NATIONAL AIR

THOU ancient, thou healthful, thou mountainous North,
Where joy with peaceful beauty dallies;
I hail thee, fairest land on earth,
Thy sun, thy sky and green valleys,
Thy sun, thy sky and green valleys.

NATIONAL HYMN OF NORWAY

LOVE we well our storm-beaten land,
Looking forth with vision clear;
Yes, we love our native land
And thousand homes so dear.
Cherish we the home of parents;
Land of Norsemen bold,
With the stories to us given,
From the sagas old,
With the weird and wondrous stories,
Like lingering dreams of old!

ITALIAN NATIONAL HYMN

ALL forward! Ail forward!
All forward to battle! the trumpets are cry ing,
All forward! All forward! our old flag is flying,
When Liberty calls us we linger no longer;
Rebels, come on! tho' a thousand to one!
Liberty! Liberty! deathless and glorious,
Under thy banner thy sons are victorious,
Free souls are valiant, and strong arms are stronger,
God shall go with us, and battle be won.
Hurrah for the banner! Hurrah for the banner!
Hurrah for our banner, the flag of the free.

All forward! All forward!
All forward for Freedom! In terrible splendor
She comes to the loyal who die to defend her;
Her stars and stripes o'er the wild wave of battle
Shall float in the heavens to welcome us on.
All forward! to glory, thro' life-blood is pouring,
Where bright swords are flashing, and cannons are roaring,
Welcome to death in the bullet's quick rattle,
Fighting or falling shall freedom be won.
Hurrah for the banner! Hurrah for the banner!
Hurrah for our banner, the flag of the free.

All forward! All forward!
All forward to conquer! Where free hearts are beating,
Death to the coward who dreams of retreating!

DANISH NATIONAL HYMN

Liberty calls us from mountain and valley;
Waving her banner she leads to the fight.
Forward! all forward! the trumpets are crying;
The drum beats to arms, our old flag is flying;
Stout hearts and strong hands around it shall rally,
Forward to battle, for God and the Right.
Hurrah for the banner! Hurrah for the banner!
Hurrah for our banner, the flag of the free.

DANISH NATIONAL HYMN

KING Christian stood by lofty mast,
In mist and smoke.
His sword was hammering so fast,
Thro' Gothic helm and brain it pass'd,
Then sank each hostile hulk and mast,
In mist and smoke.
"Fly," shouted they; "fly he who can!
Who braves of Denmark's Christian,
Who braves of Denmark's Christian the stroke."

Nils Juel gave heed to th' tempest's roar,
Now is the hour!
He hoisted his blood-red flag once more,
And smote upon the foe full sore,
And shouted loud thro' the tempest's roar,
"Now is the hour."
"Fly!" shouted they, "for shelter fly!
Of Denmark's Juel who can defy,
Of Denmark's Juel who can defy the power?"

SPANISH NATIONAL HYMN

North Sea! a glimpse of Wessel rent
Thy murky sky!
Then champions to thine arms were sent;
Terror and Death glared where he went;
From the waves was heard a wail, that rent
Thy murky sky!
From Denmark thunders Tordenskiol!
Let each to Heav'n commend his soul,
Let each to Heav'n commend his soul and fly.

Path of the Dane to fame and might!
Dark rolling wave!
Receive thy friend, who scorning flight,
Goes to meet danger with despite,
Proudly as thou the tempest's might,
Dark rolling wave!
'Mid mingled pleasures and alarms,
And war and vict'ry be thine arms,
'Mid war and vict'ry, be thine arms my grave.

SPANISH NATIONAL HYMN

SPREAD the tidings afar to the nations,
Let them learn from the freedom of Spain,
For the laws are the people's salvation,
And our King as their servant shall reign.
For their country, true Spaniards will dare it,
Dare to perish for Liberty's cause
To the tories' destruction, we swear it!
Live forever the King and the laws.

AUSTRIAN NATIONAL SONG

GOD uphold thee, mighty Emperor,
Monarch of our Eastern land.
Power and Wisdom e'er attend thee,
Righteousness with thee shall stand,
Till the laurel crown'd, a victor,
All hearts bow at thy command.
God uphold thee, and defend thee,
Emperor of our Austrian land!

Happy flow'ry land!
His sceptre rules o'er valley, mount and plain.
Mildly, calmly, justly ruleth,
He the people's love would gain,
Yet his weaponed might, in splendor
Beams thro' all the land amain.
God uphold thee, warrior, Father,
Monarch of our Austrian land!

He delights the poor to cherish,
He awakes the minstrel's lay,
He would not that any perish,
All admire the gentle sway.
"Heaven reward him, God defend him"
Thus we sing, and thus we pray.
Kaiser, Emperor, Monarch, Father,
All thy peaceful rule obey!

He from bondage will deliver,
He would make us truly free!

THE HAND OF LINCOLN

In the German heart shall ever
He the brightest memory be.
Till in other worlds, a welcome
Greets in blest eternity.
God defend thee, God attend thee,
Emperor, Franz, all hail to thee!

THE HAND OF LINCOLN

By Edmund Clarence Stedman

LOOK on this cast and know the hand
That bore a nation in its hold:
From this mute witness understand
What Lincoln was,—how large of mould.

The man who sped the woodman's team,
And deepest sunk the ploughman's share,
And pushed the laden raft astream,
Of fate before him unaware.

This was the hand that knew to swing
The axe—since thus would Freedom train
Her son—and made the forest ring,
And drove the wedge and toiled amain.

Firm hand, that loftier office took,
A conscious leader's will obeyed,
And, when men sought his word and look,
With steadfast might the gathering swayed.

THE HAND OF LINCOLN

No courtier's toying with a sword,
Nor minstrel's, laid across a lute;
A chief's, uplifted to the Lord
When all the kings of earth were mute!

The hand of Anak, sinewed strong,
The fingers that on greatness clutch;
Yet, lo! the marks their lines along
Of one who strove and suffered much.

For here in knotted cord and vein
I trace the varying chart of years;
I know the troubled heart, the strain,
The weight of Atlas—and the tears.

Again I see the patient brow
That palm erewhile was wont to press;
And now 'tis furrowed deep, and now
Made smooth with hope and tenderness.

For something of a formless grace
This moulded outline plays about;
A pitying flame, beyond our trace,
Breathes like a spirit, in and out,—

The love that cast an aureole
Round one who, longer to endure,
Called mirth to ease his ceaseless dole,
Yet kept his nobler purpose sure.

Lo, as I gaze, the statured man,
Built up from yon large hand, appears:
A type that nature wills to plan
But once in all a people's years.

What better than this voiceless cast
To tell of such a one as he,
Since through its living semblance passed
The thought that bade a race be free!

BATTLE-HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

By Julia Ward Howe

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel:
"As ye deal with My contemners, so with you My grace shall deal:
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with His heel,
Since God is marching on."

THE FLAG GOES BY

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never
call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His
judgment-seat:
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him,—be jubilant,
my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across
the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you
and me:
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make
men free,
While God is marching on.

THE FLAG GOES BY

By Henry Holcomb Bennett

HATS off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
A flash of colour beneath the sky:
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!

Blue and crimson and white it shines
Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines.
Hats off!
The colours before us fly;
But more than the flag is passing by.

FATHERLAND

Sea-fights and land-fights, grim and great,
Fought to make and to save the State:
Weary marches and sinking ships;
Cheers of victory on dying lips;

Days of plenty and years of peace;
March of a strong land's swift increase;
Equal justice, right, and law,
Stately honour and reverend awe;

Sign of a nation, great and strong
Toward her people from foreign wrong:
Pride and glory and honour,—all
Live in the colours to stand or fall.

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums;
And loyal hearts are beating high:
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!

FATHERLAND

By Sir Walter Scott

BREATHES there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go mark him well:

For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

WARREN'S ADDRESS TO THE AMERICAN SOLDIERS

By John Pierpont

STAND! the ground's your own, my braves!
Will ye give it up to slaves?
Will ye look for greener graves?
Hope ye mercy still?
What's the mercy despots feel?
Hear it in that battle-peal!
Read it on yon bristling steel!
Ask it,—ye who will.

Fear ye foes who kill for hire?
Will ye to your homes retire?
Look behind you! they're afire!
And before you, see
Who have done it!—From the vale
On they come!—And will ye quail?—
Leaden rain and iron hail
Let their welcome be!

THE OLD FLAG

In the God of battles trust!
Die we may,—and die we must;
But, O, where can dust to dust
  Be consigned so well,
As where Heaven its dews shall shed
On the martyred patriot's bed,
And the rocks shall raise their head,
  Of his deeds to tell!

THE OLD FLAG

By H. C. Bunner

OFF with your hat as the flag goes by!
  And let the heart have its say;
You're man enough for a tear in your eye
  That you will not wipe away.

You're man enough for a thrill that goes
  To your very finger-tips—
Ay! the lump just then in your throat that rose
  Spoke more than your parted lips.

Lift up the boy on your shoulder high,
  And show him the faded shred—
Those stripes would be red as the sunset sky
  If Death could have dyed them red.

The man that bore it with Death has lain
  This twenty years and more—
He died that the work should not be in vain
  Of the men who bore it before.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE

The man that bears it is bent and old,
And ragged his beard and gray,—
But look at his eye fire young and bold,
At the tune that he hears them play.

The old tune thunders through all the air,
And strikes right in to the heart;
If ever it calls for *you,* boy, be there!
Be there, and ready to start.

Off with your hat as the flag goes by!
Uncover the youngster's head!
Teach him to hold it holy and high
For the sake of its sacred dead.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE

By John Greenleaf Whittier

UP from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,

Fair as a garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,

On that pleasant morn of the early fall
When Lee marched over the mountain wall,—

BARBARA FRIETCHIE

Over the mountains, winding down,
Horse and foot into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind; the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down;

In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouch hat left and right
He glanced: the old flag met his sight.

"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast;
"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf;

BARBARA FRIETCHIE

She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word:

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet;

All day long that free flag tost
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

SHERIDAN'S RIDE

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,
Flag of freedom and union wave!

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town.

SHERIDAN'S RIDE

By Thomas Buchanan Read

UP from the South at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble, and rumble, and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar;
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold,
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good broad highway leading down;
And there, through the flush of the morning light,
A steed as black as the steeds of night

Was seen to pass, as with eagle flight,
As if he knew the terrible need:
He stretched away with his utmost speed;
Hills rose and fell; but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprung from those swift hoofs, thundering South,
The dust, like smoke from the cannon's mouth;
Or a trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster.
The heart of the steed and the heart of the master
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battlefield calls;
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind
Like an ocean flying before the wind;
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,
Swept on with his wild eye full of fire.
But lo! he is nearing his heart's desire;
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the General saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops.
What was done? what to do? A glance told him both.
Then, striking his spurs, with a terrible oath,

He dashed down the line, 'mid a storm of huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there, because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray;
By the flash of his eye, and the red nostril's play,
He seemed to the whole great army to say,
"I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester down to save the day!"

Hurrah! hurrah for Sheridan!
Hurrah! hurrah for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high,
Under the dome of the Union sky,
The American soldier's Temple of Fame—
There with the glorious General's name,
Be it said, in letters both bold and bright,
"Here is the steed that saved the day
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
From Winchester, twenty miles away!"

THE REPUBLIC

By Henry W. Longfellow

THOU, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,

THE PILGRIM FATHERS

What Workman wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee,—are all with thee!

—From "The Building of the Ship."

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS IN NEW ENGLAND

By Felicia Dorothea Hemans

THE breaking waves dash'd high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches toss'd;

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moor'd their bark
On the wild New England shore.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;—
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free!

The ocean eagle soar'd
From his nest by the white wave's foam;
And the rocking pines of the forest roar'd—
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band;—
Why had *they* come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?—
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?—
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod.
They have left unstain'd what there they found—
Freedom to worship God.

THE EVE OF WATERLOO

By Lord Byron

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men.
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell:
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it? No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street.
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined!
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet!
But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier, than before!
Arm! arm! it is—it is the cannon's opening roar!

CONCORD HYMN

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress
And cheeks all pale, which, but an hour ago,
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated: who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise?

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering with white lips, "The foe! They come! They come!"

CONCORD HYMN

By R. W. Emerson

BY the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood
And fired the shot heard round the world.

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set to-day a votive stone;
That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

By Walt Whitman

O CAPTAIN! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

A NATION'S STRENGTH

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribboned wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
Here Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;
Exult O shores, and ring O bells!
But I, with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

A NATION'S STRENGTH

By R. W. Emerson

NOT gold, but only man can make
A people great and strong—
Men who, for truth and honor's sake,
Stand fast and suffer long.

BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE

Brave men who work while others sleep,
Who dare while others fly—
They build a nation's pillars deep
And lift them to the sky.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE

By Charles Wolfe

NOT a drum was heard, not a funeral-note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him—
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—
But we left him alone in his glory.

O CANADA!*

The Prize Poem in Collier's National Anthem Competition

By Emma Powell McCulloch

O CANADA! in praise of thee we sing,
From echoing hills our anthems proudly ring.
With fertile plains and mountains grand,
With lakes and rivers clear,
Eternal beauty thou dost stand
Throughout the changing year.
Lord God of Hosts! we now implore,
Bless our dear land this day and evermore,
Bless our dear land this day and evermore.

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CAVALRY SONG

Dear Canada! for thee our fathers wrought,
Thy good and ours unselfishly they sought.
With steadfast hand and fearless mind
They felled the forest domes,
Content at last to leave behind
A heritage of homes.
Lord God of Hosts! we now implore,
Bless our dear land this day and evermore,
Bless our dear land this day and evermore.

Blest Canada! the homeland that we love.
Thy freedom came a gift from God above.
Thy righteous laws, thy justice fair,
Give matchless liberty;
We thank our God that we may share
Thy glorious destiny.
Lord God of Hosts! we now implore,
Bless our dear land this day and evermore,
Bless our dear land this day and evermore.

CAVALRY SONG

By Edmund Clarence Stedman

OUR good steeds snuff the evening air,
Our pulses with their purpose tingle;
The foeman's fires are twinkling there;
He leaps to hear our sabres jingle!
HALT!
Each carbine send its whizzing ball:
Now, cling! clang! forward all,
Into the fight!

Dash on beneath the smoking dome:
Through level lightnings gallop nearer!
One look to Heaven! No thoughts of home:
The guidons that we bear are dearer
CHARGE!
Cling! clang! forward all!
Heaven help those whose horses fall:
Cut left and right!

They flee before our fierce attack!
They fall! they spread in broken surges.
Now, comrades, bear our wounded back,
And leave the foeman to his dirges.
WHEEL!
The bugles sound the swift recall:
Cling! clang! backward all!
Home, and good night!

ON THE LIFE-MASK OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

By R. W. Gilder

THIS bronze doth keep the very form and mould
Of our great martyr's face. Yes, this is he:
That brow all wisdom, all benignity;
That human, humorous mouth; those cheeks that hold
Like some harsh landscape all the summer's gold;
That spirit fit for sorrow, as the sea
For storms to beat on; the lone agony

Those silent patient lips too well foretold.
Yes, this is he who ruled a world of men
As might some prophet of the elder day—
Brooding above the tempest and the fray
With deep-eyed thought and more than mortal ken.
A power was his beyond the touch of art
Or armëd strength—his pure and mighty heart.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

By Alfred Tennyson

HALF a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismay'd?
Not tho' the soldier knew
Some one had blunder'd:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
  Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
  Rode the six hundred.

Flash'd all their sabers bare,
Flash'd as they turn'd in air
Sab'ring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
  All the world wonder'd:
Plunged in the battery-smoke
Right thro' the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reel'd from the saber-stroke
  Shatter'd and sunder'd.
Then they rode back, but not
  Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
  Volley'd and thunder'd:
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came through the jaws of Death
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them—
  Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
Oh, the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.
Honour the charge they made!
Honour the Light Brigade—
Noble six hundred!

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

By Henry W. Longfellow

LISTEN, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-Five:
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend,—"If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry-arch
Of the North-Church tower, as a signal-light,—
One if by land, and two if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country-folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said good-night, and with muffled oar
Silently row'd to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The *Somerset,* British man-of-war:

A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon, like a prison-bar,
And a huge, black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile his friend, through alley and street
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack-door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climb'd to the tower of the church,
Up the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the sombre rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade;
Up the light ladder, slender and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the quiet town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead
In their night-encampment on the hill,
Wrapp'd in silence so deep and still,
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"

A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay,—
A line of black, that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurr'd, with a heavy stride,
On the opposite shore walk'd Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed on the landscape far and near,
Then impetuous stamp'd the earth,
And turn'd and tighten'd his saddle-girth;
But mostly he watch'd with eager search
The belfry-tower of the old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely, and spectral, and sombre, and still.

And, lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height,
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!
A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed that flies fearless and fleet:
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,

The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his
flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

It was twelve by the village clock,
When he cross'd the bridge into Medford
town,
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river-fog,
That rises when the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock,
When he rode into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he pass'd,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and
bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock,
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning-breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read
How the British regulars fired and fled;
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farmyard-wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm,—
A cry of defiance, and not of fear,—
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo for evermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness, and peril, and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beat of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

NASEBY

By Thomas Babington Macaulay

O, WHEREFORE come ye forth in triumph from the north,
With your hands, and your feet, and your raiment all red?
And wherefore doth your rout send forth a joyous shout?
And whence be the grapes of the wine-press that ye tread?

O, evil was the root, and bitter was the fruit,
And crimson was the juice of the vintage that we trod;
For we trampled on the throng of the haughty and the strong,
Who sate in the high places and slew the saints of God.

It was about the noon of a glorious day of June
That we saw their banners dance and their cuirasses shine,
And the man of blood was there, with his long essenced hair,
And Astley, and Sir Marmaduke, and Rupert of the Rhine.

Like a servant of the Lord, with his Bible and his sword,
The General rode along us to form us for the fight;
When a murmuring sound broke out, and swelled into a shout
Among the godless horsemen upon the tyrant's right.

And hark! like the roar of the billows on the shore,
The cry of battle rises along their charging line:
For God! for the cause! for the Church! for the laws!
For Charles, king of England, and Rupert of the Rhine!

The furious German comes, with his clarions and his drums,
His bravoes of Alsatia and pages of Whitehall;
They are bursting on our flanks! Grasp your pikes! Close your ranks!
For Rupert never comes but to conquer, or to fall.

They are here,—they rush on,—we are broken,—we are gone,—
Our left is borne before them like stubble on the blast.
O Lord, put forth thy might! O Lord, defend the right!
Stand back to back, in God's name! and fight it to the last!

Stout Skippen hath a wound,—the centre hath given ground.
Hark! hark! what means the trampling of horsemen on our rear?
Whose banner do I see, boys? 'Tis he! thank God! 'tis he, boys!
Bear up another minute! Brave Oliver is here!

Their heads all stooping low, their points all in a row,
Like a whirlwind on the trees, like a deluge on the dikes.
Our cuirassiers have burst on the ranks of the accurst,
And at a shock have scattered the forest of his pikes.

Fast, fast the gallants ride, in some safe nook to hide
Their coward heads, predestined to rot on Temple Bar;
And he—he turns! he flies! shame on those cruel eyes
That bore to look on torture, and dare not look on war!

Ho, comrades! scour the plain; and ere ye strip the slain,
First give another stab to make your search secure;
Then shake from sleeves and pockets their broad-pieces and lockets,
The tokens of the wanton, the plunder of the poor.

Fools! your doublets shone with gold, and your hearts were gay and bold,
When you kissed your lily hands to your lemans to-day;
And to-morrow shall the fox from her chambers in the rocks
Lead forth her tawny cubs to howl above the prey.

Where be your tongues, that late mocked at heaven and hell and fate?
And the fingers that once were so busy with your blades?
Your perfumed satin clothes, your catches and your oaths?
Your stage-plays and your sonnets, your diamonds and your spades?

Down! down! forever down, with the mitre and the crown!
With the Belial of the court, and the Mammon of the Pope!
There is woe in Oxford halls, there is wail in Durham's stalls;
The Jesuit smites his bosom, the bishop rends his cope.

And she of the seven hills shall mourn her children's ills,
And tremble when she thinks on the edge of England's sword;
And the kings of earth in fear shall shudder when they hear
What the hand of God hath wrought for the houses and the word!

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX

By Robert Browning

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
"Good speed!" cried the watch as the gate-bolts undrew;
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our
place;
I turned in my saddle and made its girth tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique
right,
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;
At Düffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the
half-chime,
So Joris broke silence with, "Yet there is time!"

At Aershot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one
To stare through the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray;

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent
back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his
track;
And one eye's black intelligence,—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!
And the thick, heavy spume-flakes which aye and
anon
His fierce lips shook upward in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,
We'll remember at Aix"—for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So, we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff;
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

"How they'll greet us!"—and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buff-coat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer;

Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is—friends flocking round
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground;
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.

THE BOWMAN'S SONG

By Arthur Conan Doyle

WHAT of the bow?
The bow was made in England:
Of true wood, of yew wood,
The wood of English bows;
So men who are free
Love the old yew-tree
And the land where the yew-tree grows.

What of the cord?
The cord was made in England:
A rough cord, a tough cord,
A cord that bowmen love;
So we'll drain our jacks
To the English flax
And the land where the hemp was wove.

OLD IRONSIDES

What of the shaft?
The shaft was cut in England:
A long shaft, a strong shaft,
Barbed and trim and true;
So we'll drink all together
To the gray goose feather,
And the land where the gray goose flew.

What of the men?
The men were bred in England:
The bowman—the yeoman—
The lads of dale and fell.
Here's to you—and to you!
To the hearts that are true
And the land where the true hearts dwell.

OLD IRONSIDES

By Oliver Wendell Holmes

THE mast that Britain strove to bow in vain;
And one who listened to the tale of shame,
Whose heart still answered to that sacred name,
Whose eye still followed o'er his country's tides
Thy glorious flag, our brave Old Ironsides!
From yon lone attic, in a summer's morn,
Thus mocked the spoilers with his school-boy scorn.

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle shout,
And burst the cannon's roar;—

The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more.

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee;—
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

Oh, better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave;
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale!

THE DRUM

By Bret Harte

HARK! I hear the tramp of thousands,
And of armèd men the hum;
Lo! a nation's hosts have gathered
Round the quick alarming drum,—
Saying, "Come,
Freemen, come,
Ere your heritage be wasted," said the quick alarm-drum.

"Let me of my heart take counsel:
War is not of life the sum;
Who shall stay and reap the harvest
When the autumn days shall come?"
But the drum
Echoed, "Come!
Death shall reap the braver harvest," said the solemn-sounding drum.

"But when won the coming battle,
What of profit springs therefrom?
What if conquest, subjugation,
Even greater ills become?"
But the drum
Answered, "Come!
You must do the sum to prove it," said the Yankee-answering drum.

"What if, 'mid the cannon's thunder,
Whistling shot and bursting bomb,
When my brothers fall around me,
Should my heart grow cold and numb?"
But the drum
Answered, "Come!
Better there in death united, than in life a recreant,
—Come!"

Thus they answered—hoping, fearing,
Some in faith, and doubting some,
Till a trumpet-voice proclaiming,
Said, "My chosen people, come!"
Then the drum,
Lo! was dumb,
For the great heart of the nation, throbbing, answered, "Lord, we come!"

CASABIANCA

By Felicia Dorothea Hemans

THE boy stood on the burning deck
Whence all but he had fled;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck
Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm;
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud, though child-like form.

The flames rolled on—he would not go
Without his father's word;
That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.

He called aloud, "Say, father, say,
If yet my task is done?"
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

"Speak, father!" once again he cried,
"If I may yet be gone!"
And but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames rolled on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair,
And looked from that lone post of death
In still, yet brave despair;

And shouted but once more aloud,
"My father! must I stay?"
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapt the ship in splendor wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And streamed above the gallant child,
Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder sound—
The boy—oh! where was he?
Ask of the winds that far around
With fragments strewed the sea!

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
That well had borne their part—
But the noblest thing that perished there
Was that young faithful heart!

DIVINE ODE

By Joseph Addison

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim:
Th' unwearied Sun from day to day
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

A HAPPY LIFE

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening Earth
Repeats the story of her birth:
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What though nor real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found?
In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine,
"The Hand that made us is divine."

THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE

By Sir Henry Wotton

HOW happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill;

Whose passions not his masters are;
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied unto the world by care
Of public fame or private breath;

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
  Nor vice; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise;
  Nor rules of state, but rules of good;

Who hath his life from rumours freed;
  Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
  Nor ruin make oppressors great;

Who God doth late and early pray
  More of his grace than gifts to lend;
And entertains the harmless day
  With a religious book or friend.

This man is freed from servile bands
  Of hope to rise or fear to fall:
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
  And, having nothing, yet hath all.

THE RHODORA, ON BEING ASKED, WHENCE IS THE FLOWER

By Ralph Waldo Emerson

IN May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,
  I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods,
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
To please the desert and the sluggish brook.
The purple petals fallen in the pool
Made the black water with their beauty gay;
Here might the red-bird come his plumes to cool,

And court the flower that cheapens his array.
Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,
Tell them, dear, that, if eyes were made for seeing,
Then beauty is its own excuse for being;
Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!
I never thought to ask; I never knew;
But in my simple ignorance suppose
The self-same power that brought me there, brought you.

LAUS DEO!

By John Greenleaf Whittier

IT is done!
Clang of bell and roar of gun
Send the tidings up and down.
How the belfries rock and reel!
How the great guns, peal on peal,
Fling the joy from town to town!

Ring, O bells!
Every stroke exulting tells
Of the burial hour of crime.
Loud and long, that all may hear,
Ring for every listening ear
Of Eternity and Time!

Let us kneel:
God's own voice is in that peal,
And this spot is holy ground.
Lord, forgive us! What are we,
That our eyes this glory see,
That our ears have heard the sound!

LAUS DEO

For the Lord
On the whirlwind is abroad;
In the earthquake He has spoken;
He has smitten with His thunder
The iron walls asunder,
And the gates of brass are broken!

Loud and long
Lift the old exulting song;
Sing with Miriam by the sea:
He has cast the mighty down;
Horse and rider sink and drown;
He has triumphed gloriously!

Did we dare,
In our agony of prayer,
Ask for more than He has done?
When was ever His right hand
Over any time or land
Stretched as now beneath the sun?

How they pale,
Ancient myth and song and tale,
In this wonder of our days,
When the cruel rod of war
Blossoms white with righteous law,
And the wrath of man is praise!

Blotted out!
All within and all about
Shall a fresher life begin;
Freer breathe the universe
As it rolls its heavy curse
On the dead and buried sin.

THE COLORED BAND

It is done!
In the circuit of the sun
Shall the sound thereof go forth.
It shall bid the sad rejoice,
It shall give the dumb a voice,
It shall belt with joy the earth!

Ring and swing,
Bells of joy! On morning's wing
Send the song of praise abroad!
With a sound of broken chains,
Tell the nations that He reigns,
Who alone is Lord and God!

THE COLORED BAND

By Paul Laurence Dunbar

W'EN de colo'd ban' comes ma'chin' down de street
You kin hyeah de ladies all erroun' repeat:
"Ain't dey handsome? Ain't dey gran'?
Ain't dey splendid? Goodness, lan'!
W'y dey's pu'fect f'om dey fo'heads to dey feet!"

An' sich steppin' to de music down de line.
'Tain't de music by itself dat meks it fine;
Hit's de walkin', step by step,
An' de keepin' time wid "Hep,"
Dat it mek a common ditty soun' divine.

THE WIND IN A FROLIC

Oh, de white ban' play hits music, an' hit's mighty
good to hyeah,
An' it sometimes leaves a ticklin' in yo' feet;
But de hea't goes into business
Fu' to help erlong de eah,
W'en de colo'd ban' goes marchin' down de street.

THE WIND IN A FROLIC

By William Howitt

THE wind one morning sprang up from sleep,
Saying, "Now for a frolic! now for a leap!
Now for a madcap galloping chase!
I'll make a commotion in every place!"
So it swept with a bustle right through a great
town,
Cracking the signs and scattering down
Shutters; and whisking, with merciless squalls,
Old women's bonnets and gingerbread stalls.
There never was heard a lustier shout,
As the apples and oranges trundled about;
And the urchins that stand with their thievish eyes
For ever on watch, ran off each with a prize.

Then away to the field it went, blustering and
humming,
And the cattle all wondered whatever was coming;
It plucked by the tails the grave matronly cows,
And tossed the colts' manes all over their brows;
Till, offended at such an unusual salute,
They all turned their backs, and stood sulky and
mute.

So on it went capering and playing its pranks,
Whistling with reeds on the broad river's banks;
Puffing the birds as they sat on the spray,
Or the traveller grave on the king's highway.
It was not too nice to hustle the bags
Of the beggar, and flutter his dirty rags;

'Twas so bold that it feared not to play its joke
With the doctor's wig or the gentleman's cloak.
Through the forest it roared, and cried gaily, "Now,
You sturdy old oaks, I'll make you bow!"
And it made them bow without more ado,
Or it cracked their great branches through and through.

Then it rushed like a monster on cottage and farm,
Striking their dwellers with sudden alarm;
And they ran out like bees in a midsummer swarm;—
There were dames with their kerchiefs tied over their caps,
To see if their poultry were free from mishaps;
The turkeys they gobbled, the geese screamed aloud,
And the hens crept to roost in a terrified crowd;
There was rearing of ladders, and logs laying on,
Where the thatch from the roof threatened soon to be gone.

But the wind had swept on, and had met in a lane
With a schoolboy, who panted and struggled in vain;
For it tossed him and twirled him, then passed, and he stood
With his hat in a pool and his shoes in the mud.

Then away went the wind in its holiday glee,
And now it was far on the billowy sea,
And the lordly ships felt its staggering blow,
And the little boats darted to and fro.
But lo! it was night, and it sank to rest
On the sea-bird's rock in the gleaming West,
Laughing to think, in its fearful fun,
How little of mischief it really had done.

IVRY

By Thomas Babington Macaulay

NOW glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom
all glories are!
And glory to our Sovereign Liege, King Henry of
Navarre!
Now let there be the merry sound of music and of
dance,
Through thy corn-fields green, and sunny vines, O
pleasant land of France!
And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city
of the waters,
Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning
daughters.
As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our
joy,
For cold, and stiff, and still are they who wrought
thy walls annoy.
Hurrah! Hurrah! a single field hath turned the
chance of war,
Hurrah! Hurrah! for Ivry, and Henry of Navarre.

Oh! how our hearts were beating, when, at the dawn of day,
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array;
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzell's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears.
There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land;
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand;
And, as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled flood,
And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood;
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,
To fight for His own holy name, and Henry of Navarre.

The King is come to marshal us, in all his armour drest,
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.
Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,
Down all our line, a deafening shout, "God save our Lord the King!"

"And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may,
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,
Press where ye see my white plume shine, amid the ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah! the foes are moving. Hark to the mingled din
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin.
The fiery Duke is pricking fast across St. André's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the golden lilies now,—upon them with the lance.
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest;
And in they burst, and on they rushed, while like a guiding star,
Amid the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours. Mayenne hath turned his rein.
D'Aumale hath cried for quarter. The Flemish count is slain.

Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a
Biscay gale;
The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags,
and cloven mail.
And then we thought on vengeance, and, all along
our van,
"Remember St. Bartholomew!" was passed from
man to man.
But out spake gentle Henry, "No Frenchman is
my foe:
Down, down with every foreigner, but let your
brethren go."
Oh! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or
in war,
As our Sovereign Lord, King Henry, the soldier of
Navarre?

Right well fought all the Frenchmen who fought
for France to-day;
And many a lordly banner God gave them for a
prey.
But we of the Religion have borne us best in
fight;
And the good lord of Rosny has ta'en the cornet
white.
Our own true Maximilian the cornet white hath
ta'en,
The cornet white with crosses black, the flag of
false Lorraine.
Up with it high; unfurl it wide; that all the host
may know
How God hath humbled the proud house which
wrought His church such woe.

Then on the ground, while trumpets sound their
loudest points of war,
Fling the red shreds, a footcloth meet for Henry
of Navarre.

Ho! maidens of Vienna; Ho! matrons of Lucerne;
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who
never shall return.
Ho! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor
spearmen's souls.
Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that your
arms be bright;
Ho! burghers of St. Genevieve, keep watch and
ward to-night.
For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath
raised the slave,
And mocked the counsel of the wise, the valour of
the brave.
Then glory to His holy name, from whom all glories
are;
And glory to our Sovereign Lord, King Henry of
Navarre.

THE HEART OF THE BRUCE

By William E. Aytoun

IT was upon an April morn,
While yet the frost lay hoar,
We heard Lord James's bugle-horn
Sound by the rocky shore.

Then down we went, a hundred knights,
All in our dark array,
And flung our armor in the ships
That rode within the bay.

We spoke not as the shore grew less
But gazed in silence back,
Where the long billows swept away
The foam behind our track.

And aye the purple hues decayed
Upon the fading hill,
And but one heart in all that ship
Was tranquil, cold, and still.

The good Lord Douglas paced the deck,
And O, his face was wan!
Unlike the flush it used to wear
When in the battle-van.—

"Come hither, come hither, my trusty knight,
Sir Simon of the Lee;
There is a freit lies near my soul
I fain would tell to thee.

"Thou know'st the words King Robert spoke
Upon his dying day:
How he bade take his noble heart
And carry it far away;

"And lay it in the holy soil
Where once the Saviour trod,
Since he might not bear the blessed Cross,
Nor strike one blow for God.

"Last night as in my bed I lay,
I dreamed a dreary dream:—
Methought I saw a Pilgrim stand
In the moonlight's quivering beam.

"His robe was of the azure dye,
Snow-white his scattered hairs,
And even such a cross he bore
As good St. Andrew bears.

" 'Why go ye forth, Lord James,' he said,
'With spear and belted brand?
Why do you take its dearest pledge
From this our Scottish land?

" 'The sultry breeze of Galilee
Creeps through its groves of palm,
The olives on the Holy Mount
Stand glittering in the calm.

" 'But 'tis not there that Scotland's heart
Shall rest by God's decree,
Till the great angel calls the dead
To rise from earth and sea!

" 'Lord James of Douglas, mark my rede!
That heart shall pass once more
In fiery fight against the foe,
As it was wont of yore.

" 'And it shall pass beneath the Cross,
And save King Robert's vow;
But other hands shall bear it back,
Not, James of Douglas, thou!'

"Now, by thy knightly faith, I pray,
Sir Simon of the Lee,—
For truer friend had never man
Than thou hast been to me,—

"If ne'er upon the Holy Land
'Tis mine in life to tread,
Bear thou to Scotland's kindly earth
The relics of her dead."

The tear was in Sir Simon's eye
As he wrung the warrior's hand,—
"Betide me weal, betide me woe,
I'll hold by thy command.

"But if in battle-front, Lord James,
'Tis ours once more to ride,
Nor force of man, nor craft of fiend,
Shall cleave me from thy side!"

And aye we sailed and aye we sailed
Across the weary sea,
Until one morn the coast of Spain
Rose grimly on our lee.

And as we rounded to the port,
Beneath the watch-tower's wall,
We heard the clash of the atabals,
And the trumpet's wavering call.

"Why sounds yon Eastern music here
So wantonly and long,
And whose the crowd of armèd men
That round yon standard throng?"

"The Moors have come from Africa
To spoil and waste and slay,
And King Alonzo of Castile
Must fight with them to-day."

"Now shame it were," cried good Lord James,
"Shall never be said of me
That I and mine have turned aside
From the Cross in jeopardie!

"Have down, have down, my merry men all,—
Have down unto the plain;
We'll let the Scottish lion loose
Within the fields of Spain!"

"Now welcome to me, noble lord,
Thou and thy stalwart power;
Dear is the sight of a Christian knight,
Who comes in such an hour!

"Is it for bond or faith you come,
Or yet for golden fee?
Or bring ye France's lilies here,
Or the flower of Burgundie?"

"God greet thee well, thou valiant king,
Thee and thy belted peers,—
Sir James of Douglas am I called,
And these are Scottish spears.

"We do not fight for bond or plight,
Nor yet for golden fee;
But for the sake of our blessed Lord,
Who died upon the tree.

THE HEART OF THE BRUCE

"We bring our great King Robert's heart
Across the weltering wave,
To lay it in the holy soil
Hard by the Saviour's grave.

"True pilgrims we, by land or sea,
Where danger bars the way;
And therefore are we here, Lord King,
To ride with thee this day!"

The King has bent his stately head,
And the tears were in his eyne,—
"God's blessing on thee, noble knight,
For this brave thought of thine!

"I know thy name full well, Lord James;
And honored may I be,
That those who fought beside the Bruce
Should fight this day for me!

"Take thou the leading of the van,
And charge the Moors amain;
There is not such a lance as thine
In all the host of Spain!"

The Douglas turned towards us then,
O, but his glance was high!—
"There is not one of all my men
But is as bold as I.

"There is not one of all my knights
But bears as true a spear,—
Then onward, Scottish gentlemen,
And think King Robert's here!"

The trumpets blew, the cross-bolts flew,
The arrows flashed like flame,
As spur in side, and spear in rest,
Against the foe we came.

And many a bearded Saracen
Went down, both horse and man;
For through their ranks we rode like corn,
So furiously we ran!

But in behind our path they closed,
Though fain to let us through,
For they were forty thousand men,
And we were wondrous few.

We might not see a lance's length,
So dense was their array,
But the long fell sweep of the Scottish blade
Still held them hard at bay.

"Make in! make in!" Lord Douglas cried,—
"Make in, my brethren dear!
Sir William of St. Clair is down;
We may not leave him here!"

But thicker, thicker grew the swarm,
And sharper shot the rain,
And the horses reared amid the press,
But they would not charge again.

"Now Jesu help thee," said Lord James,
"Thou kind and true St. Clair!
An' if I may not bring thee off,
I'll die beside thee there!"

Then in his stirrups up he stood,
So lion-like and bold,
And held the precious heart aloft
All in its case of gold.

He flung it from him, far ahead,
And never spake he more,
But—"Pass thou first, thou dauntless heart,
As thou wert wont of yore!"

The roar of fight rose fiercer yet,
And heavier still the stour,
Till the spears of Spain came shivering in,
And swept away the Moor.

"Now praised be God, the day is won!
They fly o'er flood and fell,—
Why dost thou draw the rein so hard,
Good knight, that fought so well?"

"O, ride ye on, Lord King!" he said,
"And leave the dead to me,
For I must keep the dreariest watch
That ever I shall dree!

"There lies, above his master's heart,
The Douglas, stark and grim;
And woe is me I should be here,
Not side by side with him!

"The world grows cold, my arm is old,
And thin my lyart hair,
And all that I loved best on earth
Is stretched before me there.

"O Bothwell banks! that blooms so bright
  Beneath the sun of May,
The heaviest cloud that ever blew
  Is bound for you this day.

"And Scotland! thou mayst veil thy head
  In sorrow and in pain:
The sorest stroke upon thy brow
  Hath fallen this day in Spain!

"We'll bear them back unto our ship,
  We'll bear them o'er the sea,
And lay them in the hallowed earth
  Within our own countrie.

"And be thou strong of heart, Lord King,
  For this I tell thee sure,
The sod that drank the Douglas' blood
  Shall never bear the Moor!"

The King he lighted from his horse,
  He flung his brand away,
And took the Douglas by the hand,
  So stately as he lay.

"God give thee rest, thou valiant soul!
  That fought so well for Spain;
I'd rather half my land were gone,
  So thou wert here again!"

We bore the good Lord James away,
  And the priceless heart we bore,
And heavily we steered our ship
  Towards the Scottish shore.

HERVE RIEL

No welcome greeted our return,
Nor clang of martial tread,
But all were dumb and hushed as death
Before the mighty dead.

We laid our chief in Douglas Kirk,
The heart in fair Melrose;
And woful men were we that day,—
God grant their souls repose!

HERVÉ RIEL

By Robert Browning

ON the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-two,
Did the English fight the French—woe to France!
And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter thro' the blue,
Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks pursue,
Came crowding ship on ship to St. Malo on the Rance,
With the English fleet in view.

'Twas the squadron that escaped, with the victor in full chase;
First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship, Damfreville;
Close on him fled, great and small,
Twenty-two good ships in all;

And they signalled to the place
"Help the winners of a race!
Get us guidance, give us harbor, take us quick—
or, quicker still,
Here's the English can and will!"

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and leapt
on board;
"Why, what hope or chance have ships like these
to pass?" laughed they:
"Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage
scarred and scored,
Shall the *Formidable* here with her twelve and
eighty guns
Think to make the river-mouth by the single nar-
row way,
Trust to enter where 'tis ticklish for a craft of
twenty tons,
And with flow at full beside?
Now, 'tis slackest ebb of tide.
Reach the mooring? Rather say,
While rock stands or water runs,
Not a ship will leave the bay!"

Then was called a council straight
Brief and bitter the debate:
"Here's the English at our heels; would you have
them take in tow
All that's left us of the fleet linked together stern
and bow,
For a prize to Plymouth Sound?
Better run the ships aground!"
(Ended Damfreville his speech.)

"Not a minute more to wait!
Let the Captains all and each
Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on the beach!
France must undergo her fate.

"Give the word!" But no such word
Was ever spoke or heard;
For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck amid all these
—A Captain? A Lieutenant? A Mate—first, second, third?
No such man of mark, and meet
With his betters to compete!
But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tourville for the fleet,
A poor coasting-pilot he, Hervé Riel the Croisickese.

And, "What mockery or malice have we here?" cries Hervé Riel:
"Are you mad, you Malouins? Are you cowards, fools, or rogues?
Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the soundings, tell
On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every swell
'Twixt the offing here and Grève where the river disembogues?
Are you bought by English gold? Is it love the lying's for?
Morn and eve, night and day,
Have I piloted your bay,

Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of
Solidor.
Burn the fleet and ruin France? That were
worse than fifty Hogues!
Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe
me there's a way!
Only let me lead the line,
Have the biggest ship to steer,
Get this *Formidable* clear,
Make the others follow mine,
And I lead them, most and least, by a passage I
know well,
Right to Solidor past Grève,
And there lay them safe and sound;
And if one ship misbehave,
—Keel so much as grate the ground,
Why, I've nothing but my life—here's my head!"
cries Hervé Riel.

Not a minute more to wait.
"Steer us in, then, small and great!
Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron!
cried his chief.
Captains, give the sailor place!
He is Admiral, in brief.
Still the north-wind, by God's grace!
See the noble fellow's face,
As the big ship with a bound,
Clears the entry like a hound,
Keeps the passage as its inch of way were the wide
sea's profound!
See, safe through shoal and rock,
How they follow in a flock,

Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates
the ground,
Not a spar that comes to grief!
The peril, see, is past,
All are harbored to the last,
And just as Hervé Riel hollas "Anchor!" sure as fate
Up the English come, too late!

So, the storm subsides to calm:
They see the green trees wave
On the heights o'erlooking Grève.
Hearts that bled are stanched with balm.
"Just our rapture to enchance,
Let the English rake the bay,
Gnash their teeth and glare askance,
As they cannonade away!
'Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding on the
Rance!"
How hope succeeds despair on each Captain's coun-
tenance!
Out burst all with one accord,
"This is Paradise for Hell!
Let France, let France's King
Thank the man that did the thing!"
What a shout, and all one word,
"Hervé Riel!"
As he stepped in front once more,
Not a symptom of surprise
In the frank blue Breton eyes,
Just the same man as before.

Then said Damfreville, "My friend,
I must speak out at the end,
Though I find the speaking hard.

Praise is deeper than the lips:
You have saved the King his ships,
You must name your own reward.
'Faith our sun was near eclipse!
Demand whate'er you will,
France remains your debtor still.
Ask to heart's content and have! or my name's not
Damfreville."

Then a beam of fun outbroke
On the bearded mouth that spoke,
As the honest heart laughed through
Those frank eyes of Breton blue:
"Since I needs must say my say,
Since on board the duty's done,
And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point, what is
it but a run?—
Since 'tis ask and have, I may—
Since the others go ashore—
Come! A good whole holiday!
Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the
Belle Aurore!"
That he asked and that he got,—nothing more.

Name and deed alike are lost:
Not a pillar nor a post
In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell;
Not a head in white and black
On a single fishing-smack,
In memory of the man but for whom had gone to
wrack
All that France saved from the fight whence
England bore the bell.

Go to Paris: rank on rank
Search the heroes flung pell-mell
On the Louvre, face and flank!
You shall look long enough ere you come to Hervé Riel.
So, for better and for worse,
Hervé Riel, accept my verse!
In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more
Save the squadron, honor France, love thy wife the Belle Aurore!

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB

By Lord Byron

THE Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when the Summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen:
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;

And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and forever grew
still!

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his
pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail,
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the
sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP

By Robert Browning

YOU know, we French stormed Ratisbon
A mile or so away,
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming-day;
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow
Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused "My plans
That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army-leader Lannes
Waver at yonder wall,"—
Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
A rider, bound on bound
Full-galloping; nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy:
You hardly could suspect—
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
Scarce any blood came through)
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace
We've got you Ratisbon!
The Marshal's in the market-place,
And you'll be there anon
To see your flag-bird flap his vans
Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him!" The chief's eye flashed; his plans
Soared up again like fire.

The chief's eye flashed; but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother-eagle's eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes;

"You're wounded!" "Nay," the soldier's pride
Touched to the quick, he said:
"I'm killed, Sire!" And his chief beside
Smiling the boy fell dead.

HORATIUS AT THE BRIDGE

By Thomas Babington Macaulay

LARS PORSENA of Clusium,
By the nine gods he swore
That the great house of Tarquin
Should suffer wrong no more.
By the nine gods he swore it,
And named a trysting-day,
And bade his messengers ride forth,
East and west and south and north,
To summon his array.

East and west and south and north
The messengers ride fast,
And tower and town and cottage
Have heard the trumpet's blast.
Shame on the false Etruscan
Who lingers in his home,
When Porsena of Clusium
Is on the march for Rome!

There be thirty chosen prophets,
The wisest of the land,
Who alway by Lars Porsena
Both morn and evening stand.

Evening and morn the thirty
Have turned the verses o'er,
Traced from the right on linen white
By mighty seers of yore;

And with one voice the thirty
Have their glad answer given:
"Go forth, go forth, Lars Porsena,—
Go forth, beloved of heaven!
Go, and return in glory
To Clusium's royal dome,
And hang round Nurscia's altars
The golden shields of Rome!"

And now hath ever city
Sent up her tale of men;
The foot are fourscore thousand,
The horse are thousands ten.
Before the gates of Sutrium
Is met the great array;
A proud man was Lars Porsena
Upon the trysting-day.

Now, from the rock Tarpeian,
Could the wan burghers spy
The line of blazing villages
Red in the midnight sky.
The fathers of the city,
They sat all night and day,
For every hour some horseman came
With tidings of dismay.

HORATIUS AT THE BRIDGE

I wis, in all the senate
There was no heart so bold
But sore it ached, and fast it beat,
When that ill news was told.
Forthwith up rose the consul,
Up rose the fathers all;
In haste they girded up their gowns,
And hied them to the wall.

They held a council, standing
Before the river-gate;
Short time was there, ye well may guess,
For musing or debate.
Outspake the consul roundly:
"The bridge must straight go down;
For, since Janiculum is lost,
Naught else can save the town."

Just then a scout came flying,
All wild with haste and fear:
"To arms! to arms! sir consul,—
Lars Porsena is here."
On the low hills to westward
The consul fixed his eye,
And saw the swarthy storm of dust
Rise fast along the sky.

But the consul's brow was sad,
And the consul's speech was low,
And darkly looked he at the wall,
And darkly at the foe:
"Their van will be upon us
Before the bridge goes down;

And if they once may win the bridge,
What hope to save the town?"

Then outspake brave Horatius,
The captain of the gate:
"To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late.
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds
For the ashes of his fathers
And the temples of his gods?

"And for the tender mother
Who dandled him to rest,
And for the wife who nurses
His baby at her breast,
And for the holy maidens
Who feed the eternal flame,—
To save them from false Sextus
That wrought the deed of shame?

"Hew down the bridge, sir consul,
With all the speed ye may;
I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play,—
In yon strait path a thousand
May well be stopped by three.
Now who will stand on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me?"

Then outspake Spurius Lartius,—
A Ramnian proud was he:
"Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
And keep the bridge with thee."

And outspake strong Herminius,—
Of Titian blood was he:
"I will abide on thy left side,
And keep the bridge with thee."

The three stood calm and silent,
And looked upon the foes,
And a great shout of laughter
From all the vanguard rose;
And forth three chiefs came spurring
Before that deep array;
To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,
And lifted high their shields, and flew
To win the narrow way.

Aunus, from green Tifernum,
Lord of the hill of vines;
And Seius, whose eight hundred slaves
Sicken in Ilva's mines;
And Picus, long to Clusium
Vassal in peace and war,
Who led to fight his Umbrian powers
From that gray crag where, girt with towers,
The fortress of Nequinum lowers
O'er the pale waves of Nar.

Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus
Into the stream beneath;
Herminius struck at Seius,
And clove him to the teeth;
At Picus brave Horatius
Darted one fiery thrust.

And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms
Clashed in the bloody dust.

Then Ocnus of Falerii
Rushed on the Roman three;
And Lausulus of Urgo,
The rover of the sea;
And Aruns of Volsinium,
Who slew the great wild boar,—
The great wild boar that had his den
Amidst the reeds of Cosa's fen,
And wasted fields, and slaughtered men,
Along Albinia's shore.

Herminius smote down Aruns;
Lartius laid Ocnus low;
Right to the heart of Lausulus
Horatius sent a blow:
"Lie there," he cried, "fell pirate!
No more, aghast and pale,
From Ostia's walls the crowd shall mark
The track of thy destroying bark;
No more Campania's hinds shall fly
To woods and caverns, when they spy
Thy thrice-accurséd sail!"

But now no sound of laughter
Was heard among the foes;
A wild and wrathful clamor
From all the vanguard rose.
Six spears' lengths from the entrance
Halted that deep array,

And for a space no man came forth
To win the narrow way.

But, hark! the cry is Astur:
And lo! the ranks divide;
And the great lord of Luna
Comes with his stately stride.
Upon his ample shoulders
Clangs loud the fourfold shield,
And in his hand he shakes the brand
Which none but he can wield.

He smiled on those bold Romans,
A smile serene and high;
He eyed the flinching Tuscans,
And scorn was in his eye.
Quoth he, "The she-wolf's litter
Stand savagely at bay;
But will ye dare to follow,
If Astur clears the way?"

Then, whirling up his broadsword
With both hands to the height,
He rushed against Horatius,
And smote with all his might.
With shield and blade Horatius
Right deftly turned the blow.
The blow, though turned, came yet too nigh;
It missed his helm, but gashed his thigh.
The Tuscans raised a joyful cry
To see the red blood flow.

He reeled, and on Herminius
He leaned one breathing-space,
Then, like a wild-cat mad with wounds,
Sprang right at Astur's face.
Through teeth and skull and helmet
So fierce a thrust he sped,
The good sword stood a handbreath out
Behind the Tuscan's head.

And the great lord of Luna
Fell at that deadly stroke,
As falls on Mount Avernus
A thunder-smitten oak.
Far o'er the crashing forest
The giant arms lie spread;
End the pale augurs, muttering low,
Gaze on the blasted head.

On Astur's throat Horatius
Right firmly pressed his heel,
And thrice and four times tugged amain,
Ere he wrenched out the steel.
"And see," he cried, "the welcome,
Fair guests, that waits you here!
What noble Lucumo comes next
To taste our Roman cheer?"

But at his haughty challenge
A sullen murmur ran,
Mingled with wrath and shame and dread
Along that glittering van.
There lacked not men of prowess,
Nor men of lordly race,

For all Etruria's noblest
  Were round the fatal place.

But all Etruria's noblest
  Felt their hearts sink to see
On the earth the bloody corpses,
  In the path the dauntless three;
And from the ghastly entrance,
  Where those bold Romans stood,
All shrank—like boys who, unaware,
Ranging a wood to start a hare,
Come to the mouth of the dark lair
Where, growling low, a fierce old bear
  Lies amidst bones and blood.

Was none who would be foremost
  To lead such dire attack;
But those behind cried "Forward!"
  And those before cried "Back!"
And backward now, and forward,
  Wavers the deep array;
And on the tossing sea of steel
To and fro the standards reel,
And the victorious trumpet-peal
  Dies fitfully away.

Yet one man for one moment
  Strode out before the crowd;
Well known was he to all the three,
  And they gave him greeting loud:
"Now welcome, welcome, Sextus!
  Now welcome to thy home!
Why dost thou stay, and turn away?
  Here lies the road to Rome."

Thrice looked he at the city;
Thrice looked he at the dead;
And thrice came on in fury,
And thrice turned back in dread;
And, white with fear and hatred,
Scowled at the narrow way
Where, wallowing in a pool of blood,
The bravest Tuscans lay.

But meanwhile axe and lever
Have manfully been plied;
And now the bridge hangs tottering
Above the boiling tide.
"Come back, come back, Horatius!"
Loud cried the fathers all,—
"Back, Lartius! back, Herminius!
Back, ere the ruin fall!"

Back darted Spurius Lartius,—
Herminius darted back;
And, as they passed, beneath their feet
They felt the timbers crack.
But when they turned their faces,
And on the farther shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
They would have crossed once more;

But with a crash like thunder
Fell every loosened beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
Lay right athwart the stream;
And a long shout of triumph
Rose from the walls of Rome,

As to the highest turret-tops
  Was splashed the yellow foam.

And like a horse unbroken,
  When first he feels the rein,
The furious river struggled hard,
  And tossed his tawny mane,
And burst the curb, and bounded,
  Rejoicing to be free;
And whirling down, in fierce career,
Battlement and plank and pier,
  Rushed headlong to the sea.

Alone stood brave Horatius,
  But constant still in mind,—
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
  And the broad flood behind.
"Down with him!" cried false Sextus,
  With a smile on his pale face;
"Now yield thee," cried Lars Porsena,
  "Now yield thee to our grace!"

Round turned he, as not deigning
  Those craven ranks to see;
Naught spake he to Lars Porsena,
  To Sextus naught spake he;
But he saw on Palatinus
  The white porch of his home;
And he spake to the noble river
  That rolls by the towers of Rome:

"O Tiber! Father Tiber!
  To whom the Romans pray,

A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
  Take thou in charge this day!"
So he spake, and, speaking, sheathed
  The good sword by his side,
And, with his harness on his back,
  Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow
  Was heard from either bank,
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
  Stood gazing where he sank;
And when above the surges
  They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
  Could scarce forbear to cheer.

But fiercely ran the current,
  Swollen high by months of rain,
And fast his blood was flowing;
  And he was sore in pain,
And heavy with his armor,
  And spent with changing blows;
And oft they thought him sinking,
  But still again he rose.

Never, I ween, did swimmer,
  In such an evil case,
Struggle through such a raging flood
  Safe to the landing-place;
But his limbs were borne up bravely

By the brave heart within,
And our good Father Tiber
Bare bravely up his chin.

"Curse on him!" quoth false Sextus,—
"Will not the villain drown?
But for this stay, ere close of day
We should have sacked the town!"
"Heaven help him!" quoth Lars Porsena,
"And bring him safe to shore;
For such a gallant feat of arms
Was never seen before."

And now he feels the bottom;
Now on dry earth he stands;
Now round him throng the fathers
To press his gory hands;
And now, with shouts and clapping,
And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the river-gate,
Borne by the joyous crowd.

They gave him of the corn-land,
That was of public right,
As much as two strong oxen
Could plough from morn till night;
And they made a molten image,
And set it up on high,—
And there it stands unto this day
To witness if I lie.

It stands in the comitium,
Plain for all folk to see,—

HORATIUS AT THE BRIDGE

Horatius in his harness,
Halting upon one knee;
And underneath is written,
In letters all of gold,
How valiantly he kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

And still his name sounds stirring
Unto the men of Rome,
As the trumpet-blast that cries to them
To charge the Volscian home;
And wives still pray to Juno
For boys with hearts as bold
As his who kept the bridge so well
In the brave days of old.

And in the nights of winter,
When the cold north-winds blow,
And the long howling of the wolves
Is heard amidst the snow;
When round the lonely cottage
Roars loud the tempest's din,
And the good logs of Algidus
Roar louder yet within;

When the oldest cask is opened,
And the largest lamp is lit;
When the chestnuts glow in the embers,
And the kid turns on the spit;
When young and old in circle
Around the firebrands close;
When the girls are weaving baskets,
And the lads are shaping bows;

AFTER BLENHEIM

When the goodman mends his armor,
And trims his helmet's plume;
When the goodwife's shuttle merrily
Goes flashing through the loom;
With weeping and with laughter
Still is the story told,
How well Horatius kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

AFTER BLENHEIM

By Robert Southey

IT was a summer evening;
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun;
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round
Which he beside the rivulet
In playing there had found;
He came to ask what he had found
That was so large and smooth and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh
"'Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
"Who fell in the great victory.

AFTER BLENHEIM

"I find them in the garden,
For there's many here about;
And often when I go to plow
The plowshare turns them out.
For many thousand men," said he,
"Were slain in that great victory."

"Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
Young Peterkin he cries;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes;
"Now tell us all about the war,
And what they fought each other for?"

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,
"Who put the French to rout;
But what they fought each other for
I could not well make out.
But everybody said," quoth he,
"That 'twas a famous victory.

"My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by;
They burned his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly:
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

"With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a childing mother then
And new-born baby died:
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

LADY CLARE

"They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won;
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun:
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

"Great praise the Duke of Marlboro' won
And our good Prince Eugene;"
—"Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!"
Said little Wilhelmine;
"Nay . . . nay . . . my little girl," quoth he,
"It was a famous victory!

"And everybody praised the Duke
Who this great fight did win."
—"But what good came of it at last?"
Quoth little Peterkin:—
"Why, that I can not tell," said he,
"But 'twas a famous victory."

LADY CLARE

By Alfred Tennyson

IT was the time when lilies blow,
And clouds are highest up in air,
Lord Ronald brought a lily-white doe
To give his cousin, Lady Clare.

I trow they did not part in scorn;
Lovers long-betrothed were they,
They two will wed to-morrow morn;
God's blessing on the day!

"He does not love me for my birth,
Nor for my lands so broad and fair;
He loves me for my own true worth,
And that is well," said Lady Clare.

In there came old Alice the nurse,
Said, "Who was this that went from thee?"
"It was my cousin," said Lady Clare,
"To-morrow he weds with me."

"Oh, God be thanked!" said Alice the nurse,
"That all comes round so just and fair;
Lord Ronald is heir of all your lands,
And you are not the Lady Clare."

"Are ye out of your mind, my nurse, my nurse,"
Said Lady Clare, "that ye speak so wild?"
"As God's above," said Alice the nurse,
"I speak the truth: you are my child.

"The old Earl's daughter died at my breast;
I speak the truth, as I live by bread!
I buried her like my own sweet child,
And put my child in her stead."

"Falsely, falsely have ye done,
O Mother," she said, "if this be true,
To keep the best man under the sun
So many years from his due."

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse,
"But keep the secret for your life,
And all you have will be Lord Ronald's
When you are man and wife."

"If I'm a beggar born," she said,
"I will speak out, for I dare not lie.
Pull off, pull off, the brooch of gold
And fling the diamond necklace by!"

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse,
"But keep the secret all ye can."
She said, "Not so: but I will know
If there be any faith in man."

"Nay now, what faith?" said Alice the nurse,
"The man will cleave unto his right."
"And he shall have it," the lady replied,
"Though I should die to-night."

"Yet give one kiss to your mother dear!
Alas, my child, I sinned for thee."
"O Mother, Mother, Mother," she said,
"So strange it seems to me!

"Yet here's a kiss for my mother dear,
My mother dear, if this be so,
And lay your hand upon my head,
And bless me, Mother, ere I go."

She clad herself in a russet gown,
She was no longer Lady Clare;
She went by dale, and she went by down,
With a single rose in her hair.

The lily-white doe Lord Ronald had brought
Leapt up from where she lay,
Dropt her head in the maiden's hand,
And followed her all the way.

LADY CLARE

Down stept Lord Ronald from his tower:
"O Lady Clare, you shame your worth!
Why come you drest like a village maid,
That are the flower of the earth?"

"If I come drest like a village maid,
I am but as my fortunes are:
I am a beggar born," she said,
"And not the Lady Clare."

"Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,
"For I am yours in word and in deed;
Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,
"Your riddle is hard to read."

Oh, and proudly stood she up!
Her heart within her did not fail:
She looked into Lord Ronald's eyes,
And told him all her nurse's tale.

He laughed a laugh of merry scorn;
He turned and kissed her where she stood;
"If you are not the heiress born,
And I," said he, "the next in blood,—

"If you are not the heiress born,
And I," said he, "the lawful heir,
We two will wed to-morrow morn,
And you shall still be Lady Clare."

THE GREENWOOD SHRIFT

By Robert and Caroline Southey

George III and a Dying Woman in Windsor Forest

OUTSTRETCHED beneath the leafy shade
Of Windsor forest's deepest glade,
A dying woman lay;
Three little children round her stood,
And there went up from the greenwood
A woful wail that day.

"O mother!" was the mingled cry,
"O mother, mother! do not die,
And leave us all alone."
"My blessed babes!" she tried to say,
But the faint accents died away
In a low sobbing moan.

And then, life struggling hard with death,
And fast and strong she drew her breath,
And up she raised her head;
And, peering through the deep wood maze
With a long, sharp, unearthly gaze,
"Will she not come?" she said.

Just then, the parting boughs between,
A little maid's light form was seen,
All breathless with her speed;
And, following close, a man came on
(A portly man to look upon),
Who led a panting steed.

"Mother!" the little maiden cried,
Or e'er she reached the woman's side,
And kissed her clay-cold cheek,—
"I have not idled in the town,
But long went wandering up and down,
The minister to seek.

"They told me here, they told me there,—
I think they mocked me everywhere;
And when I found his home,
And begged him on my bended knee
To bring his book and come with me,
Mother! he would not come.

"I told him how you dying lay,
And could not go in peace away
Without the minister;
I begged him, for dear Christ his sake,
But O, my heart was fit to break,—
Mother! he would not stir.

"So, though my tears were blinding me,
I ran back, fast as fast could be,
To come again to you;
And here—close by—this squire I met,
Who asked (so mild) what made me fret;
And when I told him true,—

" 'I will go with you, child,' he said,
'God sends me to this dying bed,'—
Mother, he's here, hard by."
While thus the little maiden spoke,
The man, his back against an oak,
Looked on with glistening eye.

The bridle on his neck hung free,
With quivering flank and trembling knee,
Pressed close his bonny bay;
A statelier man, a statelier steed,
Never on greensward paced, I rede,
Than those stood there that day.

So, while the little maiden spoke,
The man, his back against an oak,
Looked on with glistening eye
And folded arms, and in his look
Something that, like a sermon-book,
Preached,—"All is vanity."

But when the dying woman's face
Turned toward him with a wishful gaze,
He stepped to where she lay;
And, kneeling down, bent over her,
Saying, "I am a minister,
My sister! let us pray."

And well, withouten book or stole,
(God's words were printed on his soul!)
Into the dying ear
He breathed, as 'twere an angel's strain,
The things that unto life pertain,
And death's dark shadows clear.

He spoke of sinners' lost estate,
In Christ renewed, regenerate,—
Of God's most blest decree,
That not a single soul should die
Who turns repentant, with the cry
"Be merciful to me."

He spoke of trouble, pain, and toil,
Endured but for a little while
In patience, faith, and love,—
Sure, in God's own good time, to be
Exchanged for an eternity
Of happiness above.

Then, as the spirit ebbed away,
He raised his hands and eyes to pray
That peaceful it might pass;
And then—the orphans' sobs alone
Were heard, and they knelt, every one,
Close round on the green grass.

Such was the sight their wandering eyes
Beheld, in heart-struck, mute surprise,
Who reined their coursers back,
Just as they found the long astray,
Who, in the heat of chase that day,
Had wandered from their track.

But each man reined his pawing steed,
And lighted down, as if agreed,
In silence at his side;
And there, uncovered all, they stood,—
It was a wholesome sight and good
That day for mortal pride.

For of the noblest of the land
Was that deep-hushed, bareheaded band;
And, central in the ring,
By that dead pauper on the ground,
Her ragged orphans clinging round,
Knelt their anointed king.

THE ARAB TO HIS FAVORITE STEED

By Caroline E. Norton

MY beautiful! my beautiful! that standest meekly by,
With thy proudly arched and glossy neck, and dark and fiery eye,
Fret not to roam the desert now, with all thy wingéd speed;
I may not mount on thee again,—thou'rt sold, my Arab steed!
Fret not with that impatient hoof,—snuff not the breezy wind,—
The farther that thou fliest now, so far am I behind;
The stranger hath thy bridle-rein,—thy master hath *his* gold,—
Fleet-limbed and beautiful, farewell; thou'rt sold, my steed, thou'rt sold.

Farewell! those free, untiréd limbs full many a mile must roam,
To reach the chill and wintry sky which clouds the stranger's home;
Some other hand, less fond, must now thy corn and bed prepare,
Thy silky mane, I braided once, must be another's care!
The morning sun shall dawn again, but never more with thee
Shall I gallop through the desert paths, where we were wont to be;

Evening shall darken on the earth, and o'er the sandy plain
Some other steed, with slower step, shall bear me home again.

Yes, thou must go! the wild, free breeze, the brilliant sun and sky,
Thy master's house,—from all of these my exiled one must fly;
Thy proud dark eye will grow less proud, thy step become less fleet,
And vainly shalt thou arch thy neck, thy master's hand to meet.
Only in sleep shall I behold that dark eye, glancing bright;—
Only in sleep shall hear again that step so firm and light;
And when I raise my dreaming arm to check or cheer thy speed,
Then must I, starting, wake to feel,—thou'rt *sold*, my Arab steed!

Ah! rudely, then, unseen by me, some cruel hand may chide,
Till foam-wreaths lie, like crested waves, along thy panting side:
And the rich blood that's in thee swells, in thy indignant pain,
Till careless eyes, which rest on thee, may count each starting vein.
Will they ill-use thee? If I thought—but no, it cannot be,—
Thou art so swift, yet easy curbed; so gentle, yet so free:

And yet, if haply, when thou'rt gone, my lonely
heart should yearn,—
Can the hand which casts thee from it now com-
mand thee to return?

Return! alas! my Arab steed! what shall thy master
do,
When thou, who wast his all of joy, hast vanished
from his view?
When the dim distance cheats mine eye, and
through the gathering tears
Thy bright form, for a moment, like the false
mirage appears;
Slow and unmounted shall I roam, with weary step
alone,
Where, with fleet step and joyous bound, thou oft
hast borne me on;
And sitting down by that green well, I'll pause and
sadly think,
"It was here he bowed his glossy neck when last I
saw him drink!"

When last I saw thee drink!—Away! the fevered
dream is o'er,—
I could not live a day, and *know* that we should
meet no more!
They tempted me, my beautiful!—for hunger's
power is strong,—
They tempted me, my beautiful! but I have loved
too long.
Who said that I had given thee up? who said that
thou wast sold?
'Tis false,—'tis false, my Arab steed! I fling them
back their gold!

Thus, *thus,* I leap upon thy back, and scour the distant plains;
Away! who overtakes us now shall claim thee for his pains!

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET

By Samuel Woodworth

HOW dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew!
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill that stood by it,
The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell,
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well—
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well.

That moss-covered vessel I hailed as a treasure,
For often at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell;
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well—

LOCHINVAR

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As poised on the curb it inclined to my lips!
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
The brightest that beauty or revelry sips.
And now, far removed from the loved habitation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket that hangs in the well—
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket that hangs in the well!

LOCHINVAR

By Sir Walter Scott

O H, young Lochinvar is come out of the West;
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best;
And save his good broadsword he weapons had none;
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone;
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none;
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late:
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen, of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby hall,
'Mong bridesmen and kinsmen, and brothers and all.
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word),
"Oh, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied.
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide;
And now I am come, with this lost love of mine
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up:
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand ere her mother could bar,—
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the bride-maidens whispered, " 'Twere better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall door and the charger stood near;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur!
They'll have fleet steeds that follow!" quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran;
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee;
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

THE SKELETON IN ARMOR

By Henry W. Longfellow

"SPEAK! speak! thou fearful guest!
Who, with thy hollow breast
Still in rude armor drest,
Comest to daunt me!
Wrapt not in Eastern balms,
But with thy fleshless palms
Stretched, as if asking alms,
Why dost thou haunt me?"

Then from those cavernous eyes
Pale flashes seemed to rise,
As when the Northern skies
Gleam in December;
And, like the water's flow
Under December's snow,
Came a dull voice of woe
From the heart's chamber.

"I was a Viking old!
My deeds, though manifold,
No Skald in song has told,
No Saga taught thee!
Take heed that in thy verse
Thou dost the tale rehearse,
Else dread a dead man's curse;
For this I sought thee.

"Far in the Northern Land,
By the wild Baltic's strand,
I, with my childish hand,
Tamed the gerfalcon;
And, with my skates fast-bound,
Skimmed the half-frozen Sound,
That the poor whimpering hound
Trembled to walk on.

"Oft to his frozen lair
Tracked I the grizzly bear,
While from my path the hare
Fled like a shadow;
Oft through the forest dark

Followed the were-wolf's bark,
Until the soaring lark
  Sang from the meadow.

"But when I older grew,
Joining a corsair's crew,
O'er the dark sea I flew
  With the marauders.
Wild was the life we led;
Many the souls that sped,
Many the hearts that bled,
  By our stern orders.

"Many a wassail-bout
Wore the long Winter out;
Often our midnight shout
  Set the cocks crowing,
As we the Berserk's tale
Measured in cups of ale,
Draining the oaken pail
  Filled to o'erflowing.

"Once as I told in glee
Tales of the stormy sea,
Soft eyes did gaze on me,
  Burning yet tender;
And as the white stars shine
On the dark Norway pine,
On that dark heart of mine
  Fell their soft splendor.

"I wooed the blue-eyed maid,
Yielding, yet half afraid,

And in the forest's shade
Our vows were plighted.
Under its loosened vest
Fluttered her little breast,
Like birds within their nest
By the hawk frighted.

"Bright in her father's hall
Shields gleamed upon the wall,
Loud sang the minstrels all,
Chanting his glory;
When of old Hildebrand
I asked his daughter's hand,
Mute did the minstrels stand
To hear my story

"While the brown ale he quaffed,
Loud then the champion laughed,
And as the wind-gusts waft
The sea-foam brightly,
So the loud laugh of scorn,
Out of those lips unshorn,
From the deep drinking-horn
Blew the foam lightly.

"She was a Prince's child,
I but a Viking wild,
And though she blushed and smiled,
I was discarded!
Should not the dove so white
Follow the sea-mew's flight?
Why did they leave that night
Her nest unguarded?

"Scarce had I put to sea,
Bearing the maid with me,—
Fairest of all was she
Among the Norsemen!—
When on the white sea-strand,
Waving his armèd hand,
Saw we old Hildebrand,
With twenty horsemen.

"Then launched they to the blast,
Bent like a reed each mast,
Yet we were gaining fast,
When the wind failed us;
And with a sudden flaw
Came round the gusty Skaw,
So that our foe we saw
Laugh as he hailed us.

"And as to catch the gale
Round veered the flapping sail,
'Death!' was the helmsman's hail,
'Death without quarter!'
Midships with iron keel
Struck we her ribs of steel;
Down her black hulk did reel
Through the black water!

"As with his wings aslant,
Sails the fierce cormorant,
Seeking some rocky haunt,
With his prey laden,
So toward the open main,

Beating to sea again,
Through the wild hurricane,
Bore I the maiden.

"Three weeks we westward bore,
And when the storm was o'er,
Cloud-like we saw the shore
Stretching to leeward;
There for my lady's bower
Built I the lofty tower
Which to this very hour
Stands looking seaward.

"There lived we many years;
Time dried the maiden's tears;
She had forgot her fears,
She was a mother;
Death closed her mild blue eyes;
Under that tower she lies;
Ne'er shall the sun arise
On such another.

"Still grew my bosom then,
Still as a stagnant fen!
Hateful to me were men,
The sunlight hateful!
In the vast forest here,
Clad in my warlike gear,
Fell I upon my spear,
Oh, death was grateful!

"Thus, seamed with many scars,
Bursting these prison bars,

Up to its native stars
My soul ascended!
There from the flowing bowl
Deep drinks the warrior's soul,
Skoal! to the Northland! *skoal!*"
Thus the tale ended.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE

By Oliver Goldsmith

SWEET Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delay'd:
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene!
How often have I paused on every charm,
The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighboring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whisp'ring lovers made.
How often have I blest the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labor free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree;
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old survey'd;

And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round;
And still as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired;
The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
By holding out to tire each other down;
The swain, mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter titter'd round the place;
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove:
These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,
With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please;
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed,
These were thy charms—but all these charms are fled.

Sweet, smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn!
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green:
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain.
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But, choked with sedges, works its weedy way;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries:
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the moldering wall;

And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away, thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay:
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintain'd its man:
For him light labor spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life required, but gave no more:
His best companions, innocence and health,
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are alter'd: trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain;
Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose,
And every want to opulence allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
These gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that ask'd but little room,
Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,
Lived in each look, and brighten'd all the green,—
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.

Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruin'd grounds,
And, many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew.
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wand'rings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting, by repose:
I still had hopes—for pride attends us still—
Amidst the swains to show my book-learn'd skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt and all I saw;
And, as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return—and die at home at last.

O, blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care that never must be mine!
How happy he who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labor with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dang'rous deep;
No surly porter stands in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate:

But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
Bends to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way;
And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past!

Sweet was the sound, when oft, at evening's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose:
There, as I pass'd with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came soften'd from below;
The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,
The sober herd that low'd to meet their young;
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school:
The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind,
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
But all the bloomy flush of life is fled!
All but yon widow'd, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring;
She, wretched matron, forced in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wintry fagot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn;
She only left, of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year:
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wish'd to change, his place;
Unpractis'd he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More skill'd to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wand'rings, but relieved their pain:
The long remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away,
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe:
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings lean'd to virtue's side;

But in his duty prompt at every call;
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt, for all;
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
The reverend champion stood. At his control,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;
E'en children followed, with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distrest;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm.
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school.
A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew:
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laugh'd, with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd:
Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault.
The village all declared how much he knew;
'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And e'en the story ran—that he could gauge:
In arguing, too, the parson own'd his skill,
For ev'n though vanquish'd he could argue still;
While words of learned length, and thund'ring sound,
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew.
But past is all his fame. The very spot
Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot.

Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired,
Where graybeard mirth, and smiling toil retired,

Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlor splendors of that festive place:
The whitewash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door;
The chest contrived a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
The pictures placed for ornament and use,
The Twelve Good Rules, the Royal Game of Goose;
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay,
While broken teacups, wisely kept for show,
Ranged o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.

Vain, transitory splendors! Could not all
Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall?
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart:
Thither no more the peasant shall repair,
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his pond'rous strength, and lean to hear;
The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be pressed,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train;

To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art.
Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their firstborn sway;
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined:
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd,—
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;
And, e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart, distrusting, asks—if this be joy?

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen, who survey
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge, how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land.
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting Folly hails them from her shore;
Hoards, e'en beyond the miser's wish, abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around.
Yet, count our gains. This wealth is but a name
That leaves our useful products still the same.
Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supplied;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds;
Space for his horses, equipage and hounds:
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth,
Has robb'd the neighboring fields of half their growth;
His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;

Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies:—
While thus the land adorn'd for pleasure, all
In barren splendor feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female, unadorn'd and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
Slights every borrow'd charm that dress supplies,
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes;
But when those charms are past—for charms are frail—
When time advances, and when lovers fail,
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress:
Thus fares the land, by luxury betray'd;
In Nature's simplest charms at first array'd:
But verging to decline, its splendors rise,
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;
While, scourged by famine from the smiling land,
The mournful peasant leads his humble band;
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms—a garden, and a grave.

Where, then, ah! where, shall Poverty reside,
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?
If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd,
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And ev'n the bare-worn common is denied.

If to the city sped—what waits him there?
To see profusion that he must not share;
To see ten thousand baneful arts combined
To pamper luxury and thin mankind;

To see those joys the sons of pleasure know
Extorted from his fellow-creatures' woe.
Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artist plies his sickly trade;
Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomp display,
There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.
The dome where Pleasure holds her midnight reign,
Here, richly deck'd, admits the gorgeous train;
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
Sure, scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy,
Sure, these denote one universal joy!
Are these thy serious thoughts?—Ah, turn thine eyes
Where the poor houseless shivering female lies:
She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,
Has wept at tales of innocence distrest;
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn:
Now lost to all—her friends, her virtue fled,
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,
And, pinch'd with cold and shrinking from the shower,
With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,
When idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel and robes of country brown.

Do thine, sweet Auburn, thine, the loveliest train,
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
E'en now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread!

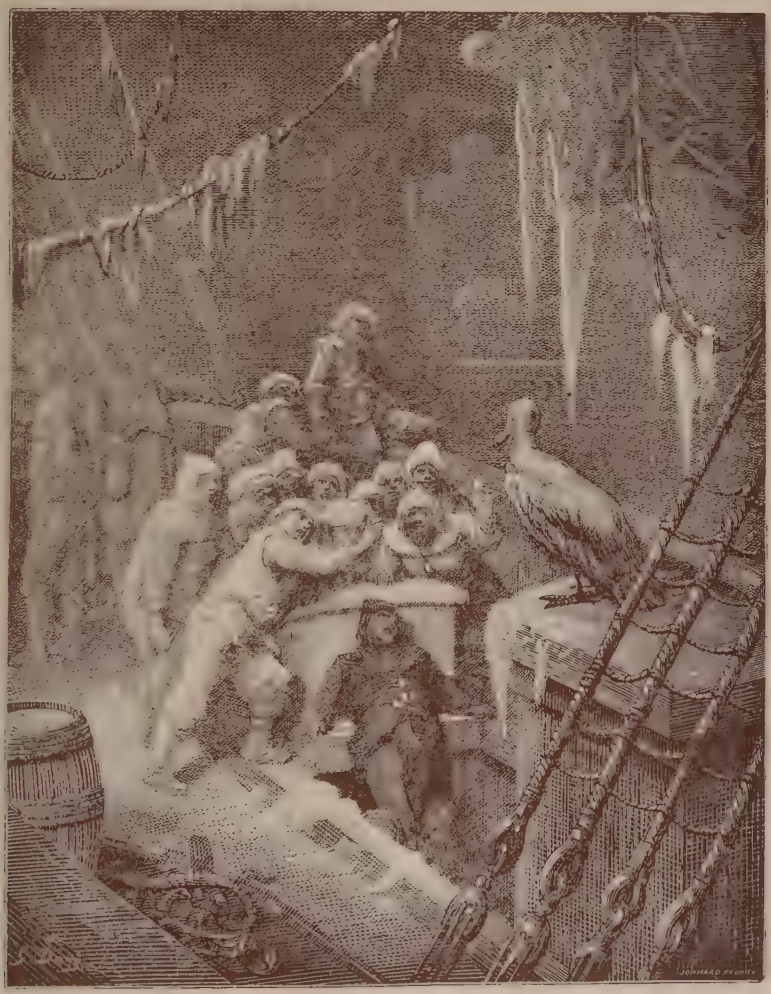
Ah, no. To distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far different there from all that charm'd before,
The various terrors of that horrid shore;
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day;
Those matted woods, where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;
Those poisonous fields, with rank luxuriance crown'd,
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around;
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
And savage men, more murd'rous still than they;
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravaged landscape with the skies.
Far different these from every former scene,
The cooling brook, the grassy-vested green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only shelter'd thefts of harmless love.

Good Heaven! what sorrows gloom'd that parting day
That call'd them from their native walks away;
When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
Hung round their bowers, and fondly look'd their last,
And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main;

And, shuddering still to face the distant deep,
Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep!
The good old sire, the first prepared to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe;
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wish'd for worlds beyond the grave:
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for a father's arms:
With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
And blest the cot where every pleasure rose;
And kiss'd her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
And clasped them close, in sorrow doubly dear;
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
In all the silent manliness of grief.

O Luxury, thou cursed by Heaven's decree,
How ill exchanged are things like these for thee!
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!
Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
Boast of a florid vigor not their own:
At every draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe;
Till, sapp'd their strength, and every part unsound,
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

E'en now the devastation is begun,
And half the business of destruction done;
E'en now, methinks, as pond'ring here I stand,
I see the rural virtues leave the land.



"IT ATE THE FOOD IT NE'ER HAD EAT" - page 425

From the painting by Gustave Doré

Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail,
That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand:
Contented toil, and hospitable care,
And kind connubial tenderness are there;
And piety, with wishes placed above,
And steady loyalty, and faithful love.
And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade;
Unfit, in these degenerate times of shame,
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame;
Dear, charming nymph, neglected and decried,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride;
Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so;
Thou guide by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well!
Farewell; and O! where'er thy voice be tried,
On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,
Whether where equinoctial fervors glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigors of th' inclement clime;
Aid slighted truth with thy persuasive strain;
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
Teach him, that states of native strength possess'd,
Though very poor, may still be very blessed;
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the labor'd mole away;
While self-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS

By Henry W. Longfellow

IT was the schooner *Hesperus*
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth,
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now west, now south.

Then up and spake an old sailòr
Had sailed to the Spanish main,
"I pray thee put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!"
The skipper he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and colder blew the wind,
A gale from the northeast;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

WRECK OF THE HESPERUS

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused like a frightened steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little daughtèr,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church-bells ring;
Oh say, what may it be?"
" 'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!"
And he steered for the open sea.

"O father! I hear the sound of guns;
Oh say, what may it be?"
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea!"

"O father! I see a gleaming light;
Oh say, what may it be?"
But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
That savèd she might be;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the waves
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost the vessel swept
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass she stove and sank,—
Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast
To see the form of a maiden fair
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the *Hesperus*
In the midnight and the snow!
Christ save us all from a death like this
On the reef of Norman's Woe!

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER

By Samuel Taylor Coleridge

PART I

IT is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three.
"By thy long grey beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

"The Bridegroom's doors are opened wide,
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set:
May'st hear the merry din."

He holds him with his skinny hand,
"There was a ship," quoth he.
"Hold off! unhand me, grey-beard loon!"
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

He holds him with his glittering eye—
The Wedding-Guest stood still,

And listens like a three years' child:
The Mariner hath his will.

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone:
He cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

"The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top.

"The sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he!
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

"Higher and higher every day
Till over the mast at noon—"
The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she;
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

The Wedding-Guest he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

"And now the Storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong:

He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

"With sloping masts and dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

"And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold:
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

"And through the drifts the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen:
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.

"The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around:
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound!

"At length did cross an Albatross,
Thorough the fog it came;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

"It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew.

The ice did split with a thunder-fit;
The helmsman steered us through!

"And a good south wind sprung up behind;
The Albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariners' hollo!

"In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine;
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmered the white moon-shine."

"God save thee, ancient Mariner!
From the fiends, that plague thee thus!—
Why look'st thou so?"—With my cross-bow
I shot the Albatross.

PART II

The Sun now rose upon the right:
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day for food or play
Came to the mariners' hollo!

And I had done a hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe:
For all averred, I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow.

Ah wretch! said they, the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow!

Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,
The glorious Sun uprist:
Then all averred, I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,
That bring the fog and mist.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody Sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the Moon.

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water, every where,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, every where,
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot: O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

About, about, in reel and rout
The death-fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue and white.

And some in dreams assurèd were
Of the Spirit that plagued us so,
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

Ah! well a-day! what evil looks
Had I from old and young!
Instead of the cross, the Albatross
About my neck was hung.

PART III

There passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye.
A weary time! A weary time!
How glazed each weary eye,
When looking westward, I beheld
A something in the sky.

At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist;
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
And still it neared and neared:
As if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged and tacked and veered.

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
We could nor laugh nor wail;
Through utter drought all dumb we stood!
I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
And cried, A sail! a sail!

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
Agape they heard me call:
Gramercy! they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all.

See! see! (I cried) she tacks no more!
Hither to work us weal;
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel!

The western wave was all a-flame,
The day was well nigh done!
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright Sun;
When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the Sun.

And straight the Sun was flecked with bars,
(Heaven's Mother send us grace!)
As if through a dungeon-grate he peered
With broad and burning face.

Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)
How fast she nears and nears!
Are those her sails that glance in the Sun,
Like restless gossameres?

Are those her ribs through which the Sun
Did peer, as through a grate?
And is that Woman all her crew?
Is that a Death? and are there two?
Is Death that woman's mate?

Her lips were red, her looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold:
Her skin was as white as leprosy,
The Night-mare Life-in-Death was she,
Who thicks man's blood with cold.

The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice;
"The game is done! I've won! I've won!"
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

The Sun's rim dips; the stars rush out:
At one stride comes the dark;
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,
Off shot the spectre-bark.

We listened and looked sideways up!
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,

My life-blood seemed to sip!
The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed
white;
From the sails the dew did drip—
Till clomb above the eastern bar
The horned Moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip.

One after one, by the star-dogged Moon,
Too quick for groan or sigh,
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eye.

Four times fifty living men,
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan)
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropped down one by one.

The souls did from their bodies fly,—
They fled to bliss or woe!
And every soul, it passed me by,
Like the whizz of my cross-bow!

PART IV

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner!
I fear thy skinny hand!
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand.

"I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand, so brown."—

Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-Guest!
This body dropt not down.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

The many men, so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie:
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on; and so did I.

I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

I looked to heaven, and tried to pray;
But or ever a prayer had gusht,
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they:
The look with which they looked on me
Had never passed away.

An orphan's curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high;
But oh! more horrible than that
Is the curse in a dead man's eye!
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die.

The moving Moon went up the sky,
And no where did abide:
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside—

Her beams bemocked the sultry main,
Like April hoar-frost spread;
But where the ship's huge shadow lay,
The charmed water burnt alway
A still and awful red.

Beyond the shadow of the ship,
I watched the water-snakes:
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire:
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare:
A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware:

Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.

The selfsame moment I could pray;
And from my neck so free
The Albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea.

PART V

Oh sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,
That slid into my soul.

The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled with dew;
And when I awoke, it rained.

My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my limbs:
I was so light—almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessed ghost.

And soon I heard a roaring wind:
It did not come anear;

But with its sound it shook the sails,
That were so thin and sere.

The upper air burst into life!
And a hundred fire-flags sheen,
To and fro they were hurried about!
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan stars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge;
And the rain poured down from one black
cloud;
The Moon was at its edge.

The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
The Moon was at its side:
Like waters shot from some high crag,
The lightning fell with never a jag,
A river steep and wide.

The loud wind never reached the ship,
Yet now the ship moved on!
Beneath the lightning and the Moon
The dead men gave a groan.

They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose,
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes;
It had been strange, even in a dream,
To have seen those dead men rise.

The helmsman steered, the ship moved on;
Yet never a breeze up blew;

The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
Where they were wont to do;
They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—
We were a ghastly crew.

The body of my brother's son
Stood by me, knee to knee:
The body and I pulled at one rope
But he said nought to me.

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner!"
Be calm, thou Wedding-Guest!
'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
Which to their corses came again,
But a troop of spirits blest:

For when it dawned—they dropped their arms,
And clustered round the mast;
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,
And from their bodies passed.

Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the Sun;
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mixed, now one by one.

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
I heard the sky-lark sing;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seemed to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning!

And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute;

And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the heavens be mute.

It ceased; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

Till noon we quietly sailed on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe:
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Moved onward from beneath.

Under the keel nine fathom deep,
From the land of mist and snow,
The spirit slid: and it was he
That made the ship to go.
The sails at noon left off their tune,
And the ship stood still also.

The Sun, right up above the mast,
Had fixed her to the ocean:
But in a minute she 'gan stir,
With a short uneasy motion—
Backwards and forwards half her length
With a short uneasy motion.

Then like a pawing horse let go,
She made a sudden bound:
It flung the blood into my head,
And I fell down in a swound.

How long in that same fit I lay,
I have not to declare;
But ere my living life returned,
I heard and in my soul discerned
Two voices in the air.

"Is it he?" quoth one, "Is this the man?
By him who died on cross,
With his cruel bow he laid full low
The harmless Albatross.

"The spirit who bideth by himself
In the land of mist and snow,
He loved the bird that loved the man
Who shot him with his bow."

The other was a softer voice,
As soft as honey-dew:
Quoth he, "The man hath penance done,
And penance more will do."

PART VI

First Voice

"But tell me, tell me! speak again,
Thy soft response renewing—
What makes that ship drive on so fast?
What is the ocean doing?"

Second Voice

"Still as a slave before his lord,
The ocean hath no blast;
His great bright eye most silently
Up to the moon is cast—

"If he may know which way to go;
For she guides him smooth or grim.
See, brother, see! how graciously
She looketh down on him."

First Voice

"But why drives on that ship so fast,
Without or wave or wind?"

Second Voice

"The air is cut away before,
And closes from behind.

"Fly, brother, fly! more high, more high!
Or we shall be belated:
For slow and slow that ship will go,
When the Mariner's trance is abated."

I woke, and we were sailing on
As in a gentle weather:
'Twas night, calm night, the moon was high,
The dead men stood together.

All stood together on the deck,
For a charnel-dungeon fitter:
All fixed on me their stony eyes,
That in the Moon did glitter.

The pang, the curse, with which they died,
Had never passed away:
I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
Nor turn them up to pray.

And now this spell was snapt: once more
I viewed the ocean green,
And looked far forth, yet little saw
Of what had else been seen—

Like one, that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round walks on,
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows, a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made:
Its path was not upon the sea,
In ripple or in shade.

It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek
Like a meadow-gale of spring—
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
Yet she sailed softly too:
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—
On me alone it blew.

Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed
The light-house top I see?
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?
Is this mine own countree?

We drifted o'er the harbour-bar,
And I with sobs did pray—

O let me be awake, my God!
Or let me sleep alway.

The harbour-bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn!
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the Moon.

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,
That stands above the rock:
The moonlight steeped in silentness
The steady weathercock.

And the bay was white with silent light
Till rising from the same,
Full many shapes, that shadows were,
In crimson colours came.

A little distance from the prow
Those crimson shadows were:
I turned my eyes upon the deck—
Oh, Christ! what saw I there!

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat
And, by the holy rood!
A man all light, a seraph-man,
On every corse there stood.

This seraph-band, each waved his hand:
It was a heavenly sight!
They stood as signals to the land,
Each one a lovely light;

This seraph-band, each waved his hand,
No voice did they impart—
No voice; but oh! the silence sank
Like music on my heart.

But soon I heard the dash of oars,
I heard the Pilot's cheer;
My head was turned perforce away,
And I saw a boat appear.

The Pilot and the Pilot's boy,
I heard them coming fast:
Dear Lord in Heaven! it was a joy
The dead men could not blast.

I saw a third—I heard his voice:
It is the Hermit good!
He singeth loud his godly hymns
That he makes in the wood.
He'll shrieve my soul, he'll wash away
The Albatross's blood.

PART VII

This Hermit good lives in that wood
Which slopes down to the sea.
How loudly his sweet voice he rears!
He loves to talk with marineres
That come from a far countree.

He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve—
He hath a cushion plump:
It is the moss that wholly hides
The rotted old oak-stump.

The skiff-boat neared: I heard them talk,
"Why, this is strange, I trow!
Where are those lights so many and fair,
That signal made but now?"

"Strange, by my faith!" the Hermit said—
"And they answered not our cheer!
The planks looked warped! and see those sails,
How thin they are and sere!
I never saw aught like to them,
Unless perchance it were

"Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
My forest-brook along;
When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,
And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,
That eats the she-wolf's young."

"Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look—
(The Pilot made reply)
I am a-feared"—"Push on, push on!"
Said the Hermit cheerily.

The boat came closer to the ship,
But I nor spake nor stirred;
The boat came close beneath the ship,
And straight a sound was heard.

Under the water it rumbled on,
Still louder and more dread:
It reached the ship, it split the bay;
The ship went down like lead.

Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound,
Which sky and ocean smote,
Like one that hath been seven days drowned
My body lay afloat;
But swift as dreams, myself I found
Within the Pilot's boat.

Upon the whirl, where sank the ship,
The boat spun round and round;
And all was still, save that the hill
Was telling of the sound.

I moved my lips—the Pilot shrieked
And fell down in a fit;
The holy Hermit raised his eyes,
And prayed where he did sit.

I took the oars: the Pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy go,
Laughed loud and long, and all the while
His eyes went to and fro.
"Ha! ha!" quoth he, "full plain I see,
The Devil knows how to row."

And now, all in my own countree,
I stood on the firm land!
The Hermit stepped forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.

"O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man!"
The Hermit crossed his brow.
"Say quick," quoth he, "I bid thee say—
What manner of a man art thou?"

Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched
With a woful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale;
And then it left me free.

Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns:
And till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns.

I pass, like night, from land to land;
I have strange power of speech;
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me:
To him my tale I teach.

What loud uproar bursts from that door!
The wedding-guests are there:
But in the garden-bower the bride
And bride-maids singing are:
And hark the little vesper bell
Which biddeth me to prayer!

O Wedding-Guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide wide sea:
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seemed there to be.

O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company!—

To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends
And youths and maidens gay!

Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou Wedding-Guest!
He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone: and now the Wedding-Guest
Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn:
A sadder and a wiser man,
He rose the morrow morn.

THE BELLS

By Edgar Allan Poe

HEAR the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells,—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding bells,
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!
Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells

On the future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

Hear the loud alarum bells—
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In the clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor
Now—now to sit or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear it fully knows,
By the twanging,
And the clanging,

How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells—
Of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells,—
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells.

Hear the tolling of the bells—
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people—ah, the people—
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,
And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone—
They are neither man nor woman—
They are neither brute nor human—
They are Ghouls:

And their king it is that tolls;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls
A pæan from the bells!
And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells!
And he dances and he yells;
Keeping time, time, time
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the pæan of the bells—
Of the bells:
Keeping time, time, time
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells,—
To the sobbing of the bells,
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells,—
Of the bells, bells, bells,—
To the tolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells,—
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

PUBLISHERS' FOREWORD TO DR. WILLIAM ALLAN NEILSON'S READING GUIDE FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSICS

DR. WILLIAM ALLAN NEILSON, President of Smith College, Northampton, Mass., formerly Professor of English, Harvard University, has so enriched The Junior Classics by his comprehensive Reading Guide on each and every volume of the set as to make the set, which is a vast storehouse of literary treasures, a collection of practical, workable textbooks of literature for the education of the young readers.

The Junior Classics contain the greatest literature of prose and poem that every junior must have on which to build a firm foundation for the development of a well-balanced education.

Indiscriminate reading is pure and simple pleasure-reading, whereas systematic reading, that is, reading with the object in view of completely covering a subject or period of literature, is educational reading and permanent in value.

Dr. Neilson in his Reading Guide to The Junior Classics has provided just this systematic course of reading that firmly imprints on the mind the gems of prose and poetry of the collection.

THE JUNIOR CLASSICS READING GUIDE

With Lists of the Best Books for Young People

By WILLIAM ALLAN NEILSON, Ph. D.

President Smith College, Northampton, Mass., formerly Professor of English, Harvard University

Associate Editor of The Harvard Classics, Editor of The Tudor Shakespeare, The Chief Elizabethan Dramatists, The Types of English Literature, Author of Essentials of Poetry, etc.

VOLUME I

FAIRY AND WONDER TALES

THERE are people who doubt the wisdom of permitting their children to hear or to read fairy tales. In their zeal for truth, they fear that these narratives of the impossible and the fantastic will accustom the young mind to falsehood and cancel their efforts to train their boys and girls in habits of veracity. This attitude is due to two things chiefly: a verbal confusion, and an ignoring of some familiar facts in the development of the human mind. For, in the first place, everybody knows that a fictitious tale that makes no pretense of being history is a quite different thing from a lie, which implies the intent to deceive; and a very slight observation of children makes it clear that it is only sophisticated grown-up people who need to have the distinction pointed out. In the second place, the world of imagination is the natural habitation of the child. The inverted chair which serves in turn as steamship, pulpit, locomotive, or fortress is only a symbol of the triumphant mastery of mind over matter in the young, a mastery which is only too soon checked by the pressure of material fact in the modern world. As the boy grows to manhood,

his preeminence among his fellows largely depends on the extent to which his imaginative powers have resisted and survived this attack. In the field of morals, it needs imagination to create that sympathy, that power of putting one's self in the other man's place, without which philanthropic effort is apt to be tactless, cold, and even injurious. In the fields of science and industry, imaginative range, the capacity to form clear visions of combinations and developments not yet realized, is the most precious of faculties. In the field of art, imagination is the mainspring, and everything else is merely contributory. Thus it is not dangerous but only wise, during that period when the imagination is naturally most active, to feed and guide rather than suppress it; and these stories, gathered largely from the youth of the world, are among the most potent aids to this end.

The Junior Classics begin appropriately with the tales of our own Indians. These represent that stage of civilization when as yet man did not distinguish different kinds of existence, and stones, clouds, trees, beasts, and men were thought of as all having the same kind of life, as all having souls, and so being capable of intercommunication, interchange of forms, and even intermarriage. This belief explains not only the names, but also many of the strange incidents of these mythological tales. Most of the Indian stories here given were gathered by Schoolcraft, the distinguished student of the American Indian and collector of their legends. It was from Schoolcraft that Longfellow derived his material for *Hiawatha,* and that poem may fitly be used as a sequel to these tales as the children grow older. Manabozho, who appears in the frontispiece of this volume, was the Algonquin Hiawatha.

Of many of the tales from India an explanation may again be found in a current belief. The teaching of the Buddha included the doctrine of transmigration of souls, and both the frequency of animal stories and the constant teaching of kindness to animals are due to this belief, a

belief which becomes very vivid when one realizes that according to it one's dog may have the soul of one's father.

Most of the other stories belong to the great body of folk-tales, derived from very various sources and ever travelling from district to district and people to people, sometimes springing up independently in surprisingly similar shapes, but in general full of the charm and entertainment of the genuinely popular tale. Some, however, are deliberately invented: those of the Danish Hans Andersen, most successful of all moderns in the imitation of the traditional fairy tale; and those, centuries older, that go by the name of the shadowy Æsop, fables made by many men in many lands and at many times, for the purpose of embodying the fragments of worldly wisdom which are usually summed up in their "morals."

LIST OF BEST BOOKS

Æsop's Fables—Edited by Joseph Jacobs.
Andersen, H. C.—Fairy Tales.
Arabian Nights—Lane's Translation.
Asbjornsen, P. C.—Fairy Tales from the Far North.
Bell, F. E. E.—Fairy Tale Plays.
Boyesen, H. H.—Norseland Tales.
Browne, Francis—Fairy Tales.
Browne, Francis—The Wonderful Chair.
Bulfinch, Thomas—The Age of Fable.
Bunce, John T.—Fairy Tales, Their Origin and Meaning.
Catlin, George—The Boy's Book on Indians.
Compton, Margaret—American Indian Fairy Stories.
Darton, F. J. H.—Wonder Book of Beasts.
Deming, E. W.—Indian Child Life, Red Folk and Wild Folk.
Dole, N. H.—Russian Fairy Book.
Grimm, J. L. and W. K.—German Household Tales.
Guerber, H. M. A.—Myths of Northern Lands.
Hall, Jennie—Viking Tales.
Holbrook, Florence—Book of Nature Myths.
Jacobs, Joseph—English Fairy Tales.
La Fontaine, Jean de—Fables.
Lang, Andrew—The Blue Fairy Book, and Other Fairy Books.
Lansing, M. F.—Tales of Old England in Prose and Verse.
Pitman, Norman H.—Chinese Fairy Tales.
Pyle, Katherine—Fairy Tales from Many Lands.

VOLUME II

FOLK TALES AND MYTHS OF ALL NATIONS

THE earliest myths everywhere were the attempts of primitive people to explain the world in which they lived, early science as much as religion, in which imagination played more part than observation or experiment. American Indian stories, such as those in the first volume, are as pure an example of these myths as any; and a special type is to be found in those called by folk-lorists "pourquois" or why-stories like "Why the Hippopotamus Lives in the Water," and "Why the Elephant Has Small Eyes." Here the attempt to satisfy primitive curiosity, a curiosity which is as apparent in every child as in every young race, is to be seen undisguised by the trimmings of the literary artist.

But as time went on and civilization developed, people became more critical and exacting. The tellers of the myths found it necessary to make their stories hold together better, and conform to man's gradually increasing knowledge of nature. In many cases, the primitive scientific purpose of the myth was lost sight of altogether, and the tale developed as a piece of entertainment, sometimes attached to gods, or to ancestry, or to the history of the nation, but interesting chiefly as a story. The pieces contained in this volume illustrate various stages of this process, from the why-stories just mentioned to the purely literary retelling of local legends like Washington Irving's "Rip Van Winkle" and "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow." Stories like those of Thor and Balder, and the Norse explanation of "How All Things Began" belong obviously to the period of attempted answers to the universal questions of Whence?

How? Why? while those of Brunhilda and Siegfried and of Lohengrin are later, but still much more primitive than the re-tellings of the same stories in the music dramas of Wagner. Iceland was converted to Christianity about the year 1000 A. D., and the stories of the mythological sagas of the North, here exemplified, originated before that date, though in their written forms they belong to Christian times. They represent the religious legends of the pagan Norsemen, elaborated and made more coherent by later writers. Modern poems like William Morris's "Sigurd the Volsung" and translations of the *Nibelungenlied* may well be used to give older children a fuller knowledge of these themes.

The Greek myths here represented are also far removed from the primitive type, and in the form in which they have come down to us show abundant traces of the more or less conscious handling of generations of story-tellers, who have added much to the interest and picturesqueness of the original myths, while they have dropped many elements which had either become meaningless, or had come to be felt too barbarous for the taste of a more refined age. The "Story of Cupid and Psyche" is an instance of a quite late mythological tale, the form in which we know it appearing first in *The Golden Ass* of Apuleius, as late as the second century of our era.

LIST OF BEST BOOKS

Baldwin, James—Story of Siegfried.
Bulfinch, Thomas—Legends of Charlemagne.
Burns, J.—Popular Tales and Legends.
Buxton, E. M. Wilmot—Stories of Norse Heroes.
Buxton, E. M. Wilmot—Stories of Persian Heroes.
Chapin, A. A.—Wonder Tales from Wagner.
Curtin, J.—Myths and Folk Tales of the Russians.
Darton, F. J. H.—Wonder Book of Beasts.
Drake, S. A.—North East Legends.
Emerson, Ellen R.—Indian Myths.
Foster, Mary H., and Cummings, Mabel H.—Asgard Stories.

READING GUIDE

Francillon, R. E.—Gods and Heroes.
Gayley, F.—Classic Myths in English Literature.
Griffis, W. E.—The Japanese Fairy World.
Guerber, H. M. A.—Myths of Greece and Rome.
Harris, Joel Chandler—Nights with Uncle Remus.
Hawthorne, Nathaniel—Tanglewood Tales.
Hawthorne, Nathaniel—The Wonder Book.
Hearn, Lafcadio—Kwaidan.
Houghton, Mrs. L.—A Russian Grandmother's Wonder Tales.
Hutchinson, W. M. L.—The Golden Porch, a Book of Greek Fairy Tales.
Kennedy, Patrick—Legendary Fictions of the Irish Celts.
Kipling, Rudyard—The Jungle Book.
Kipling, Rudyard—The Second Jungle Book.
Lang, Andrew—Animal Story Book.
Litchfield, Mary E.—The Nine Wonders.
Mabie, Hamilton Wright—Legends Every Child Should Know.
Macaulay, Thomas B., Lord—Lays of Ancient Rome.
Maud, Constance—Wagner's Heroes.
Maud, Constance—Wagner's Heroines.
Mitchell, S. W.—Prince Little Boy.
Norton, Charles Eliot—Heart of Oak Books.
Nutt, Alfred—Folk Lore.
Peabody, Josephine P.—Old Greek Folk Stories.
Pierson, Clara D.—Among the Farmyard People.
Pierson, Clara D.—Among the Meadow People.
Pierson, Clara D.—Among the Night People.
Rouse, W. H. B.—The Talking Thrush.
Saintine, X. B.—Myths of the Rhine.
Scudder, H. E.—Book of Folk Stories.
Scudder, H. E.—Fables and Folk Stories.
Skinner, C. M.—Myths and Legends.
Steele, Flora A.—Tales of the Punjab.
Wilde, Lady—Ancient Legends.
Young, Filson—Stories of the Wagner Operas.

VOLUME III

TALES FROM GREECE AND ROME

WE have now seen how the myth is gradually transformed into the artistic story, the element of the explanation of nature giving way to the desire to glorify the family or nation, or to the interest in an absorbing narrative. The "Old Greek Tales" which occupy the first two hundred pages of the present volume are very close to the "Myths of Greece and Rome" of the second volume, and all of them are far from being pure myths. One evidence of this is the tendency of the stories to gather round a center, some great hero or far-reaching event; and the organization of these groups is evidence enough of the presence of the work of artists in fiction. The stories connected with such demigods as Hercules, or such heroes as Theseus and Jason, are prominent examples; but the most famous of all are the tales which center in the siege of Troy, and which formed the theme not only of the great Greek epics, but also of a considerable number of the Greek tragedies.

The "Tales of the Trojan War" and "The Homeward Voyage of Ulysses" are, of course, derived from the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* of Homer, and older children may well be encouraged to read these in the complete translations of Lang, Leaf, and Myers, and of Butcher and Lang. The original material of these poems had certainly passed through the mouths of many generations of Greeks before it was committed to writing. Separate episodes had been chanted in public by professional reciters, and the form in which we know the stories is the result of the moulding of many minds, and betrays the reaction upon the material of the

tastes and emotions of generations of auditors. Who finally organized them into their present shape, when they became two complete epics, whether Homer alone was the final editor, who Homer himself was, if he was anything but a name—there are questions upon which scholars are not yet agreed, and probably will never be agreed. But of the perennial interest of the deeds of Achilles and Hector, of the romantic wanderings of Ulysses, of the singular nobility and simplicity of the story-telling, there is and can be no question. Here for all time is a storehouse of great deeds, of noble emotions, of universal types of human character, that can never cease to influence the ideals of the race.

In the *Æneid* of Virgil the Roman poet took the Homeric epics as his model, and strove with all the skill of a great literary artist to weld the traditions of his people into a work that would be to his nation what the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* were to the Greeks. The material, as before, was legendary and connected with Troy; but here the whole transmutation into a heroic poem was the work of one man, gaining thus unity and polish, but wanting, as was inevitable, much of the spontaneity, freshness, and "popularity," in the best sense, which constitute so much of the charm of Homer.

LIST OF BEST BOOKS

Ashton, T.—Romances of Chivalry.
Baldwin, James—Old Greek Stories.
Baldwin, James—Story of the Golden Age.
Brooks, E.—The Story of the Æneid.
Brooks, E.—The Story of the Odyssey.
Bryant, William Cullen—The Iliad.
Bryant, William Cullen—The Odyssey.
Bulfinch, Thomas—The Age of Chivalry.
Carpenter, E. J.—Long Ago in Greece.
Church, Alfred J.—The Greek Gulliver.
Church, Alfred J.—Stories from Ovid.
Church, Alfred J.—Stories from Virgil.
Church, Alfred J.—Stories of the Old World.

READING GUIDE

Church, Alfred J.—Wonder Stories from Lucian.
Clodd, E.—The Birth and Growth of Myths.
Clodd, E.—The Childhood of Religions.
Cox, George W.—Tales of Ancient Greece.
Crommelin, Mary—Famous Legends.
Fisk, John—Myths and Myth Makers.
Hanson, G. H.—Stories of Old Rome.
Hawthorne, Nathaniel—Tanglewood Tales.
Hawthorne, Nathaniel—The Wonder Book.
Hulme, F. E.—Mythland.
Kingsley, Charles—Greek Heroes.
Kupler, Grace H.—Stories of Long Ago.
Lamb, Charles—The Adventures of Ulysses.
Leitz, A. F.—Legends and Stories.
Lowell, D. O. S.—Jason's Quest.
Morris, W.—The Earthly Paradise.
Murray, A. S.—Manual of Mythology.
Perry, W. C.—The Boy's Iliad.
Perry, W. C.—The Boy's Odyssey.
Tappan, Eva M.—The Story of the Greek People.
Tappan, Eva M.—The Story of the Roman People.
White, John S.—Plutarch for Boys and Girls.
Yonge, Charlotte M.—The Cook and the Captive, A Story of the Romans in Gaul.

VOLUME IV

HEROES AND HEROINES OF CHIVALRY

IN this volume we pass from the myths and legends of antiquity to the romances and chronicles of the Middle Ages. An old French writer once classified the materials of narrative poetry into three divisions, the matter of Britain, the matter of France, and the matter of Rome. To him the matter of Rome meant mainly the exploits of Julius Cæsar; of France, the deeds of Charlemagne and his peers; of Britain, the stories of Arthur and the Round Table. The last two of these are abundantly represented here.

The historical Arthur was a British chieftain who led his people in their attempts to beat off the invasion of the pagan Angles and Saxons about the latter part of the fifth century of our era. It is one of the ironies of history that he should have become the most prominent hero in the literature of the descendants of the people against whom he fought. The small fragment of historical fact about Arthur was elaborated from legendary and imaginative sources by chroniclers and romancers in England and France; and, after the development of chivalry, he took his place in the French and later in the English romances as the ideal king and Christian knight, the center of a vast cycle of stories which spread through all the countries of western Europe.

Toward the close of the Middle Ages, an English gentleman and soldier, Sir Thomas Malory, retold in prose a great number of these romantic tales, and it is on his form of them that the version in the present collection is based. Older readers may be directed to the vigorous if some-

what archaic prose of Malory himself, and to modern poetical versions like those of Arnold, Morris, Swinburne, and especially of Tennyson in the *Idylls of the King*. Though these stories present a picture of a society such as probably never existed in just this form (and certainly not in the time of the historical Arthur), they yet give an inspiring view of the chivalrous ideal which has exercised so potent an influence on conduct these many centuries.

The tales of Havelok and Horn are favorable examples of the mediæval romances which were not attached to the court of Arthur, and represent a somewhat simpler social life than the Arthurian romances.

Among the various sources from which were gathered the stories that became connected with Arthur were the Welsh legends. Some of these were genuine Celtic tales, others had been earlier borrowed from the neighboring French and English; and a collection of them, made for the use of professional story-tellers, is known as *The Mabinogion*, from which, in Lady Guest's translation, the second section of the present volume is drawn. The complete work is now easily accessible, and contains a number of excellent stories.

The poetic treatment of the "matter of France" began with the famous *Song of Roland* and extended into the huge mass of so-called *chansons de geste*, second in interest only to the Arthurian stories in the literature of Old French. This, like the "matter of Britain," spread to all the surrounding countries, but it was in Italy, next to France itself, that it attained its greatest popularity. Not only did it supply themes to artistic poets like Ariosto and Boiardo, but the stories of Charlemagne continue to this day as the favorite reading of the common people in Italy; and one may see in the puppet theatres of the Italian quarter of New York a vigorous if crude representation of the deeds of Roland and Oliver, applauded with heartfelt

enthusiasm by our Italian fellow-citizens. In the present selection the most striking episodes of the *Song of Roland* are given in simple form, and the whole poem may be read in a good English verse translation.

What Charlemagne and Roland were to the French, the Cid was to the Spanish; and Southey's version of *The Chronicle of the Cid* properly takes its place here beside the *Morte d'Arthur* and the *Roland.*

These romantic narratives are all in a sense aristocratic, both in the personages with whom they deal and in the audiences for which they were originally composed. The ballads dealing with Robin Hood, however, are of the common people, and give an equally vigorous presentation of popular ideals of justice and fair play.

The Tales from Chaucer are typical examples of the work of that master of story-tellers: all of them far older than Chaucer, but owing to his tact and skill their admirable rapidity and point. The story of "Patient Griselda" is interesting not only as showing a feminine ideal remote enough from ours, but also as having come to Chaucer through the versions of the two great Italians, Boccaccio and Petrarch.

By the end of the sixteenth century, chivalry as an institution had practically passed away, but it continued largely to dominate imaginative literature until the Spaniard, Cervantes, turned the outworn romantic material to ridicule in his satire, *Don Quixote.* This great novel has escaped the usual fate of satires of contemporary life because it rises above the merely temporary and deals with permanent elements in human nature and society with such insight and humor that it appeals to us almost as keenly as it did to the men for whom it was written. It is placed here appropriately enough with the romances which it satirizes, but it may be found that it suits the taste of somewhat older readers than the youngest who can enjoy Arthur and Roland.

READING GUIDE

LIST OF BEST BOOKS

Asmeon, T.—Romances of Chivalry.
Baldwin, James—The Story of Roland.
Baring-Gould, S.—Curious Myths of the Middle Ages.
Brown, Abbie F.—Northland Heroes.
Cervantes Saavedra, Miguel de—Adventures of Don Quixote de la Mancha.
Child, Clarence G.—Beowulf.
Church, Alfred J.—Heroes of Chivalry and Romance.
Clarke, H. B.—Cid Campeador.
Cox, George W.—Popular Romances of the Middle Ages.
Curtin, J.—Hero Tales of Ireland.
Du Maurier, George—Legend of Camelot.
Gilbert, H. F. B.—King Arthur's Knights.
Greene, F. N.—Legends of King Arthur and His Court.
Hall, J.—Legends of the West.
Hare, Christopher—The Story of Bayard.
Hunt, R.—Popular Romances of the West of England.
Lang, Andrew—Modern Mythology.
Lanier, Sydney—The Boy's King Arthur.
Mabie, Hamilton Wright—Norse Tales.
Macleod, Mary—The Book of King Arthur.
Macleod, Mary—Stories of the Faerie Queene.
Markham, Richard—Heroes of Chivalry.
Maxwell, Sir H. E.—Robert the Bruce.
Pyle, Howard—Story of King Arthur.
Pyle, Howard—The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood.
Renninger, Elizabeth D.—The Story of Rustum.
Rolleston, T. W.—High Deeds of Finn and other Bardic Romances of Ancient Ireland.
Saintine, X. B.—Myths of the Rhine.
Schrammen, J.—Legends of German Heroes of the Middle Ages.
Southey, Robert—Chronicles of the Cid.
Stevens, Lillian O., and Allen, E. F.—King Arthur Stories from Malory.
Tappan, E. M.—Robin Hood: His Book.
Tappan, E. M.—When Knights Were Bold.
Wilson, Calvin D.—The Story of the Cid.

VOLUME V

STORIES THAT NEVER GROW OLD

SINCE the first translation of *The Thousand and One Nights* into English, they have held a unique place in the interest of young readers. Remote though they are in every way from the experience of the Western peoples, fantastic and extravagant in their use of magic and the supernatural, they never fail to hold the attention, and, in spite of their imaginative wildness, they give a living picture of the manners and mode of life of the gorgeous East. They are, of course, not the work of one man, but the fitting into a single framework of a great variety of stories found in many forms throughout the Orient.

It is a far cry from the *Arabian Nights* to *Robinson Crusoe,* with its fictitious adventures presented with all the circumstantial detail of sober history. No one has excelled Defoe in this particular trick of realism, and much of the hold of the book is due to the illusion that results from it. But the nature of Crusoe's adventures are precisely such as to interest boys in the camping and boat-building stage, and none of Defoe's many imitators have been able to surpass him.

In writing *Gulliver's Travels,* Swift had no intention of providing entertainment for the young. His aim was to make a satire, in part on the government of England in his day, in part on human nature at large. The point of much of the satire has disappeared, and practically none of it is perceived by the modern child; but there happens to remain in the narrative medium in which he conveyed his satire a residuum of exciting adventure which makes

the book a children's classic. It is, however, best read by the young in selections.

The *Pilgrim's Progress* is another accidental children's classic. The work is an elaborate allegory of the Christian life interpreted in terms of Puritan theology; but, like all the best allegory, the surface story is interesting on its own account, and it is for this that children read it. The spiritual meaning, however, is by no means so obscure as Swift's satire in *Gulliver;* but there need be no fear of theological bias. Whatever of the underlying meaning is likely to be caught by the young reader, is of the nature of generally accepted moral and religious truth; and some of the characters rank with the great creations of modern fiction as permanent types of human nature.

Of the stories of Shakespeare's plays and Scott's novels there is no need to speak. Their chief function here is to give such a taste of these writers as will entice the reader to go direct to the fountain head.

The literature of adventure reaches its anti-climax in *The Startling Adventures of Baron Munchausen.* This is a classic of the preposterous, and few children fail to enjoy this extreme example of the humor of the long-bow.

LIST OF BEST BOOKS

Abbott, Jacob—Rollo Books.
Addison, Steele, Budgell—Papers of Roger de Coverley.
Aguilar, Grace—The Days of Bruce.
Aiken, John, and Barbauld, Anna Letitia—Evenings At Home.
Alcott, L. M.—Eight Cousins; or, The Aunt-Hill.
Alcott, L. M.—Little Women; or, Meg, Jo, Beth, and Amy.
Aldrich, T. B.—Story of a Bad Boy.
Aspinwall, Mrs. Alicia—Short Stories for Short People.
Bunyan, John—Pilgrim's Progress.
Clemens, S. L.—Adventures of Huckleberry Finn.
Cooper, J. F.—The Deerslayer, A Tale.
Cooper, J. F.—Last of the Mohicans.
Cooper, J. F.—The Pathfinder; or, The Inland Sea.
Cooper, J. F.—The Pioneers; or, The Sources of the Susquehanna.

Cooper, J. F.—The Prairie.
Day, Thomas—Sandford and Merton.
Defoe, Daniel—Robinson Crusoe.
De la Ramée (Ouida)—The Nurnberg Stove.
Dickens, Charles—Personal History and Experience of David Copperfield the Younger.
Edgeworth, Maria—Popular Tales.
Edgeworth, Maria—Tales That Never Die.
Eliot, George—Silas Marner.
Goldsmith, Oliver—The Vicar of Wakefield.
Howitt, Mary—Treasury of Tales.
Hughes, Thomas—Tom Brown At Oxford.
Hughes, Thomas—Tom Brown's School-Days.
Hugo, Victor—Les Miserables.
Kingsley, Charles—Westward Ho!
Lever, C. J.—Charles O'Malley.
Lucas, E. V.—Forgotten Tales of Long Ago.
Lucas, E. V.—Old Fashioned Tales.
Lytton, Bulwer—Last Days of Pompeii.
Marryat, Capt. Frederick—Masterman Ready.
Marryat, Capt. Frederick—Mr. Midshipman Easy.
Porter, Jane—Scottish Chiefs.
Scott, Sir Walter—Guy Mannering.
Whittier, John Greenleaf—Child Life in Prose.
Wyss, Johann R.—Swiss Family Robinson.

VOLUME VI

OLD-FASHIONED TALES

WITH this volume we arrive at a period in which it is no longer necessary to deal with translations and modernizations, but in which we have the advantage of reading the actual words of the original writers without that loss of flavor and accent entailed by even the best translation.

The first half of the sixth volume contains stories which, although by modern authors, are largely modeled on folk-stories of the type contained in the earlier volumes. Some are examples of how close some of our writers in English can come to the skill in fairy tales shown by Hans Andersen. Others, like Hawthorne's "Great Stone Face," have an underlying meaning, yet not so deeply buried as to be beyond the reach of young readers, and adding to the entertainment of the literal tale the pleasure of deciphering a riddle and the profit of a great lesson.

Some of the extracts are beautiful merely as English prose. The specimens from Ruskin, Dickens, and Hawthorne can be read aloud in such a way as, by making obvious the beauty of their style, to cultivate the ear of the listeners, and begin to add, though unconsciously at first, to the delight in the story the more subtle enjoyment that comes from the perception of fine cadences.

The work of Lewis Carroll stands alone. There is humor in the very idea of the sober Oxford clergyman and lecturer on mathematics, Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, disporting himself with the most delightful nonsense ever written, for the entertainment of a small girl. *Alice in Wonderland* and its companion volume, *Through the Look-*

ing-Glass, have the ideal qualities of books to be read aloud by adults to children; for while the young listener is delighted with the fantastic absurdities of the story, the reader has his own reward in the delicate irony that plays about the descriptions of the actors and incidents, and in the brilliant cleverness constantly exhibited both in the phrasing and in the conceiving of situations. Moreover, these are essentially social books. If any reader, perusing them in solitude, fails to find the charm, let him have patience till he has tried them in company. Friendships have been formed on no solider basis than a capacity to exchange allusions to *Alice;* and many a grown-up has found his way to a child's heart through a common acquaintance with the *Hatter* and the *March Hare.*

LIST OF BEST BOOKS

Abbott, Jacob—Franconia Stories.
Ainsworth, William Harrison—Old St. Paul's.
Austen, Jane—Pride and Prejudice.
Austen, Jane—Standish of Standish, A Story of the Pilgrims.
Barr, Mrs. A. E.—Bow of Orange Ribbon.
Burnett, Frances Hodgson—Little Lord Fauntleroy.
Carroll, Lewis—Alice's Adventures in Wonderland.
Carroll, Lewis—Through the Looking-Glass and What Alice Found There.
Clemens, Samuel L.—The Prince and the Pauper.
Dana, R. H.—Two Years Before the Mast.
Deland, Margaret—Old Chester Tales.
Dickens, Charles—Tale of Two Cities.
Dodge, Mary Mapes—Hans Brinker; or, The Silver Skates.
Fox, John, Jr.—Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come.
Hale, E. E.—Ten Times One Is Ten, and Other Stories.
Hale, Lucretia P.—The Peterkin Papers.
Hawthorne, Nathaniel—Twice-Told Tales.
Holmes, Oliver Wendell—Elsie Venner.
Jewett, S. O.—Betty Leicester; A Story for Girls.
Kipling, Rudyard—Just So Stories for Little Children.
Mitchell, S. W.—Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker.
Reade, Charles—The Cloister and the Hearth.
Shelley, Mrs. Mary—Frankenstein; or, The Modern Prometheus.
Wiggin, Kate Douglas—The Birds' Christmas Carol.
Yonge, Charlotte M.—The Heir of Redclyffe.

VOLUME VII

STORIES OF COURAGE AND HEROISM

THE contents of the seventh volume deal, for the most part, with historical persons and events, and exhibit qualities of courage and heroism in action. The episodes are gathered from a wide range of place and time, from the illustrious figures of antiquity to the unnamed heroes of obscure crises in our own land and day; but the greater number tell of deeds an acquaintance with which is an essential part of everyone's intellectual background. The Spartans at Thermopylæ, Julius Cæsar crossing the Rubicon, the English victories at Crecy and Poitiers, the heroism of Joan of Arc, the tragedy of James I of Scotland, the voyages of Columbus, the seadogs of the age of Elizabeth, the adventures of the pioneers of America, the pathos of the Acadian exiles, the glories and terrors of the Napoleonic wars, the peaceful heroism of Grace Darling—such themes as these are of vast influence on more than one side of a child's education. The accounts of such things given here are necessarily short, but they should serve to introduce young readers to some of the most glorious achievements in human history, and at the same time to rouse that curiosity which is the best introduction to the serious study of history.

But the most important educational effect of these fragments of heroism is in the formation of character. The kind of man a boy is to become is largely determined by the kind of man he admires; and the reading of stories such as are contained in this volume may be of great importance in forming his admirations. Though here we are dealing with historical personages and historical happenings, it is still through the imagination that the effect

on character is produced. Out of what he sees and hears the boy gradually and unconsciously forms his ideal of what he would like to be; and it is important that he should be made familiar with figures more loftily heroic than the pitcher of the local baseball team, if we wish him to aim at a career higher than that of a professional athlete.

The attaining of this end of influence on character does not, however, imply the turning of the stories into texts for moral lectures. The effect, as has been said, is unconscious. The important thing is that the talk about a story which has been read should bring out clearly the point wherein the heroism lay, and this is done all the more effectively when it is not reduced to abstract terms, but left a vivid concrete imaginative picture of a real human being doing a fine thing.

LIST OF BEST BOOKS

Baldwin, James—An American Book of Golden Deeds.
Barnes, James—Midshipman Farragut.
Bass, Florence—Stories of Pioneer Life.
Blackmore, Richard D.—Springhaven.
Brady, C. T.—For the Freedom of the Sea.
Brooks, E. S.—A Boy of the First Empire.
Brooks, Noah—The Boy Emigrants.
Carlyle, Thomas—Heroes and Hero Worship.
Catherwood, M. H.—Heroes of the Middle West.
Clemens, Samuel L.—Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc.
Dumas, Alexandre—The Three Musketeers.
Ewart, Henry C.—Heroes and Martyrs of Science.
Fowler, A. E.—Patriotic Stories of America.
Grinnell, G. B.—Jack, the Young Ranchman.
Hall, Thomas W.—Heroes of Our Revolution.
Hapgood, Norman—Abraham Lincoln.
Johnson, W. H.—The World's Discoverers.
Lytton, Bulwer—Rienzi, the Last of the Tribunes.
Motley, J. L.—The Siege of Leyden.
Page, Thomas Nelson—The Burial of the Guns; and Other Stories.
Porter, Jane—Thaddeus of Warsaw and Scottish Chiefs.
Thompson, D. P.—Green Mountain Boys.
Tomlinson, E. T.—Boys of Old Monmouth.
Wallace, Lewis—Ben-Hur; A Tale of the Christ.
Warren, H. P.—Stories From English History.

VOLUME VIII

ANIMAL AND NATURE STORIES

WE have in this volume a great variety of tales dealing with external nature and the lives of animals. In such matters the normal child has a spontaneous interest, which in the country expresses itself in endless explorations and collections, with all their attendant educational advantages in the training of observation and resource. But not all children live in the country, and even in the country children cannot always be in the woods. Tales such as the present are in part a substitute for country life, in part a supplement to it. They supply information about the habits of animals and the like, they rouse curiosity, they sharpen observation. A boy reads in a story of some characteristic of a familiar animal which he has never noticed: next time he sees it with different eyes.

On the intellectual side, few qualities are more worth cultivating than this of keen first-hand observation, and a child's natural interest in animals supplies the obvious starting-point for its development.

But these stories have another function than that of entertaining and piquing curiosity. Most of them deal with the brute creation in a humanitarian spirit, and, without sacrificing truth to nature, are calculated to put the reader into a sympathetic attitude toward animals. Here, again, the imagination is called into beneficent operation, with the result of a widening of the child's emotional and sympathetic range. You can tell almost as much, though different things, about a man from the way he treats a dog as from the way he meets a man; and any discipline which

refines as does training in the proper treatment of animals is well worth while.

The danger of much modern writing about animals is sentimentality. The brutes are used as occasions for the enjoyment of pathetic emotions, often without regard for truth to nature, or the effect of such cheap pathos on the reader. A sympathetic attitude such as is implied in the stories in this volume is to be distinguished from such sentimentality. More and more knowledge of natural history, such as this book is meant to create an appetite for, will check foolish emotion without destroying kindliness, and beget a real respect for animal intelligence and animal rights.

LIST OF BEST BOOKS

Aiken, Dr., and Barbauld, Mrs.—Eyes and No Eyes, and Other Stories.
Bass, Florence—Animal Life.
Bass, Florence—Plant Life.
Brown, Dr. John—Rab and His Friends.
Burroughs, J.—Ways of Nature.
Cochrane, Robert—Four Hundred Animal Stories.
Davis, Richard Harding—Bar Sinister.
De la Ramée (Ouida)—The Dog of Flanders.
Eastman, C. A.—The Red Hunters and the Animal People.
Eckstorm, Fannie Hardy—The Bird Book.
Hamerton, Philip G.—Chapters on Animals.
Harris, Joel Chandler—Uncle Remus.
Holder, C. F.—The Ivory King.
Hulbert, William D.—Forest Neighbors.
Ingersoll, Ernest—Wild Neighbors.
Jordan, David Starr—True Tales of Birds and Beasts.
Jordan, D. S., Kellogg, V. L., and Heath, H.—Animals.
Kipling, Rudyard—Jungle Books.
Knox, Thomas W.—Horse Stories.
Lang, Andrew—The Red Book of Animal Stories.
Lockwood, Samuel—Animal Memoirs.
London, Jack—The Call of the Wild.
Melville, Hermann—Typee: Life in the South Seas.
Miller, Olive Thorn—Little Brothers of the Air.
Sewell, Anna—Black Beauty.
Smith, F.—World of Animals.
White, S. E.—The Forest.

VOLUME IX

STORIES OF TO-DAY

THE first part of this volume consists of stories by modern writers dealing mainly with life in our own day. They are, of course, meant for the older children, and both the style and the situations call for more maturity on the part of the reader. The lure of the extraordinary is now dispensed with, and instead these tales supply the interest that comes from recognizable truth to experience.

When a boy reaches a certain stage in his development he is apt to become impatient of the fantastic and impossible in fiction. The sense of fact which his everyday life and most of his study in school have been cultivating finally becomes the dominant element, and it tends to reject summarily all that offends it. For some years now the physical is in the ascendant, and the child is passing through the most precarious period of his life. The imaginative and ideal elements were never more important than at this time, and yet these are precisely what he is most likely to reject in his reading. The lavish use of such qualities in the books of his earlier years is now merely irritating to him, and a substitute is urgently needed.

It is at this point that wholesome modern fiction of a more realistic type can serve a lofty educational purpose. The care of the best modern writers of fiction for accuracy of detail, for faithfulness to local color, for technical exactness in the description of both internal and external matters, appeals to a youth just beginning to pride himself on his grasp of reality, and lays him open to whatever else the writer may have to offer. What these stories have to give

is a number of pictures of life, presented vividly and convincingly, and in proportion to their truth and vigor serving as a kind of vicarious experience. The reading of such fiction, with a lively realization of the scenes and characters, is not only an exercise of the imagination abundantly rewarded by the pleasure obtained, but is also a moral gymnastic, through its stretching and supplying of the capacity for sympathy with one's fellows.

The list of fiction contained in these volumes, representing the imaginative product of almost all races and times, is fitly closed by the gift made to the children of England of a story for themselves by the master of English novelists, William Makepeace Thackeray.

LIST OF BEST BOOKS

Bacon, Josephine Daskam—The Madness of Philip.
Brown, Abbie Farwell—The Lonesomest Doll.
Churchill, Winston—Richard Carvel.
Collins, Wilkie—The Moonstone.
Craik, Mrs. M. D.—John Halifax, Gentleman.
Doyle, Arthur Conan—Adventures of Sherlock Holmes.
Ebers, George—Egyptian Princess.
Garland, Hamlin—Captain of the Gray-Horse Troop.
Haggard, H. R.—King Solomon's Mines.
Halévy, Ludovic—Abbé Constantin.
Hope, Anthony—The Prisoner of Zenda.
Hope, Anthony—Rupert of Hentzau.
Jewett, Sarah O.—Deephaven.
Johnson, Owen—Stover At Yale.
Johnson, Owen—The Varmint.
King, Charles—Cadet Days.
Kipling, Rudyard—Kim.
Ollivant, Alfred—Bob, Son of Battle.
Page, Thomas Nelson—A Captured Santa Claus.
Parker, Gilbert—The Seats of the Mighty.
Pier, Arthur S.—The Jester of St. Timothy's.
Rice, Mrs. A. C.—Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch.
Russell, William C.—The Wreck of the Grosvenor.
Seton, Ernest Thompson—Biography of a Grizzly.
Stevenson, Robert Louis—Kidnapped.
Tarkington, Booth—Monsieur Beaucaire.
Webster, Jean—When Patty Went to College.
Wiggin, Kate Douglas—Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm.

VOLUME X

POEMS OLD AND NEW

THE previous volumes have provided roughly a progression from the simplest fairy tales to modern fiction not written primarily for young people. The wise guide will, of course, not follow this order slavishly, but will pick and choose in accordance with the taste of the individual child. For, in spite of the stress that has been laid in these remarks on the educative value, intellectual and moral, of the stories, it must never be forgotten that whatever ulterior end literature may serve, it must do it by pleasing. If, then, any selection, however delightful to the adult, fails to entertain the child, it should be laid aside for a later time. The material here gathered is to be regarded not as a means of discipline, but as a source of joy; and anything that would introduce unpleasant associations with these volumes should be avoided as endangering the main ends they are created to serve.

If this is true of the prose, it is still more true of the poetry. Indeed, there is no excuse here for either tedium or labor, so rich is the variety, so wide the range. The collection of poems begins with the simplest nursery rhymes, to be said, or, better, sung to the child from its earliest years, until it has them all by heart. The habit of committing verse to memory thus begun should be kept up throughout childhood, care being taken that the poems find a lodgment not through drudgery but as the result of delighted repetition.

In this way a child may arrive at the end of his school-days to find himself in possession of a large body of poetry, much of it from the pens of the greatest of our

writers. The profit of this in enjoyment, in the cultivation of the ear for the beauty of words and rhythms, in the storing of the memory with fine phrases and noble thoughts, in the familiarity with rich and elevated feeling, has been pointed out by Mr. Eliot in the Introduction, and need not be further urged here. Something of the best and most delightful of such poets as Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Burns, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Scott, Byron, Keats, Tennyson, Browning, Longfellow, and Emerson will be found, along with the most exquisite of the simpler products of minor pens. The table is spread with abundance: these notes are meant merely to give hints for serving the feast.

LIST OF BEST BOOKS

Book of Old English Ballads.
Bryant, William Cullen—A New Library of Poetry and Song.
Coates, Henry T.—The Children's Book of Poetry.
Eggleston, George Cary—American War Ballads and Lyrics.
Eliot, Samuel—Poetry for Children.
Gilder, Jeannette L.—The Heart of Youth.
Ingpen, Roger—One Thousand Poems for Children.
Jordan, Charlotte Brewster—Mother-Song and Child-Song.
Knight, William—The Poets on Christmas.
Knowles, Frederic Lawrence—A Treasury of Humorous Poetry.
Lang, Andrew—The Blue Poetry Book.
Lovejoy, Mary I.—Nature in Verse.
Lucas, Edward Verrall—A Book of Verses for Children.
Lucas, Edward Verrall—Another Book of Verses for Children.
Our Children's Songs.
Paget, R. L.—Poems of American Patriotism.
Palgrave, Francis Turner—Golden Treasury.
Patmore, Coventry—The Children's Garland from the Best Poets.
Repplier, Agnes—A Book of Famous Verse.
Stedman, Edmund Clarence—An American Anthology, 1787-1900.
Stedman, Edmund Clarence—A Victorian Anthology, 1837-1895.
Thacher, Lucy W.—The Listening Child.
Tileston, Mary Wilder—The Child's Harvest of Verse.
Whittier, John Greenleaf—Child Life.
Wiggin, Kate Douglas, and Smith, Nora Archibald—Pinafore Palace.

JUNIOR CLASSICS CONTENTS

ARRANGED ACCORDING TO GRADES

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THE following lists represent an attempt to arrange the contents of The Junior Classics to fit successive degrees of maturity. The basis adopted is that of the eight grades of the American public school, and many of the selections are those recommended for the various grades in prescribed courses of study. It is clear, of course, that between the groups of material suggested for these classes no hard lines can be drawn: neither children nor books submit to rigid classification. Some fifth-grade boys can enjoy seventh-grade stories, and many stories and poems appeal to all grades of boys. Yet it may facilitate the use of these volumes to have indicated to which pieces a reader of a given age may be first introduced. Once the door has been opened, it is safe to prophesy that the young reader will find his way in this rich storehouse for himself.

GRADE I

The Ugly Duckling—Hans C. Andersen, I, 294
The Tinder-Box—Hans C. Andersen, I, 307
The Constant Tin Soldier—Hans C. Andersen, I, 317
The Fir Tree—Hans C. Andersen, I, 323
The Flying Trunk—Hans C. Andersen, I, 334
The Darning Needle—Hans C. Andersen, I, 342
Cinderella—Miss Mulock, I, 350
Little Red Riding-Hood—Charles Perrault, I, 359
The Story of the Three Bears—Robert Southey, I, 362
Jack the Giant-Killer—Joseph Jacobs, I, 374
Tom Thumb—Joseph Jacobs, I, 381
Beauty and the Beast—Mme. d'Aulnoy, I, 426
Jack and the Beanstalk—Anonymous, I, 444
Hop-o'-My-Thumb—Joseph Jacobs, I, 458
The Crow and the Pitcher—Æsop, I, 498
The Lion and the Mouse—Æsop, I, 508
The Tale of Peter Rabbit—Beatrix Potter, VIII, 443
The Giraffe—Anonymous, VIII, 458

GRADE I—Poems

Nursery Rhymes

Sing a Song of Sixpence—Anonymous, X, 21
A Diller, A Dollar—Anonymous, X, 21
Simple Simon—Anonymous, X, 22
Little Boy Blue—Anonymous, X, 22
Daffy-Down-Dilly—Anonymous, X, 22
Little Nancy Etticote—Anonymous, X, 22
When I Was a Bachelor—Anonymous, X, 23
Great A, Little a—Anonymous, X, 23
Pussy-Cat, Pussy-Cat—Anonymous, X, 23
Higgley Piggley—Anonymous, X, 23
Humpty Dumpty—Anonymous, X, 24
Curly Locks!—Anonymous, X, 24
The North Wind Doth Blow—Anonymous, X, 24
Jack Sprat—Anonymous, X, 24
Come Let's to Bed—Anonymous, X, 24
Pease Pudding Hot—Anonymous, X, 25
Solomon Grundy—Anonymous, X, 25
Ding, Dong, Bell—Anonymous, X, 25
There Was an Old Woman Toss'd Up in a Basket—Anonymous, X, 26
Little Miss Muffet—Anonymous, X, 26
Little Jack Horner—Anonymous, X, 26
Hey! Diddle, Diddle—Anonymous, X, 26
This Is the Way the Ladies Ride—Anonymous, X, 27
Little Bo-Peep—Anonymous, X, 27
Old King Cole—Anonymous, X, 28
Jack and Jill—Anonymous, X, 28
Little Polly Flinders—Anonymous, X, 28
To Market, to Market, to Buy a Fat Pig—Anonymous, X, 28

NURSERY RHYMES—*Continued*
The Queen of Hearts—Anonymous, X, 29
Blow, Wind, Blow! and Go, Mill, Go!—Anonymous, X, 29
Diddle, Diddle Dumpling, My Son John—Anonymous, X, 29
There Was an Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe—Anonymous, X, 29
Goosey, Goosey, Gander—Anonymous, X, 30
Ride a Cock-Horse—Anonymous, X, 30
Where Are You Going, My Pretty Maid?—Anonymous, X, 30
Baby Dear, Good Night, Good Night—Anonymous, X, 31
Kind Hearts Are Gardens—Anonymous, X, 31
I Had a Little Pony—Anonymous, X, 31
Taffy Was a Welshman—Anonymous, X, 31
Hushaby, Baby, Thy Cradle Is Green—Anonymous, X, 32
There Is Very Little Trouble—Anonymous, X, 32
Mistress Mary, Quite Contrary—Anonymous, X, 32
Hearts, Like Doors, Will Open With Ease—Anonymous, X, 32
Weather Song—Anonymous, X, 33
The Old Woman Who Bought a Pig—Anonymous, X, 33
The Three Little Kittens—Anonymous, X, 37
Pussy—Jane Taylor, X, 38
Mother Hubbard and Her Dog—Anonymous, X, 39

GRADE II

The Boy and the Wolves—Andrew Lang, I, 42
The Indian Who Lost His Wife—Andrew Lang, I, 45
The Tiger, The Brahman, and the Jackal—Flora Annie Steel, I, 82
The Lambikin—Flora Annie Steel, I, 86
The Rat's Wedding—Flora Annie Steel, I, 89
The Jackal and the Partridge—Flora Annie Steel, I, 98
The Jackal and the Crocodile—Flora Annie Steel, I, 102
The Jackal and the Iguana—Flora Annie Steel, I, 106
The Bear's Bad Bargain—Flora Annie Steel, I, 109
The Thief and the Fox—Ramaswami Raju, I, 114
The Farmer and the Fox—Ramaswami Raju, I, 115
The Fools and the Drum—Ramaswami Raju, I, 116
The Lion and the Goat—Ramaswami Raju, I, 117
The Glowworm and the Jackdaw—Ramaswami Raju, I, 118
The Camel and the Pig—Ramaswami Raju, I, 119
The Dog and the Dog Killer—Ramaswami Raju, I, 120
The Tiger, the Fox, and the Hunters—Ramaswami Raju, I, 121
The Sea, the Fox, and the Wolf—Ramaswami Raju, I, 122
The Fox in the Well—Ramaswami Raju, I, 123

TALES FROM NORSELAND
Ashiepattle and His Goodly Crew—P. C. Asbjörnsen, I, 125
The Squire's Bride—P. C. Asbjörnsen, I, 136
The Doll in the Grass—P. C. Asbjörnsen, I, 140
The Bear and the Fox—P. C. Asbjörnsen, I, 142
The Lad Who Went to the North Wind—Sir George W. Dasent, I, 147
The Husband Who Was to Mind the House—Sir George W. Dasent, I, 151

TALES FROM NORSELAND—*Continued*
How One Went Out to Woo—Sir George W. Dasent, I, 154
Why the Bear Is Stumpy-Tailed—Sir George W. Dasent, I, 155
Boots Who Made the Princess Say: "That's a Story"—Sir George W. Dasent, I, 156

Thumbling—W. and J. Grimm, I, 272
Snow-White and Rose-Red—W. and J. Grimm, I, 285
The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood—Charles Perrault, I, 405
The Goose-Girl—Anonymous, I, 470

THE FABLES OF ÆSOP
The Town Mouse and the Country Mouse—Æsop, I, 493
The Man, Boy, and Donkey—Æsop, I, 494
The Shepherd's Boy—Æsop, I, 495
Androcles—Æsop, I, 496
The Fox and the Stork—Æsop, I, 497
The Crow and the Pitcher—Æsop, I, 498
The Frogs Desiring a King—Æsop, I, 499
The Frog and the Ox—Æsop, I, 500
The Cock and the Pearl—Æsop, I, 501
The Fox Without a Tail—Æsop, I, 501
The Fox and the Cat—Æsop, I, 502
The Dog in the Manger—Æsop, I, 503
The Fox and the Goat—Æsop, I, 503
Belling the Cat—Æsop, I, 504
The Jay and the Peacock—Æsop, I, 505
The Ass and the Lap-Dog—Æsop, I, 505
The Ant and the Grasshopper—Æsop, I, 506
The Woodman and the Serpent—Æsop, I, 507
The Milkmaid and Her Pail—Æsop, I, 507
The Lion and the Mouse—Æsop, I, 508
Hercules and the Waggoner—Æsop, I, 509
The Lion's Share—Æsop, I, 509
The Fox and the Crow—Æsop, I, 510
The Dog and the Shadow—Æsop, I, 511
The Wolf and the Lamb—Æsop, I, 511
The Bat, Birds, and Beasts—Æsop, I, 512
The Belly and the Members—Æsop, I, 513
The Fox and the Grapes—Æsop, I, 513
The Swallow and the Birds—Æsop, I, 514
Lions and Tigers—Anonymous, VIII, 447
Apes and Monkeys—Anonymous, VIII, 453
The Hippopotamus and the Rhinoceros—Anonymous, VIII, 456
Poems, X, 41-60

GRADE II—POEMS

The Sleepy Song—Josephine D. Bacon, X, 41
Twenty Froggies—George Cooper, X, 42
A Child's Even Song—Richard Le Gallienne, X, 43
Old Gaelic Lullaby—Anonymous, X, 44
Sleep, Baby, Sleep!—Anonymous, X, 44
Lady Button-Eyes—Eugene Field, X, 45
The Rock-a-by-Lady—Eugene Field, X, 47

The New Moon—Anonymous, X, 48
The Spider and the Fly—Mary Howitt, X, 49
The Sugar-Plum Tree—Eugene Field, X, 52
Young Night-Thought—Robert L. Stevenson, X, 53
Lullaby of an Infant Chief—Sir Walter Scott, X, 54
Sweet and Low—Alfred Tennyson, X, 55
Wynken, Blynken, and Nod—Eugene Field, X, 55
Cuddle Down, Dolly—Kate Douglas Wiggin, X, 57
The Shut-Eye Train—Eugene Field, X, 58
A Mortifying Mistake—Anna Maria Pratt, X, 60

GRADE III

TALES OF THE AMERICAN INDIANS
- Manabozho—H. R. Schoolcraft, I, 19
- Why the Diver Duck Has so Few Tail Feathers—H. R. Schoolcraft, I, 26
- Manabozho Is Changed into a Wolf—H. R. Schoolcraft, I, 28
- Why the Woodpecker Has Red Head Feathers—H. R. Schoolcraft, I, 31
- Manabozho Is Robbed by the Wolves—H. R. Schoolcraft, I, 36

TALES FROM INDIA
- Punchkin—E. Frere, I, 48
- How Sun, Moon, and Wind Went Out to Dinner—E. Frere, I, 65

TALES FROM CHINA AND JAPAN
- Hok Lee and the Dwarfs—Andrew Lang, I, 238
- A Dreadful Boar—Adele M. Fielde, I, 244
- The Five Queer Brothers—Adele M. Fielde, I, 247
- The Accomplished and Lucky Teakettle—A. B. Mitford, I, 251
- The Adventures of Little Peachling—A. B. Mitford, I, 253

The Two Lizards—Annie Ker, I, 256
Hansel and Grethel—W. & J. Grimm, I, 262
The Six Swans—W. & J. Grimm, I, 279
Puss in Boots—Charles Perrault, I, 367
Blue Beard—Charles Perrault, I, 388
The Brave Little Tailor—Anonymous, I, 394
The Fair One with Golden Locks—Miss Mulock, I, 412
He Who Knew Not Fear—Anonymous, I, 478
A Story of Decoration Day for the Little Children of To-day—Elizabeth Harrison, IX, 23

Poems X, 61-116

GRADE III—POEMS

Willie Winkie—William Miller, X, 63
The Giant—Charles Mackay, X, 64
Marjorie's Almanac—Thomas B. Aldrich, X, 65
Who Stole the Bird's Nest?—L. Maria Child, X, 67
How the Leaves Came Down—Susan Coolidge, X, 70
Try Again—Anonymous, X, 71
Blowing Bubbles—William Allingham, X, 72
Baby Bye—Theodore Tilton, X, 73
A Baby's Feet—A. C. Swinburne, X, 76
The Fairy Folk—William Allingham, X, 77

The Vowels: An Enigma—Jonathan Swift, X, 79
The Children's Hour—H. W. Longfellow, X, 79
Small and Early—Tudor Jenks, X, 81
Advice—Anonymous, X, 82
Robin Goodfellow—Anonymous, X, 84
Suppose—Phoebe Cary, X, 86
To-day—Thomas Carlyle, X, 87
My Shadow—Robert L. Stevenson, X, 88
The Lost Doll—Charles Kingsley, X, 89
Time to Rise—Robert L. Stevenson, X, 90
The Swing—Robert L. Stevenson, X, 90
Happy Thought—Robert L. Stevenson, X, 91
The Lamplighter—Robert L. Stevenson, X, 91
O Little Town of Bethlehem—Phillips Brooks, X, 92
Picture-Books in Winter—Robert L. Stevenson, X, 93
The Land of Story-Books—Robert L. Stevenson, X, 94
Christmas—Alfred Tennyson, X, 95
The Land of Counterpane—Robert L. Stevenson, X, 96
Block City—Robert L. Stevenson, X, 97
The Dancers—Michael Field, X, 98
Marching Song—Robert L. Stevenson, X, 98
Winter-Time—Robert L. Stevenson, X, 99
Foreign Lands—Robert L. Stevenson, X, 100
The Owl and the Pussy-Cat—Edward Lear, X, 101
Foreign Children—Robert L. Stevenson, X, 102
A Visit from St. Nicholas—Clement C. Moore, 103
Three Kings of Orient—J. H. Hopkins, X, 105
Bed in Summer—Robert L. Stevenson, X, 106
My Bed Is a Boat—Robert L. Stevenson, X, 106
The Walrus and the Carpenter—Lewis Carroll, X, 107
The Table and the Chair—Edward Lear, X, 111
A Good Play—Robert L. Stevenson, X, 112
God Rest Ye, Merry Gentlemen—Dinah Maria Mulock, X, 113
A Lobster Quadrille—Lewis Carroll, X, 114
Young Dandelion—Dinah Maria Mulock, X, 115

GRADE IV

TALES FROM INDIA

Why the Fish Laughed—Joseph Jacobs, I, 67
The Farmer and the Money Lender—Joseph Jacobs, I, 75
Pride Goeth Before a Fall—Joseph Jacobs, I, 78
How the Wicked Sons Were Duped—Joseph Jacobs, I, 81
The Witch in the Stone Boat—Andrew Lang, I, 158

TALES FROM FRANCE, SPAIN, AND POLAND

The Snuffbox—Paul Sébillot, I, 166
The Golden Blackbird—Paul Sébillot, I, 172
The Half-Chick—Andrew Lang, I, 180
The Three Brothers—Hermann R. Kletke, I, 186
The Glass Mountain—Hermann R. Kletke, I, 190

TALES FROM RUSSIA

Huntsman the Unlucky—John T. Naaké, I, 196
Story of Little Simpleton—John T. Naaké, I, 202
The Golden Fish—Lillian M. Gask, I, 209

TALES FROM SERVIA
The Wonderful Hair—W. S. Karajich, I, 213
The Language of Animals—W. S. Karajich, I, 216
The Emperor Trojan's Goat's Ears—W. S. Karajich, I, 223
The Maiden Who Was Wiser than the King—W. S. Karajich, I, 226
TALES OF ROBIN HOOD—IV, 331-378
Wild Robin—Sophie May, VI, 106
Uncle David's Nonsensical Story—Catherine Sinclair, VI, 362
The Grand Feast—Catherine Sinclair, VI, 374
The Story of Fairyfoot—Frances Browne, VI, 391
The Katy-Did's Party—Harriet B. Stowe, VIII, 305
The Beech and the Oak—Carl Ewald, VIII, 312
The Mist—Carl Ewald, VIII, 336
The Anemones—Carl Ewald, VIII, 343
The Weeds—Carl Ewald, VIII, 351
The Little Baxters Go Marketing—Tudor Jenks, IX, 18
Poems, X, 117-158

GRADE IV—POEMS

John Gilpin—William Cowper, X, 117
The Flowers—Robert L. Stevenson, X, 126
The Duel—Eugene Field, X, 127
Little Orphant Annie—James W. Riley, X, 128
Ready for Duty—Anna B. Warner, X, 131
Thanatopsis—William C. Bryant, X, 132
Heaving of the Lead—Charles Dibdin, X, 135
Morning—James Beattie, X, 136
The Coral Grove—James G. Percival, X, 137
The Jumblies—Edward Lear, X, 138
The Man in the Moon—James W. Riley, X, 141
The Raggedy Man—James W. Riley, X, 143
The Dinkey-Bird—Eugene Field, X, 145
Hollyhock—Sarah J. Day, X, 146
The Pied Piper of Hamelin—Robert Browning, X, 147
Waiting Around—Burges Johnson, X, 157
Wishing—William Allingham, X, 158

GRADE V

De King and De Peafowl—Mary P. Milne-Horne, I, 259
The Legend of Saint Christopher—Lillian M. Gask, II, 187
Prince Ivan and the Grey Wolf—Lillian M. Gask, II, 195
MYTHS OF GREECE AND ROME
The Riddle of the Sphinx—Elsie F. Buckley, II, 222
The Gift of Athênê—Sir George W. Cox, II, 250
Daphne, Child of the Morning—Sir George W. Cox, II, 253
The Vengeance of Appolo—Sir George W. Cox, II, 255
The Story of Arîon—Sir George W. Cox, II, 261
ANIMAL MYTHS
The Hare Who Thought the World Had Come to an End—H. N. Francis, II, 430
The Watering of the Saplings—Rev. W. H. D. Rouse, II, 433
The Old Hare and the Elephants—Sir Edwin Arnold, II, 434
The Elephant Has a Bet With the Tiger—Walter Skeat, II, 436

ANIMAL MYTHS—*Continued*
How the Tortoise Out-ran the Deer—C. F. Hartt, II, 441
Which Was the Stronger, the Tortoise, the Tapir, or the Whale—C. F. Hartt, II, 444
How the Turtle Got His Shell—Annie Ker, II, 446
The Legend of Rata—Sir George Grey, II, 450
Why the Hippopotamus Lives in the Water—Elphinstone Dayrell, II, 455
Why the Elephant Has Small Eyes—Elphinstone Dayrell, II, 457
The Boy Who Set a Snare for the Sun—H. R. Schoolcraft, II, 460
Brownie and the Cook—Mrs. Dinah M. Craik, VI, 139
Brownie and the Cherry Tree—Mrs. Dinah M. Craik, VI, 149
The Ouphe of the Wood—Jean Ingelow, VI, 156
The Prince's Dream—Jean Ingelow, VI, 171
A Lost Wand—Jean Ingelow, VI, 183
Snap-Dragons—A Tale of Christmas Eve—Juliana H. Ewing, VI, 213
The Two Gifts—Lillian M. Gask, VI, 354
The Bar of Gold—Lillian M. Gask, VI, 357
ALICE IN WONDERLAND—VI, 409-505
The Butterfly's Children—Mrs. Alfred Gatty, VIII, 254
The Dragon-Fly and the Water-Lily—Carl Ewald, VIII, 261
The Queen Bee—Carl Ewald, VIII, 279
The Oak and the Snail—Mrs. Alfred Gatty, VIII, 321
The Story of a Stone—David Starr Jordan, VIII, 325
How the Stone-Age Children Played—Charles C. Abbott, VIII, 331
Some Voices From the Kitchen Garden—Mrs. Alfred Gatty, VIII, 359
The Wind and the Flowers—Mrs. Alfred Gatty, VIII, 369
The Idea That Went Astray—Pauline C. Bouvé, IX, 168

GRADE V—POEMS

Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard—Thomas Grey, X, 159
Crocus—Sarah J. Day, X, 164
To a Waterfowl—William C. Bryant, X, 165
The Brown Thrush—Lucy Larcom, X, 166
The Blue Jay—Susan Hartley Swett, X, 167
The Bluebird—Emily H. Miller, X, 168
The Nightingale and Glowworm—William Cowper, X, 169
The Lark and the Rook—Anonymous, X, 170
The Owl—Alfred Tennyson, X, 171
Robert of Lincoln—William C. Bryant, X, 172
To the Lady-Bird—Mrs. Southey, X, 174
The Grasshopper and Cricket—Leigh Hunt, X, 175
The Ant and the Cricket—Anonymous, X, 176
The Housekeeper—Charles Lamb, X, 177
Song—Alfred Tennyson, X, 178
The Grasshopper and Cricket—John Keats, X, 178
Keeping Store—Mary F. Butts, X, 179
The Kitten and Falling Leaves—William Wordsworth, X, 179
What the Wind Brings—Edmund C. Stedman, X, 180

The Wind—Robert L. Stevenson, X, 181
Who Has Seen the Wind?—Christina G. Rossetti, X, 182
Wind-Song—Nora Hopper, X, 182
Windy Nights—Robert L. Stevenson, X, 183
The Wind and the Moon—George MacDonald, X, 184
Sleigh Song—G. W. Pettee, X, 186
Come, Little Leaves—George Cooper, X, 187
Seven Times One—Jean Ingelow, X, 188
A Pitcher of Mignonette—H. C. Bunner, X, 189
Signs of Rain—Dr. Edward Jenner, X, 190
A Boy's Song—James Hogg, X, 191
Farm-Yard Song—J. T. Trowbridge, X, 192
The Milkmaid—Jeffreys Taylor, X, 194
Hiawatha's Childhood—Henry W. Longfellow, X, 196
Seven Times Two—Jean Ingelow, X, 199

GRADE VI

STORIES FROM NORTHERN SAGAS—II, 9-91
King Robert of Sicily—Henry W. Longfellow, II, 213
The Bird Lover—Cornelius Mathews, II, 465
Wunzh, the Father of Indian Corn—Cornelius Mathews, II, 479
The Four Seasons—Lillian M. Gask, II, 493
The Three Lemons—Lillian M. Gask, II, 500
The Winter-Spirit and His Visitor—Cornelius Mathews, II, 512
OLD GREEK TALES
How Theseus Slays the Minotaur—Nathaniel Hawthorne, III, 15
Pegasus, the Winged Horse—Nathaniel Hawthorne, III, 51
The Heroes Sail Away in Search of the Golden Fleece—Charles Kingsley, III, 80
How Jason Lost His Sandal—Charles Kingsley, III, 88
How They Built the Ship *Argo*—Charles Kingsley, III, 98
How the Argonauts Sailed to Colchis—Charles Kingsley, III, 102
Hunting the Calydonian Boar—Elsie F. Buckley, III, 128
The Winning of Atlanta—Elsie F. Buckley, III, 148
Turning Everything Into Gold—Nathaniel Hawthorne, III, 172
The Pomegranate Seeds—Nathaniel Hawthorne, III, 198
TALES FROM EARLY ENGLISH CHRONICLES—IV, 135-189
ARABIAN NIGHTS
Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves, V, 15
The Story of Aladdin; or the Wonderful Lamp, V, 40
Sindbad the Sailor, V, 108
GULLIVER'S TRAVELS—V, 249-312
A Midsummer-Night's Dream—E. Nesbit, V, 331
The Tempest—E. Nesbit, V, 338
As You Like It—E. Nesbit, V, 345
The Merchant of Venice—E. Nesbit, V, 351
Nelly's Hospital—Louisa M. Alcott, VI, 25
The Flight of the Dolls—Lucretia P. Hale, VI, 94
Solomon John Goes for Apples—Lucretia P. Hale, VI, 102
Dill—Mary E. W. Freeman, VI, 128
Uncle Jack's Story—Mrs. E. M. Field, VI, 241

Bryda's Dreadful Scrape—Mrs. E. M. Field, VI, 259
Embellishment—Jacob Abbott, VI, 278
The Great Stone Face—Nathaniel Hawthorne, VI, 293
PHIL'S ADVENTURES AMONG THE ANIMALS
At Home with the Beavers—Lillian M. Gask, VIII, 381
Two Enemies of the Beavers—Lillian M. Gask, VIII, 393
The Squirrel's Story—Lillian M. Gask, VIII, 406
A Den in the Rocks—Lillian M. Gask, VIII, 418
Ships of the Desert—Lillian M. Gask, VIII, 429
A Christmas Adventure—J. E. Chamberlin, IX, 55
The Travelling Doll—Evelyn Snead Barnett, IX, 137
The Call of the Sea—Frederick Palmer, IX, 201
On a Tight Rope—Albert W. Tolman—IX, 213
Down the Incline—Charles Newton Hood, IX, 220
Poems, X, 201-250

GRADE VI—POEMS

The Barefoot Boy—John G. Whittier, X, 201
Thanksgiving Day—Lydia Maria Child, X, 204
The Romance of the Swan's Nest—E. B. Browning, X, 205
The Voice of Spring—Mary Howitt, X, 209
Green Things Growing—Dinah Maria Mulock, X, 210
A Boy's Prayer—H. C. Beeching, X, 211
Daffodils—William Wordsworth, X, 211
Daffodil—Katherine T. Hinkson, X, 212
July—Susan Hartley Swett, X, 213
To the Fringed Gentian—William C. Bryant, X, 214
Summer Days—Anonymous, X, 215
Woodman, Spare That Tree!—George Pope Morris, X, 216
Daisy's Song—John Keats, X, 217
The Frost—Hannah Flagg Gould, X, 218
Almond Blossom—Edwin Arnold, X, 218
A Song of Clover—Saxe Holm, X, 220
A Storm in the Distance—Paul H. Hayne, X, 221
Seven Times Four—Jean Ingelow, X, 222
To a Skylark—Percy Bysshe Shelley, X, 223
Swimming—Lord Byron, X, 228
The Brook—Alfred Tennyson, X, 228
The Bugle Song—Alfred Tennyson, X, 230
The Brave Old Oak—H. F. Chorley, X, 231
Daybreak—Henry W. Longfellow, X, 232
The Meadows in Spring—Edward Fitzgerald, X, 233
Hiawatha's Sailing—Henry W. Longfellow, X, 235
Procession of the Flowers—Sydney Dobell, X, 239
The Tiger—William Blake, X, 240
A Sea Song—Allan Cunningham, X, 241
Song—Robert Browning, X, 242
They Come: The Merry Summer Months—William Motherwell, X, 242
Little Dandelion—Helen B. Bostwick, X, 245
The Day Is Gone—Henry W. Longfellow, X, 246
Sailor's Song—Thomas L. Beddoes, X, 248
The Chambered Nautilus—Oliver W. Holmes, X, 249
Home, Sweet Home—John Howard Payne, X, 250

GRADE VII

THE STORY OF BRUNHILDA AND SIEGFRIED—II, 99-133
THE STORY OF LOHENGRIN—II, 141-171

When Brer Wolf Have His Corn Shucking—Anonymous, II, 487
Brer Rabbit's Cool Air Swing—Anonymous, II, 490

TALES OF THE TROJAN WAR—FROM HOMER

The Trojan War—Thomas Bulfinch, III, 237
The Quarrel of the Chiefs—Alfred J. Church, III, 240
The Fight Between Paris and Menelaus—Alfred J. Church, III, 251
The Duel Between Hector and Ajax—Alfred J. Church, III, 257
The Deeds and Death of Patroclus—Alfred J. Church, III, 265
The Death of Hector—Alfred J. Church, III, 272
The Ransoming of Hector—Alfred J. Church, III, 283
The Wooden Horse—Grace Bigelow Patten, III, 295

THE HOMEWARD VOYAGE OF THE GREEK HERO, ULYSSES—FROM HOMER

The Lotus-Eaters—Sir George W. Cox, III, 301
Ulysses and the Cyclops—Sir George W. Cox, III, 305
Circé's Palace—Nathaniel Hawthorne, III, 315
Ulysses and the Sirens—Sir George W. Cox, III, 353
Nausicaa Rescues Ulysses—Alfred J. Church, III, 357
Ulysses and the Swineherd—Alfred J. Church, III, 368
The Return of Telemachus—Alfred J. Church, III, 373
Ulysses in His Home—Alfred J. Church, III, 377
The Trial of the Bow—Alfred J. Church, III, 384
The Vengeance of Ulysses—Alfred J. Church, III, 389

THE WANDERINGS OF ÆNEAS—FROM VIRGIL

The Remnant of the Defeated Army Seeks a New Home—Thomas Bulfinch and Alfred J. Church, III, 397
The Adventures with the Harpies—H. L. Havell, III, 403
Pursued by the Cyclops—H. L. Havell, III, 406
Venus Sends Æneas to Queen Dido—Alfred J. Church, III, 412
Queen Dido Welcomes Æneas—Alfred J. Church, III, 418
The Love and Death of Queen Dido—Alfred J. Church, III, 425
The Race of the Four Galleys—H. L. Havell, III, 437
The Foot Race—H. L. Havell, III, 443
The Boxing Match—H. L. Havell, III, 445
The Contest of the Archers—H. L. Havell, III 448
The Sibyl Speaks to Æneas—Alfred J. Church, III, 450
The Dwellings of the Dead—Alfred J. Church, III, 455
The Oracle Foretells the Coming of Æneas—H. L. Havell, III, 467
Æneas and His Companions Eat Their Tables—H. L. Havell, III, 469
The Fight Between Æneas and Turnus—H. L. Havell, III, 473
The Death of Turnus—H. L. Havell, III, 480

STORIES FROM ROMAN HISTORY—FROM LIVY

The Story of Romulus and Numa—Alfred J. Church, III, 489
The Story of Alba—Alfred J. Church, III, 500

THE STORY OF KING ARTHUR—IV, 13-68

ROBINSON CRUSOE—V, 159-222. . . .

The Race for the Silver Skates—Mary Mapes Dodge, VI, 7
A Fox and a Raven—Rebecca H. Davis, VI, 46
The Private Theatricals—Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, VI, 56
A Case of Coincidence—Rose Terry Cooke, VI, 83
Deacon Thomas Wale's Will—Mary E. W. Freeman, VI, 116

STORIES OF COURAGE AND HEROISM

How Phidias Helped the Image-Maker—Beatrice Harraden, VII, 11
The Fight at the Pass of Thermopylæ—Charlotte M. Yonge, VII, 17
The Bravery of Regulus—Charlotte M. Yonge, VII, 27
The Rabbi Who Found the Diadem—Dr. A. S. Isaacs, VII, 34
How Livia Won the Brooch—Beatrice Harraden, VII, 35
Julius Cæsar Crossing the Rubicon—Jacob Abbott, VII, 42
Fearless Saint Genevieve, Patron Saint of Paris—Charlotte M. Yonge, VII, 60
The Boy Viking—Olaf II of Norway—E. S. Brooks, VII, 67
The Boy-Heroes of Crecy and Poiters—Treadwell Walden, VII, 87
The Noble Burghers of Calais—Charlotte M. Yonge, VII, 99
The Story of Joan of Arc, the Maid Who Saved France—Anonymous, VII, 113
How Joan the Maid Took Largess from the English—Anonymous, VII, 130
Death of Joan the Maid—Anonymous, VII, 142
How Catherine Douglas Tried to Save King James of Scotland—Charlotte M. Yonge, VII, 149
The Brave Queen of Hungary—Charlotte M. Yonge, VII, 155
A Story of Christopher Columbus for Little Children—Elizabeth Harrison, VII, 166
A Sea-Fight in the Time of Queen Bess—Charles Kingsley, VII, 179
A Brave Scottish Chief—Anonymous, VII, 205
The Adventure of Grizel Cochrane—Arthur Quiller-Couch, VII, 214
The Sunken Treasure—Nathaniel Hawthorne, VII, 228
The Lost Exiles of Texas—Arthur Gilman, VII, 234
The Boy Conqueror: Charles XII of Sweden—E. S. Brooks, VII, 244
The True Story of a Kidnapped Boy as Told by Himself—Peter Williamson, VII, 265
The Prisoner Who Would Not Stay in Prison—Anonymous, VII, 278
A White Boy Among the Indians as Told by Himself—John Tanner, VII, 292
Evangeline of Acadia—Henry W. Longfellow, VII, 306
Jabez Rockwell's Powder-Horn—Ralph D. Paine, VII, 317

Stories of Courage and Heroism—*Continued*
A Man Who Coveted Washington's Shoes—Frank R. Stockton, VII, 332
A Famous Fight Between an English and a French Frigate—Rev. W. H. Fitchett, VII, 344
The Trick of an Indian Spy—Arthur Quiller-Couch, VII, 348
The Men in the "Auger Hole"—Frank R. Stockton, VII, 356
The Remarkable Voyage of the *Bounty*—Anonymous, VII, 366
The Two Boy Hostages of the Siege of Seringapatam—Anonymous, VII, 380
The Man Who Spoiled Napoleon's "Destiny"—Rev. W. H. Fitchett, VII, 385
A Fire-Fighter's Rescue from the Flames—Arthur Quiller-Couch, VII, 396
How Napoleon Rewarded His Men—Baron de Marbot, VII, 403
A Rescue from Shipwreck—Arthur Quiller-Couch, VII, 418
Rebecca the Drummer—Charles Barnard, VII, 426
The Messenger—M. E. M. Davis, VII, 434
Humphry Davy and the Safety-Lamp—George C. Towle, VII, 449
Kit Carson's Duel—Emerson Hough, VII, 454
The Story of Grace Darling—Anonymous, VII, 468
The Struggles of Charles Goodyear—George C. Towle, VII, 475
Old Johnny Appleseed—Elizabeth Harrison, VII, 480
The Little Post-Boy—Bayard Taylor, VII, 485
How June Found Massa Linkum—Elizabeth S. Phelps, VII, 495
The Story of a Forest Fire—Raymond S. Spears, VII, 509
Powder-Post—C. A. Stephens, VIII, 267
The Taxes of Middlebrook—Ray Stannard Baker, IX, 30
The Cure of Fear—Norman Duncan, IX, 43
Big Timber Beacon—John L. Mathews, IX, 79
The Imp and the Drum—Josephine D. Bacon, IX, 99
Holding the Pipe—Albert W. Tolman, IX, 128
The Doll Doctor—E. V. Lucas, IX, 152
Jonnasen—Dallas Lore Sharp, IX, 179
In the Oven—Richard W. Child, IX, 186
Poems, X, 251-340

GRADE VII—Poems

Ye Mariners of England—Thomas Campbell, X, 251
Boyhood—Washington Allston, X, 252
Daisies—John Dryden, X, 253
March—Nora Hopper, X, 253
Succession of the Four Sweet Months—Robert Herrick, X, 254
March—William Wordsworth, X, 254
A Wayfaring Song—Henry Van Dyke, X, 255
Hark, Hark! the Lark—William Shakespeare, X, 256
The Arrow and the Song—Henry W. Longfellow, X, 250
The Sea—Barry Cornwall, X, 257
Small Beginnings—Charles Mackay, X, 258

Voyagers—Emily Dickinson, X, 260
Opportunity—Edward Rowland Hill, X, 260
Labor Song—Denis MacCarthy, X, 261
The Village Blacksmith—Henry W. Longfellow, X, 262
Life—James Russell Lowell, X, 264
The Happiest Heart—John Vance Cheney, X, 264
The Noble Nature—Ben Jonson, X, 265
Insignificant Existence—Isaac Watts, X, 265
For A' That—Robert Burns, X, 266
Procrastination—Robert Southwell, X, 267
Cardinal Wolsey's Speech to Cromwell—William Shakespeare, X, 268
Wolsey's Fall—William Shakespeare, X, 269
Seven Ages of Man—William Shakespeare, X, 270
Jog On—William Shakespeare, X, 271
Polonius's Advice—William Shakespeare, X, 271
Reputation—William Shakespeare, X, 272
Over Hill, Over Dale—William Shakespeare, X, 272
I Know a Bank—William Shakespeare, X, 273
Ingratitude—William Shakespeare, X, 273
Where the Bee Sucks—William Shakespeare, X, 274
Mercy—William Shakespeare, X, 274
Perfection—William Shakespeare, X, 275
The Pedler's Pack—William Shakespeare, X, 275
The Fairies' Lullaby—William Shakespeare, X, 276
Come Unto These Yellow Sands—William Shakespeare, X, 277
Opportunity—William Shakespeare, X, 278
Hotspur's Description of a Fop—William Shakespeare, X, 278
Buttercup—Jean Ingelow, X, 279
Knowledge—William Cowper, X, 280
To the Lord General Cromwell—John Milton, X, 280
The Rainbow—William Wordsworth, X, 281
On His Blindness—John Milton, X, 281
A Farewell—Charles Kingsley, X, 282
To Milton—William Wordsworth, X, 282
Perseverance—Edward Fitzgerald, X, 283
Retribution—Henry W. Longfellow, X, 283
The Gettysburg Address—Abraham Lincoln, X, 284
America—S. F. Smith, X, 285
The Star-Spangled Banner—Francis Scott Key, X, 286
Dixie—Daniel D. Emmett, X, 288
Rule Britannia—James Thomson, X, 289
The Watch on the Rhine—Max Schneckenburger, X, 290
The Marseillaise Hymn—Rouget de Lisle, X, 292
Swedish National Air, X, 293
National Hymn of Norway, X, 293
Italian National Hymn, X, 294
Danish National Hymn, X, 295
Spanish National Hymn, X, 296
Austrian National Song, X, 297
The Hand of Lincoln—Edmund C. Stedman, X, 298
Battle-Hymn of the Republic—Julia Ward Howe, X, 300
The Flag Goes By—Henry H. Bennett, X, 301
Fatherland—Sir Walter Scott, X, 302

Warren's Address to the American Soldiers—John Pierpont, X, 303
The Old Flag—H. C. Bunner, X, 304
Barbara Frietchie—John G. Whittier, X, 305
Sheridan's Ride—Thomas B. Read, X, 308
The Republic—Henry W. Longfellow, X, 310
The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers in New England—Felicia D. Hemans, X, 311
The Eve of Waterloo—Lord Byron, X, 313
Concord Hymn—R. W. Emerson, X, 314
O Captain! My Captain!—Walt Whitman, X, 315
A Nation's Strength—R. W. Emerson, X, 316
The Burial of Sir John Moore—Charles Wolfe, X, 317
Cavalry Song—Edmund C. Stedman, X, 319
On the Life-Mask of Abraham Lincoln—R. W. Gilder, X, 320
The Charge of the Light Brigade—Alfred Tennyson, X, 321
Paul Revere's Ride—Henry W. Longfellow, X, 323
Naseby—Thomas B. MacCaulay, X, 327
How They Brought the Good News From Ghent to Aix—Robert Browning, X, 331
The Bowman's Song—Arthur Conan Doyle, X, 334
Old Ironsides—Oliver W. Holmes, X, 335
The Drum—Bret Harte, X, 336
Casabianca—Felicia D. Hemans, X, 338
Divine Ode—Joseph Addison, X, 339
The Character of a Happy Life—Sir Henry Wottom, X, 340

GRADE VIII

Two Tales of the Hudson
Rip Van Winkle—Washington Irving, II, 364
The Legend of Sleepy Hollow—Washington Irving, II, 386
The Mabinogeon
Kynon's Adventure at the Fountain—Lady Charlotte Guest, IV, 79
Owain's Adventure at the Fountain—Lady Charlotte Guest, IV, 85
Gawain's Adventure in Search of Owain—Lady Charlotte Guest, IV, 95
The Adventures of the Lion—Lady Charlotte Guest, IV, 99
How Pwyll Outwitted Gawl—Lady Charlotte Guest, IV, 104
How Manawyddan Caught a Thief—Lady Charlotte Guest, IV, 112
The Story of Lludd and Llevelys—Lady Charlotte Guest, IV, 125
Tales Told by Chaucer's Canterbury Pilgrims
The Old Woman and the Knight—F. J. H. Darton, IV, 201
Death and the Three Revellers—F. J. H. Darton, IV, 207
Patient Griselda—F. J. H. Darton, IV, 212
Tales from French and Italian Chronicles—V, 231-279
The Spanish Chronicles of the Cid—IV, 289-321
Don Quixote de la Mancha—Miguel de Cervantes—IV, 385-509

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS V, 361-392

IVANHOE AND GUY MANNERING—SIR WALTER SCOTT
Ivanhoe—Sir Edward Sullivan, V, 401
Guy Mannering—Sir Edward Sullivan, V, 458

THE STARTLING ADVENTURES OF BARON MUNCHAUSEN—V, 505-513

The Cratchits' Christmas Dinner—Charles Dickens, VI, 267
Rab and His Friends—John Brown, M.D., VIII, 465
A Ride with a Mad Horse in a Freight Car—W. H. H. Murray, VIII, 484
A-Hunting of the Deer—Charles D. Warner, VIII, 505
Brother Rabbit's Cradle—Joel Chandler Harris, IX, 7
Chased by the Trail—Jack London, IX, 66
How Hilda Got a School—Lelia Munsell, IX, 90
The Second String—James B. Connolly, IX, 116
Gravity Gregg—Isaac Ogden Rankin, IX, 171
On a Slide-Board—Robert Barnes, IX, 192
The Cost of Loving—Frederick O. Bartlett, IX, 225
Ladybird—Edith Barnard, IX, 241
The Drasnoe Pipe-Line—Arthur Stanwood Pier, IX, 255
Manuk Del Monte—Rowland Thomas, IX, 269
The Man Without a Country—Edward Everett Hale, IX, 279
The Foreman—Stewart E. White, IX, 315
The Grey Collie—Georgia W. Pangborn, IX, 328
The Fore-Room Rug—Kate Douglas Wiggin, IX, 340
Cressy's New-Year's Rent—Albert Lee, IX, 359

GRADE VIII—POEMS

The Rhodora, On Being Asked, "Whence is the Flower"—Ralph W. Emerson, X, 341
Laus Deo!—John G. Whittier, X, 342
The Colored Band—Paul L. Dunbar, X, 345
The Wind in a Frolic—William Howitt, X, 345
Ivry—Thomas B. MacCaulay, X, 347
The Heart of the Bruce—William E. Aytoun, X, 351
Hervé Riel—Robert Browning, X, 360
The Destruction of Sennacherib—Lord Byron, X, 366
Incident of the French Camp—Robert Browning, X, 367
Horatius at the Bridge—Thomas B. MacCaulay, X, 369
After Blenheim—Robert Southey, X, 383
Lady Clare—Alfred Tennyson, X, 385
The Greenwood Shrift—Robert and Caroline Southey, X, 389
The Arab to His Favorite Steed—Caroline E. Norton, X, 393
The Old Oaken Bucket—Samuel Woodworth, X, 396
Lochinvar—Sir Walter Scott, X, 397
The Skeleton in Armor—Henry W. Longfellow, X, 399
The Deserted Village—Oliver Goldsmith, X, 405
The Wreck of the Hesperus—Henry W. Longfellow, X, 420
The Rhime of the Ancient Mariner—Samuel T. Coleridge, X, 423
The Bells—Edgar Allen Poe, X, 447

INDEX OF AUTHORS

INDEX OF AUTHORS

Titles of Poems are printed in italics. Volumes are indicated by bold-face figures.

Abbott, Charles C.
How the Stone-Age Children Played, **8**, 331
Abbott, Jacob
Embellishment, **6**, 278
Julius Cæsar Crossing the Rubicon, **7**, 42
Addison, Joseph
Divine Ode, **10**, 339
Æsop's Fables
The Town Mouse and the Country Mouse, **1**, 493
The Man, the Boy, and the Donkey, **1**, 494
The Shepherd's Boy, **1**, 495
Androcles, **1**, 496
The Fox and the Stork, **1**, 497
The Crow and the Pitcher, **1**, 498
The Frogs Desiring a King, **1**, 499
The Frog and the Ox, **1**, 500
The Fox Without a Tail, **1**, 501
The Cock and the Pearl, **1**, 501
The Fox and the Cat, **1**, 502
The Dog in the Manger, **1**, 503
The Fox and the Goat, **1**, 503
Belling the Cat, **1**, 504
The Jay and the Peacock, **1**, 505
The Ass and the Lap-Dog, **1**, 505
The Ant and the Grasshopper, **1**, 506
The Milkmaid and Her Pail, **1**, 507
The Woodman and the Serpent, **1**, 507
Æsop's Fables
The Lion and the Mouse, **1**, 508
The Lion's Share, **1**, 509
Hercules and the Waggoner, **1**, 509
The Fox and the Crow, **1**, 510
The Wolf and the Lamb, **1**, 511
The Dog and the Shadow, **1**, 511
The Bat, the Birds, and the Beasts, **1**, 512
The Belly and the Members, **1**, 513
The Fox and the Grapes, **1**, 513
The Swallow and the Other Birds, **1**, 514
Alcott, Louisa M.
Nelly's Hospital, **6**, 25
Aldrich, Thomas Bailey
Marjorie's Almanac, **10**, 65
Allingham, William
Blowing Bubbles, **10**, 72
The Fairy Folk, **10**, 77
Wishing, **10**, 158
Allston, Washington
Boyhood, **10**, 252
Andersen, Hans Christian
The Ugly Duckling, **1**, 294
The Tinder-Box, **1**, 307
The Constant Tin Soldier, **1**, 317
The Fir Tree, **1**, 323
The Flying Trunk, **1**, 334
The Darning Needle, **1**, 342
Pen and Inkstand, **1**, 347
Anonymous
The Brave Little Tailor, **1**, 394

INDEX OF AUTHORS

Anonymous
Jack and the Beanstalk, **1,** 444
The Goose-Girl, **1,** 470
He Who Knew Not Fear, **1,** 478
When Brer Wolf have His Corn Shucking, **2,** 487
Brer Rabbit's Cool Air Swing, **2,** 490
Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves, **5,** 15
The Story of Aladdin; or the Wonderful Lamp, **5,** 46
Sindbad the Sailor, **5,** 108
The Story of Joan of Arc, the Maid Who Saved France, **7,** 113
How Joan the Maid Took Largess from the English, **7,** 130
Death of Joan the Maid, **7,** 142
A Brave Scottish Chief, **7,** 205
The Prisoner Who Would Not Stay in Prison, **7,** 278
The Remarkable Voyage of the Bounty, **7,** 366
The Two Boy Hostages at the Siege of Seringapatam, **7,** 380
The Story of Grace Darling, **7,** 468
Lions and Tigers, **8,** 447
Apes and Monkeys, **8,** 453
The Hippopotamus and the Rhinoceros, **8,** 456
The Giraffe, **8,** 458
Parrots, **8,** 461
Nursery Rhymes, **10,** 21
Sing a Song of Sixpence, **10,** 21
A Diller, a Dollar, **10,** 21
Simple Simon, **10,** 22
Little Nancy Etticote, **10,** 22
Little Boy Blue, **10,** 22
Daffy-Down-Dilly, **10,** 22
Pussy-Cat, Pussy-Cat, **10,** 23

Anonymous
Higgley Piggley, **10,** 23
Great A, Little a, **10,** 23
When I was a Bachelor, **10,** 23
The North Wind Doth Blow **10,** 24
Jack Sprat, **10,** 24
Humpty Dumpty, **10,** 24
Curly Locks, **10,** 24
Come Let's to Bed, **10,** 24
Solomon Grundy, **10,** 25
Pease Pudding Hot, **10,** 25
Ding, Dong, Bell, **10,** 25
There Was an Old Woman Toss'd Up in a Basket, **10,** 26
Little Miss Muffet, **10,** 26
Little Jack Horner, **10,** 26
Hey! Diddle, Diddle, **10,** 26
This is the Way the Ladies Ride, **10,** 27
Little Bo-Peep, **10,** 27
To Market, to Market, to Buy a Fat Pig, **10,** 28
Old King Cole, **10,** 28
Little Polly Flinders, **10,** 28
Jack and Jill, **10,** 28
There Was an Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe, **10,** 29
The Queen of Hearts, **10,** 29
Diddle, Diddle Dumpling, My Son John, **10,** 29
Blow, Wind, Blow! **10,** 29
Ride a Cock-Horse, **10,** 30
Goosey, Goosey, Gander, **10,** 30
Where Are You Going, My Pretty Maid? **10,** 30
Baby Dear, Good Night, Good Night, **10,** 31
Taffy Was a Welshman, **10,** 31
Kind Hearts Are Gardens, **10,** 31
I Had a Little Pony, **10,** 31
There is Very Little Trouble, **10,** 32
Mistress Mary, Quite Contrary, **10,** 32

INDEX OF AUTHORS

Anonymous
Hushaby, Baby, Thy Cradle is Green, **10**, 32
Hearts, Like Doors, Will Open With Ease, **10**, 32
The Old Woman Who Bought a Little Pig, **10**, 33
Weather Song, **10**, 33
The Three Little Kittens, **10**, 37
Mother Hubbard and Her Dog, **10**, 39
Old Gaelic Lullaby, **10**, 44
Sleep, Baby, Sleep! **10**, 44
The New Moon, **10**, 48
Try Again, **10**, 71
Advice, **10**, 82
Robin Goodfellow, **10**, 84
The Lark and the Rook, **10**, 170
The Ant and the Cricket, **10**, 176
Summer Days, **10**, 215

Arnold, Sir Edwin
The Old Hare and the Elephants, **2**, 434
Almond Blossom, **10**, 219

Asbjornsen, P. C.
Ashiepattle and His Goodly Crew, **1**, 125
The Squire's Bride, **1**, 136
The Doll in the Grass **1**, 140
The Bear and the Fox, **1**, 142

Aulnoy, Mme. d'
Beauty and the Beast, **1**, 426

Aytoun, William E.
The Heart of the Bruce, **10**, 351

Bacon, Josephine Dodge Daskam
The Imp and the Drum, **9**, 99
The Sleepy Song, **10**, 41

Baker, Ray Stannard
The Taxes of Middlebrook, **9**, 30

Baker, Sir Samuel W.
A Brave Dog, **8**, 84
A Parrot That Had Been Trained to Fire a Cannon, **8**, 177

Barnard, Charles
Rebecca the Drummer, **7**, 426

Barnard, Edith
Ladybird, **9**, 241

Barnes, Robert
On a Slide-Board, **9**, 192

Barnett, Evelyn Snead
The Travelling Doll, **9**, 137

Bartlett, Frederick Orin
The Cost of Loving, **9**, 225

Beattie, James
Morning, **10**, 136

Beddoes, Thomas Lowell
Sailor's Song, **10**, 248

Beeching, H. C.
A Boy's Prayer, **10**, 211

Bennett, Henry Holcomb
The Flag Goes By, **10**, 301

Blake, William
The Tiger, **10**, 240

Bostwick, Helen B.
Little Dandelion, **10**, 245

Bouvé, Pauline Carrington
The Idea That Went Astray, **9**, 168

Brooks, E. S.
The Boy Viking—Olaf II of Norway, **7**, 67
The Boy Conqueror—Charles XII of Sweden, **7**, 244

Brooks, Phillips
O Little Town of Bethlehem, **10**, 92

Brown, John, M.D.
Rab and His Friends, **8**, 465

Browne, Frances
The Story of Fairyfoot, **6**, 391

Browning, Elizabeth Barrett
The Romance of the Swan's Nest, **10**, 205

Browning, Robert
The Pied Piper of Hamelin, **10**, 147
Song, **10**, 242
How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix, **10**, 331
Hervé Riel, **10**, 360

Browning, Robert
Incident of the French Camp, **10**, 367
Bryant, William Cullen
Thanatopsis, **10**, 132
To a Waterfowl, **10**, 165
Robert of Lincoln, **10**, 172
To the Fringed Gentian, **10**, 214
Buckley, Elsie Finnimore
The Riddle of the Sphinx, **2**, 222
Hunting the Calydonian Boar, **3**, 128
The Winning of Atalanta, **3**, 148
Bulfinch, Thomas
Niobe, a Victim of Latona's Jealousy, **2**, 278
The Sad Story of Pyramus and Thisbe, **2**, 282
The Twelve Labors of Hercules, **2**, 286
The Story of Cupid and Psyche, **2**, 318
How Phaëton Drove the Sun, **2**, 330
Baucis and Philemon, Who were Changed into Two Trees, **2**, 339
The Trojan War, **3**, 237
Ogier the Dane, **4**, 231
A Roland for an Oliver, **4**, 240
Rinaldo and Bayard, **4**, 271
Bulfinch, Thomas, and Church, Alfred J.
The Remnant of the Defeated Army Seeks a New Home, **3**, 397
Bunner, H. C.
A Pitcher of Mignonette, **10**, 189
The Old Flag, **10**, 304
Bunyan, John
Pilgrim's Progress, **5**, 359
Christian Starts on His Journey, **5**, 361
The Interpreter Shows Christian Many Excellent Things, **5**, 367
Bunyan, John
Christian's Fight with the Monster Apollyon, **5**, 376
Christian and Hopeful Are Captives in Doubting Castle, **5**, 382
Christian and Hopeful Arrive at the Cœlestial City, **5**, 392
Burns, Robert
For A' That, **10**, 266
Butts, Mary F.
Keeping Store, **10**, 179
Buxton, E. M. Wilmot-
The Northmen's Story of How All Things Began, **2**, 9
How the Queen of the Sky Gave Gifts to Men, **2**, 17
How Thor's Hammer Was Lost and Found, **2**, 40
How the Fenris Wolf Was Chained, **2**, 72
The Story of Balder the Beautiful, **2**, 80
Byron, Lord
Swimming, **10**, 228
The Eve of Waterloo, **10**, 313
The Destruction of Sennacherib, **10**, 366
Calkins, Franklin W.
Solomon's Grouch: the Story of a Bear, **8**, 44
Campbell, Thomas
Ye Mariners of England, **10**, 251
Carlyle, Thomas
To-day, **10**, 87
Carroll, Lewis
Alice in Wonderland, **6**, 407
Down the Rabbit-Hole, **6**, 409
The Pool of Tears, **6**, 416
A Caucus-Race and a Long Tale, **6**, 424
The Rabbit Sends in a Little Bill, **6**, 432
Advice from a Caterpillar, **6**, 441
Pig and Pepper, **6**, 449
A Mad Tea-Party, **6**, 459
The Queen's Croquet Ground, **6**, 469

INDEX OF AUTHORS

Carroll, Lewis
The Mock Turtle's Story, **6,** 479
The Lobster-Quadrille, **6,** 488
Who Stole the Tarts? **6,** 497
Alice's Evidence, **6,** 505
The Walrus and the Carpenter, **10,** 107
A Lobster Quadrille, **10,** 114
Cary, Phœbe
Suppose, **10,** 86
Cervantes, Miguel de
Don Quixote, **4,** 383
Chamberlain, Lucia
Scrap, **8,** 101
Chamberlin, J. E.
A Christmas Adventure, **9,** 55
Chaucer, Geoffrey
Canterbury Tales, **4,** 199
Cheney, John Vance
The Happiest Heart, **10,** 264
Child, L. Maria
Who Stole the Bird's Nest, **10,** 67
Thanksgiving Day, **10,** 204
Child, Richard Washburn
In the Oven, **9,** 186
Chorley, H. F.
The Brave Old Oak, **10,** 231
Church, Afred J.
The Quarrel of the Chiefs, **3,** 240
The Fight Between Paris and Menelaus, **3,** 251
The Duel Between Hector and Ajax, **3,** 257
The Deeds and Death of Patroclus, **3,** 265
The Death of Hector, **3,** 272
The Ransoming of Hector, **3,** 283
Nausicaa Rescues Ulysses, **3,** 357
Ulysses and the Swineherd, **3,** 368
The Return of Telemachus, **3,** 373
Ulysses in His Home, **3,** 377
Church, Alfred J.
The Trial of the Bow, **3,** 384
The Vengeance of Ulysses, **3,** 389
Venus Sends Æneas to Queen Dido, **3,** 412
Queen Dido Welcomes Æneas, **3,** 418
The Love and Death of Queen Dido, **3,** 425
The Sibyl Speaks to Æneas, **3,** 450
The Dwellings of the Dead, **3,** 455
The Story of Romulus and of Numa, **3,** 489
The Story of Alba, **3,** 500
Church, Alfred J., and Bulfinch, Thomas
The Remnant of the Defeated Army Seeks a New Home, **3,** 397
Clay, Beatrice—Retold by
Of Arthur's Birth and How He Became King, **4,** 13
The Round Table, **4,** 18
Merlin the Magician, **4,** 20
Sir Launcelot and the Adventure of the Castle Perilous, **4,** 30
Sir Launcelot and the Falcon, **4,** 34
The Adventures of Sir Gareth, **4,** 36
The Coming of Sir Galahad, **4,** 45
How Sir Galahad Won the Red Cross Shield, **4,** 49
The Adventures of Sir Percivale, **4,** 52
The Adventures of Sir Bors, **4,** 56
The Adventures of Sir Launcelot, **4,** 60
How Sir Launcelot Saw the Holy Grail, **4,** 63
The End of the Quest, **4,** 65
The Fair Maid of Astolat, **4,** 68

Coleridge, Samuel Taylor
The Rime of the Ancient Mariner, **10**, 423
Connolly, James B.
The Second String, **9**, 116
Cooke, Rose Terry
A Case of Coincidence, **6**, 83
Coolidge, Susan
How the Leaves Came Down, **10**, 70
Cooper, George
Twenty Froggies, **10**, 42
Come, Little Leaves, **10**, 187
Cornell, Mrs.
Anna and the Rattler, **8**, 247
Cornwall, Barry
The Sea, **10**, 257
Cowper, William
John Gilpin, **10**, 117
The Nightingale and Glow-Worm, **10**, 169
Knowledge, **10**, 280
Cox, Sir George W.
The Gift of Athênê, **2**, 250
Daphnê, Child of the Morning, **2**, 253
The Vengeance of Apollo, **2**, 255
The Story of Arion, **2**, 261
The Battle of the Frogs and the Mice, **2**, 267
Orpheus the Sweet Singer, **2**, 273
The Lotus-Eaters, **3**, 301
Ulysses and the Cyclops, **3**, 305
Ulysses and the Sirens, **3**, 353
The Treason of Ganelon, **4**, 243
The Great Battle of Roncesvalles, **4**, 253
Charlemagne Revenges Roland, **4**, 264
How Thierry Vanquished Ganelon, **4**, 267
Craik, Mrs. Dinah Mulock
Brownie and the Cook, **6**, 139
Brownie and the Cherry Tree, **6**, 149
See also MULOCK, DINAH MARIA
Craik, Georgiana M.
Uncle Dick's Rolf, **8**, 94
Cunningham, Allan
A Sea Song, **10**, 241
Cutting, Theodore A.
Saved by a Seal, **8**, 197
Darton, F. J. H.—Retold by
The Adventures of King Horn, **4**, 135
Horn is Dubbed Knight, **4**, 138
Horn the Knight Errant, **4**, 142
Horn in Exile, **4**, 145
Horn's Return, **4**, 148
The King of Suddenne, **4**, 153
Havelok Hid From the Traitor, **4**, 157
Havelok Married Against His Will, **4**, 163
Havelok Wins Back His Kingdom, **4**, 167
The Fair Unknown, **4**, 175
The Fight with the Two Giants, **4**, 182
In the Castle of the Sorcerers, **4**, 189
The Old Woman and the Knight, **4**, 201
Death and the Three Revellers, **4**, 207
Patient Griselda, **4**, 212
Dasent, Sir George Webbe
The Lad Who Went to the North Wind, **1**, 147
The Husband Who Was to Mind the House, **1**, 151
How One Went Out to Woo, **1**, 154
Why the Bear is Stumpy-Tailed, **1**, 155
Boots Who Made the Princess Say "That's a Story," **1**, 156
Davis, M. E. M.
The Messenger, **7**, 434
Davis, Rebecca Harding
A Fox and a Raven, **6**, 46
Day, Sarah J.
Hollyhock, **10**, 146
Crocus, **10**, 164

INDEX OF AUTHORS

Bayrell, Elphinstone, F. R. G. S., F. R. A. I.
Why the Hippopotamus Lives in the Water, **2**, 455
Why the Elephant has Small Eyes, **2**, 457

Defoe, Daniel
Robinson Crusoe is Shipwrecked, **5**, 159
Alone on a Desolate Island, **5**, 171
The Building of the Boat, **5**, 184
Finds the Print of a Man's Foot on the Sand, **5**, 194
Friday Rescued from the Cannibals, **5**, 211
Robinson Crusoe Rescued, **5**, 222

Dibdin, Charles
Heaving of the Lead, **10**, 135

Dickens, Charles
The Cratchits' Christmas Dinner, **6**, 267

Dickinson, Emily
Voyagers, **10**, 260

Dobell, Sydney
Procession of the Flowers, **10**, 239

Dodge, Mary Mapes
The Race for the Silver Skates, **6**, 7

Downs, A. S.
Plato: the Story of a Cat, **8**, 111

Doyle, Arthur Conan
The Bowman's Song, **10**, 334

Dryden, John
Daisies, **10**, 253

Dunbar, Paul Laurence
The Colored Band, **10**, 344

Duncan, Norman
The Cure of Fear, **9**, 43

Eliot, Charles W.
Introduction, **1**, 3

Emerson, Ralph Waldo
Concord Hymn, **10**, 314
A Nation's Strength, **10**, 316

Emerson, Ralph Waldo
The Rhodora, On Being Asked, Whence is the Flower, **10**, 341

Emmett, Daniel Decatur
Dixie, **10**, 288

Ewald, Carl
The Dragon-Fly and the Water-Lily, **8**, 261
The Queen Bee, **8**, 279
The Beech and the Oak, **8**, 312
The Mist, **8**, 336
The Anemones, **8**, 343
The Weeds, **8**, 351

Ewing, Juliana Horatia
Snap-Dragons—A Tale of Christmas Eve, **6**, 213

Field, Eugene
Lady Button-Eyes, **10**, 45
The Rock-a-by Lady, **10**, 47
The Sugar-Plum Tree, **10**, 52
Wynken, Blynken, and Nod, **10**, 55
The Shut-Eye Train, **10**, 58
The Duel, **10**, 127
The Dinkey-Bird, **10**, 145

Field, Mrs. E. M.
Uncle Jack's Story, **6**, 241
Bryda's Dreadful Scrape, **6**, 259

Field, Michael
The Dancers, **10**, 98

Fielde, Adele M.
A Dreadful Boar, **1**, 244
The Five Queer Brothers, **1**, 247

Fitchett, Rev. W. H., LL.D.
A Famous Fight Between an English and a French Frigate, **7**, 344
The Man Who Spoiled Napoleon's "Destiny," **7**, 385

Fitzgerald, Edward
The Meadows in Spring, **10**, 233
Perseverance, **10**, 283

Fosdick, Capt. O. G.
A Runaway Whale, **8**, 186

Francis, H. N.—Translated by
The Hare Who Thought the World had Come to an End, **2,** 430
Freeman, Mary E. Wilkins
Deacon Thomas Wales' Will, **6,** 116
Dill, **6,** 128
French, Allen
My Fight with a Catamount, **8,** 25
Frentz, E. W.
"Old Mustard": A Tale of the Western Pioneers, **8,** 73
Frere, E.
Punchkin, **1,** 48
How Sun, Moon and Wind Went Out to Dinner, **1,** 65
Gask, Lillian M.
The Golden Fish, **1,** 209
The Legend of Saint Christopher, **2,** 187
Prince Ivan and the Gray Wolf, **2,** 195
The Four Seasons, **2,** 493
The Three Lemons, **2,** 500
The Two Gifts, **6,** 354
The Bar of Gold, **6,** 357
The Horse that Aroused the Town, **8,** 57
At Home with the Beavers, **8,** 381
Two Enemies of the Beavers, **8,** 393
The Squirrel's Story, **8,** 406
A Den in the Rocks, **8,** 418
Ships of the Desert, **8,** 429
Gatty, Mrs. Alfred
The Butterfly's Children, **8,** 254
The Oak and the Snail, **8,** 321
Some Voices from the Kitchen Garden, **8,** 359
The Wind and the Flowers, **8,** 369
Gilder, R. W.
On the Life-Mask of Abraham Lincoln, **10,** 320
Gilman, Arthur
The Lost Exiles of Texas, **7,** 234
Goddard, Julia
The Wonderful Quern Stones, **2,** 91
Goldsmith, Oliver
The Deserted Village, **10,** 405
Gould, Hannah Flagg
The Frost, **10,** 218
Gray, Thomas
Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard, **10,** 159
Gregory, Lady
The Three Sons, **1,** 232
Grey, Sir George
The Legend of Rata, **2,** 450
Grimm, William and Jacob
Hansel and Grethel, **1,** 262
Thumbling, **1,** 272
The Six Swans, **1,** 279
Snow-White and Rose-Red, **1,** 285
Gudrun Lay, From the
The Wooing of the Daughter of the King of Ireland, **2,** 171
Guest, Lady Charlotte
Kynon's Adventure at the Fountain, **4,** 79
Owain's Adventure at the Fountain, **4,** 85
Gawain's Adventure in Search of Owain, **4,** 95
The Adventure of the Lion, **4** 99
How Pwyll Outwitted Gawl, **4,** 104
How Manawyddan Caught a Thief, **4,** 112
The Story of Lludd and Llevelys, **4,** 125
Hale, Edward Everett
The Man Without a Country, **9,** 279
Hale, Lucretia P.
The Flight of the Dolls, **6,** 94
Solomon John Goes for Apples, **6,** 102

INDEX OF AUTHORS

Harraden, Beatrice
How Phidias Helped the Image-Maker, **7,** 11
How Livia Won the Brooch, **7,** 35
Harris, Joel Chandler
Brother Rabbit's Cradle, **9,** 7
Harrison, Elizabeth
A Story of Christopher Columbus for Little Children, **7,** 166
Old Johnny Appleseed, **7,** 480
A Story of Decoration Day for the Little Children of Today, **9,** 23
Harte, Bret
The Drum, **10,** 336
Hartt, C. F.
How the Tortoise Out-ran the Deer, **2,** 441
Which was the Stronger, the Tortoise, the Tapir, or the Whale? **2,** 444
Havell, H. L.
The Adventure with the Harpies, **3,** 403
Pursued by the Cyclops, **3,** 406
The Race of the Four Galleys, **3,** 437
The Foot Race, **3,** 443
The Boxing Match, **3,** 445
The Contest of the Archers, **3,** 448
The Oracle Foretells the Coming of Æneas, **3,** 467
Æneas and His Companions Eat Their Tables, **3,** 469
The Fight Between Æneas and Turnus, **3,** 473
The Death of Turnus, **3,** 480
Hawkins, Gen. Rush C.
Carlo, the Soldiers' Dog, **8,** 77
Jeff the Inquisitive, **8,** 138
Toby the Wise, **8,** 164
Hawthorne, Nathaniel
Hercules's Search for the Apples of Hesperides, **2,** 292
The Paradise of Children, **2,** 342
Hawthorne, Nathaniel
How Theseus Slays the Minotaur, **3,** 15
Pegasus, the Winged Horse, **3,** 51
Turning Everything into Gold, **3,** 172
The Pomegranate Seeds, **3,** 193
Circe's Palace, **3,** 315
The Great Stone Face, **6,** 293
The Sunken Treasure, **7,** 228
Hayne, Paul H.
A Storm in the Distance, **10,** 221
Hemans, Felicia Dorothea
The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers in New England. **10,** 311
Casabianca, **10,** 338
Hendrick, Roe L.
In Canada with a Lynx, **8,** 37
Herrick, Robert
Succession of the Four Sweet Months, **10,** 254
Hinkson, Katherine Tynan
Daffodil, **10,** 212
Hogg, James
A Boy's Song, **10,** 191
Holder, C. F.
Teaching Fish to Ring Bells, **8,** 222
Holm, Saxe
A Song of Clover, **10,** 220
Holmes, Oliver Wendell
The Chambered Nautilus, **10,** 249
Old Ironsides, **10,** 335
Homer
Tales of the Trojan War, **3,** 235
The Homeward Voyage of the Greek Hero Ulysses, **3,** 299
Hood, Charles Newton
Down the Incline, **9,** 220
Hopkins, J. H.
Three Kings of Orient, **10,** 105

INDEX OF AUTHORS

Hopper, Nora
Wind-Song, **10**, 182
March, **10**, 253
Hornaday, W. T.
Little Cyclone: the Story of a Grizzly Cub, **8**, 9
Hough, Emerson
Kit Carson's Duel, **7**, 454
Howe, Julia Ward
Battle Hymn of the Republic, **10**, 300
Howitt, Mary
The Spider and the Fly, **10**, 49
The Voice of Spring, **10**, 209
Howitt, William
The Wind in a Frolic, **10**, 345
Hunt, Leigh
The Grasshopper and Cricket, **10**, 175
Ingelow, Jean
The Ouphe of the Wood, **6**, 156
The Prince's Dream, **6**, 171
A Lost Wand, **6**, 183
Seven Times One, **10**, 188
Seven Times Two, **10**, 199
Seven Times Four, **10**, 222
Buttercup, **10**, 279
Ingersoll, Ernest
Hard to Hit, **8**, 148
Irving, Washington
Rip Van Winkle, **2**, 364
The Legend of Sleepy Hollow, **2**, 386
Isaacs, Dr. A. S.—Translated from the Talmud by
The Rabbi Who Found the Diadem, **7**, 34
Jacobs, Joseph
Why the Fish Laughed, **1**, 67
The Farmer and the Money Lender, **1**, 75
Pride Goeth Before a Fall, **1**, 78
How the Wicked Sons Were Duped, **1**, 81
Jack the Giant-Killer, **1**, 374
Tom Thumb, **1**, 381
Hop-O'-My-Thumb, **1**, 458
James, Lieut.-Col. W. Hill
The Faithful Little Lizard, **8**, 161
Jenks, Tudor
The Little Baxters Go Marketing, **9**, 18
Small and Early, **10**, 81
Jenner, Dr. Edward
Signs of Rain, **10**, 190
Johnson, Burges
Waiting Around, **10**, 157
Jonson, Ben
The Noble Nature, **10**, 265
Jordan, David Starr
The Story of a Stone, **8**, 325
Karajich, W. S.
The Wonderful Hair, **1**, 213
The Language of Animals, **1**, 216
The Emperor Trojan's Goat's Ears, **1**, 223
The Maiden Who Was Wiser Than the King, **1**, 226
Keary, A. and E.
The Dwarfs and the Fairies, **2**, 21
How Thor Went to Jötunheim, **2**, 26
Iduna's Apples of Youth, **2**, 51
Keats, John
The Grasshopper and Cricket, **10**, 178
Daisy's Song, **10**, 217
Ker, Annie
The Two Lizards, **1**, 256
How the Turtle Got His Shell, **2**, 446
Key, Francis Scott
The Star-Spangled Banner, **10**, 286
Kingsley, Charles
The Heroes Sail Away in Search of the Golden Fleece, **3**, 80
How Jason Lost His Sandal, **3**, 88
How They Built the Ship "Argo," **3**, 98

INDEX OF AUTHORS

Kingsley, Charles
How the Argonauts Sailed to Colchis, **3,** 102
A Sea-Fight in the Time of Queen Bess, **7,** 179
The Lost Doll, **10,** 89
A Farewell, **10,** 282
Kingston, W. H. G.
Some True Stories of Tigers, Wolves, Foxes and Bears, **8,** 11
Some True Stories of Horses and Donkeys, **8,** 65
Kletke, Hermann R.
The Three Brothers, **1,** 186
The Glass Mountain and the Golden Castle, **1,** 190
Lamb, Charles
The Housekeeper, **10,** 177
Landseer, Ruth
Blackamoor, **8,** 169
Lang, Andrew—Retold by
The Boy and the Wolves, **1,** 42
The Indian Who Lost His Wife, **1,** 45
The Witch in the Stone Boat, **1,** 158
The Half-Chick, or Medio Pollito, **1,** 180
Hok Lee and the Dwarfs, **1,** 238
Larcom, Lucy
The Brown Thrush, **10,** 166
Lear, Edward
The Owl and the Pussy-Cat, **10,** 101
The Table and the Chair, **10,** 111
The Jumblies, **10,** 138
Lee, Albert
Cressy's New Year's Rent, **9,** 359
Le Gallienne, Richard
A Child's Even Song, **10,** 43
Lever, Charles
Mr. O'Leary's Second Love, **9,** 370
Lincoln, Abraham
The Gettysburg Address, **10,** 284
Lisle, Rouget de
The Marseillaise, **10,** 292
Livy
Stories from Roman History, **3,** 487
London, Jack
Chased by the Trail, **9,** 66
Longfellow, Henry W.
King Robert of Sicily, **2,** 213
Evangeline of Acadia, **7,** 306
Maidenhood, **10,** 61
The Children's Hour, **10,** 71
Hiawatha's Childhood, **10,** 196
Daybreak, **10,** 232
Hiawatha's Sailing, **10,** 235
The Day is Done, **10,** 246
The Arrow and the Song, **10,** 256
The Village Blacksmith, **10,** 262
Retribution, **10,** 283
The Republic, **10,** 310
Paul Revere's Ride, **10,** 323
The Skeleton in Armor, **10,** 399
The Wreck of the Hesperus, **10,** 420
Lowell, James Russell
Life, **10,** 264
Lubbock, Sir John
The Intelligence of Ants, **8,** 298
Lucas, E. V.
The Doll Doctor, **9,** 152
Lummis, Charles F.
The Impudent Guinea-Pig, **8,** 144
Macaulay, Thomas Babington
Naseby, **10,** 327
Ivry, **10,** 347
Horatius at the Bridge, **10,** 369
MacCarthy, Denis
Labor Song, **10,** 261
McCulloch, Emma Powell
O Canada! **10,** 318
MacDonald, George
The Wind and the Moon, **10,** 184

INDEX OF AUTHORS

Mackay, Charles
The Giant, **10**, 64
Small Beginnings, **10**, 258
Macleod, Mary—Retold by
Robin Hood and the Knight, **4**, 331
Little John and the Sheriff of Nottingham, **4**, 344
How Robin Hood was Paid His Loan, **4**, 351
The Golden Arrow, **4**, 353
How the Sheriff Took Sir Richard Prisoner, **4**, 358
How the King Came to Sherwood Forest, **4**, 361
How Robin Hood Went Back to the Greenwood, **4**, 367
Robin Hood and the Butcher, **4**, 370
The Jolly Tanner, **4**, 374
How Robin Hood Drew His Bow for the Last Time, **4**, 378
Malory, Sir Thomas
The Sword Excalibur, **4**, 22
Marbot, Lieutenant-General Baron de
How Napoleon Rewarded His Men, **7**, 403
Mathews, Cornelius
The Bird Lover, **2**, 465
Wunzh, The Father of Indian Corn, **2**, 479
The Winter-Spirit and His Visitor, **2**, 512
Mathews, John L.
Big Timber Beacon, **9**, 79
Maud, Constance
Brunhilda and the Magic Sword, **2**, 99
Brunhilda's Sleep Guarded by Loki's Fiery Arm, **2**, 107
How Siegfried Killed the Dragon, **2**, 115
How Siegfried Finds Brunhilda, **2**, 133
The Plot Against the Beautiful Elsa of Brabant, **2**, 141
Maud, Constance
The Knights of the Holy Grail, **2**, 148
Lohengrin the Champion of Elsa of Brabant, **2**, 150
Ortruda Plots for Revenge, **2**, 158
The Departure of Lohengrin, **2**, 162
May, Sophie
Wild Robin, **6**, 106
Miller, Emily Huntington
The Bluebird, **10**, 168
Miller, William
Willie Winkie, **10**, 63
Milne-Horne, Mary Pamela
De King and de Peafowl, **1**, 259
Milton, John
To the Lord General Cromwell, **10**, 280
On His Blindness, **10**, 281
Mitford, A. B.
The Accomplished and Lucky Teakettle, **1**, 251
The Adventures of Little Peachling, **1**, 253
Moore, Clement C.
A Visit From St. Nicholas, **10**, 103
Morley, Charles
Peter: A Cat o' One Tail, **8**, 114
Morris, George Pope
Woodman, Spare That Tree! **10**, 216
Motherwell, William
They Come: The Merry Summer Months, **10**, 242
Mulock, Miss—Retold by
Cinderella, **1**, 350
The Fair One With Golden Locks, **1**, 412
Mulock, Dinah Maria
God Rest Ye, Merry Gentlemen, **10**, 113
Young Dandelion, **10**, 115
Green Things Growing, **10**, 210

Munchausen, Baron
See RASPE, R. E.
Munsell, Lelia
How Hilda Got a School, **9,** 90
Murray, W. H. H.
A Ride With a Mad Horse in a Freight Car, **8,** 484
Naaké, John T.
Huntsman the Unlucky, **1,** 196
Story of Little Simpleton, **1,** 202
National Hymns
America, **10,** 285
The Star-Spangled Banner, **10,** 286
Dixie, **10,** 288
Rule Britannia! **10,** 289
The Watch on the Rhine, **10,** 290
The Marseillaise Hymn, **10,** 292
Swedish National Air, **10,** 293
National Hymn of Norway, **10,** 293
Italian National Hymn, **10,** 294
Danish National Hymn, **10,** 295
Spanish National Hymn, **10,** 296
Austrian National Song, **10,** 297
Neilson, William Allan
Reading Guide, **10,** 453
Nesbit, E.—Retold by
A Midsummer-Night's Dream, **5,** 331
The Tempest, **5,** 338
As You Like It, **5,** 345
The Merchant of Venice, **5,** 351
Norton, Caroline E.
The Arab to His Favorite Steed, **10,** 393
Paine, Ralph D.
Jabez Rockwell's Powder-Horn, **7,** 317
Palmer, Frederick
The Call of the Sea, **9,** 201
Pangborn, Georgia Wood
The Gray Collie, **9,** 328
Parry, Judge—Retold by
An Introduction to that Spanish Gentleman, **4,** 385
He Sets Forth on His Adventures, **4,** 390
The Knighting of Don Quixote, **4,** 395
The Dreadful Adventure of the Windmills, **4,** 402
Don Quixote and the Goatherds, **4,** 411
How Don Quixote Arrived at an Inn Which He Imagined to be a Castle, **4,** 420
How Sancho Paid the Reckoning at the Inn, **4,** 429
The Adventure of the Two Armies, **4,** 435
Don Quixote Does Penance as Did the Knights of Old, **4,** 442
Sancho's Journey to the Lady Dulcinea, **4,** 449
The Story of Cardenio, **4,** 455
The Story of Dorothea, **4,** 463
The End of the Penance, **4,** 470
The Journey to the Inn, **4,** 476
Sancho Panza's Story of His Visit to the Lady Dulcinea, **4,** 485
Don Quixote Wages a Battle Against a Giant, **4,** 490
Adventures at the Inn, **4,** 497
The Princess Micomicona, **4,** 503
The Last of the Notable Adventures of Our Good Knight, **4,** 509
Patten, Grace Bigelow
The Wooden Horse, **3,** 295
Patten, William
Preface, **1,** 15
Preface, **3,** 9
Preface, **4,** 9
Preface, **5,** 9
Preface, **7,** 9

Payne, John Howard
Home, Sweet Home, **10,** 250
Pennington, Levi T.
Old Muskie the Rogue, **8,** 209
Percival, James Gates
The Coral Grove, **10,** 137
Perrault, Charles
Little Red Riding-Hood, **1,** 359
Puss in Boots, **1,** 367
Blue Beard, **1,** 388
The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood, **1,** 405
Pettee, G. W.
Sleigh Song, **10,** 186
Phelps, Elizabeth Stuart
How June Found Massa Linkum, **7,** 495
Pier, Arthur Stanwood
The Drasnoe Pipe-Line, **9,** 255
Pierpont, John
Warren's Address to the American Soldiers, **10,** 303
Poe, Edgar Allan
The Bells, **10,** 447
Potter, Beatrix
The Tale of Peter Rabbit, **8,** 443
Pratt, Anna Maria
A Mortifying Mistake, **10,** 60
Quiller-Couch, Arthur
The Adventure of Grizel Cochrane, **7,** 214
The Trick of an Indian Spy, **7,** 348
A Fire-Fighter's Rescue from the Flames, **7,** 396
A Rescue from Shipwreck, **7,** 418
A Fire-Fighter's Dog, **8,** 109
Raju, Ramaswami
The Thief and the Fox, **1,** 114
The Farmer and the Fox, **1,** 115
The Fools and the Drum, **1,** 115
The Lion and the Goat, **1,** 117
The Glowworm and the Jackdaw, **1,** 118
Raju, Ramaswami
The Camel and the Pig, **1,** 119
The Dog and the Dog Dealer, **1,** 120
The Tiger, the Fox, and the Hunters, **1,** 121
The Sea, the Fox, and the Wolf, **1,** 122
The Fox in the Well, **1,** 123
Rankin, Isaac Ogden
Gravity Gregg, **9,** 171
Raspe, R. E.
The Startling Adventures of Baron Munchausen, **5,** 503
An Adventure With a Lion and a Crocodile, **5,** 505
Crossing the Thames Without the Aid of Bridge, Boat or Balloon, **5,** 508
Two Strange Adventures in Russia, **5,** 509
Shooting a Stag With Cherry-Stones, **5,** 511
The Baron's Wonderful Dog, **5,** 513
Read, Thomas Buchanan
Sheridan's Ride, **10,** 308
Riley, James Whitcomb
Little Orphant Annie, **10,** 128
The Man in the Moon, **10,** 141
The Raggedy Man, **10,** 143
Rossetti, Christina G.
Who Has Seen the Wind? **10,** 182
Rouse, Rev. W. H. D.—Translated by
The Watering of the Saplings, **2,** 433
Ruskin, John
The King of the Golden River, **6,** 321
Saintine, Xavier B.
The Lady of Kynast, **2,** 180
The Guardian Angel, **2,** 183
The Giant Who Laughed at a Dwarf, **2,** 185
Schneckenburger, Max
The Watch on the Rhine, **10,** 290

INDEX OF AUTHORS

Schoolcraft, H. R.—Adapted from
Manabozho, the Mischief-Maker, **1**, 19
Why the Diver Duck Has So Few Tail Feathers, **1**, 26
Manabozho is Changed Into a Wolf, **1**, 28
Why the Woodpecker Has Red Head Feathers, **1**, 31
Manabozho is Robbed by the Wolves, **1**, 36
Manabozho and the Woodpeckers, **1**, 38
The Boy Who Set a Snare for the Sun, **2**, 460
Scott, Sir Walter
Ivanhoe, **5**, 399
Guy Mannering, **5**, 458
Lullaby of an Infant Chief, **10**, 54
Fatherland, **10**, 302
Lochinvar, **10**, 397
Sébillot, Paul
The Snuffbox, **1**, 166
The Golden Blackbird, **1**, 172
Sewell, Anna
What Ginger Told Black Beauty, **8**, 60
Shakespeare, William
A Midsummer-Night's Dream, **5**, 331
The Tempest, **5**, 338
As You Like It, **5**, 345
The Merchant of Venice, **5**, 351
Hark, Hark! The Lark! **10**, 256
Cardinal Wolsey's Speech to Cromwell, **10**, 268
Wolsey's Fall, **10**, 269
Seven Ages of Man, **10**, 270
Jog On, **10**, 271
Polonius's Advice, **10**, 271
Over Hill, Over Dale, **10**, 272
Reputation, **10**, 272
I Know a Bank, **10**, 273
Ingratitude, **10**, 273
Where the Bee Sucks, **10**, 274
Mercy, **10**, 274
Perfection, **10**, 275
Shakespeare, William
The Pedler's Pack, **10**, 275
The Fairies' Lullaby, **10**, 276
Come Unto These Yellow Sands, **10**, 277
Hotspur's Description of a Fop, **10**, 278
Opportunity, **10**, 278
Sharp, Dallas Lore
Jonnasen, **9**, 179
Shelley, Percy Bysshe
To a Skylark, **10**, 223
Sill, Edward Rowland
Opportunity, **10**, 260
Sinclair, Catherine
Uncle David's Nonsensical Story, **6**, 362
The Grand Feast, **6**, 374
Skeat, Walter, M. R. A. S.
The Elephant Has a Bet With the Tiger, **2**, 436
Smith, S. F.
America, **10**, 285
Southey, Mrs.
The Story of the Three Bears, **1**, 362
To the Lady-Bird, **10**, 174
Southey, Robert
How the Child of the Sea Was Made Knight, **4**, 279
Why Don Sancho Attacked His Neighbors, **4**, 289
Don Garcia Defies Don Sancho, **4**, 292
Don Garcia Takes Don Sancho Prisoner, **4**, 296
The Siege of Zamora, **4**, 309
How Don Diego Fought the Three Brothers, **4**, 321
After Blenheim, **10**, 383
Southey, Robert and Caroline
The Greenwood Shrift, **10**, 389
Southwell, Robert
Procrastination, **10**, 267
Spears, Raymond S.
The Story of a Forest Fire, **7**, 509
Stedman, Edmund Clarence
What the Wind Brings, **10**, 180

Stedman, Edmund Clarence
The Hand of Lincoln, **10**, 298
Cavalry Song, **10**, 319
Steel, Flora Annie
The Tiger, the Brahman, and the Jackal, **1**, 82
The Lambikin, **1**, 86
The Rat's Wedding, **1**, 89
The Jackal and the Partridge, **1**, 98
The Jackal and the Crocodile, **1**, 102
The Jackal and the Iguana, **1**, 106
The Bear's Bad Bargain, **1**, 109
Stephens, C. A.
A Droll Fox-Trap, **8**, 51
Powder-Post, **8**, 267
Stevenson, Robert Louis
Young Night-Thought, **10**, 53
My Shadow, **10**, 88
The Swing, **10**, 90
Time to Rise, **10**, 90
Happy Thought, **10**, 91
The Lamplighter, **10**, 91
Picture-Books in Winter, **10**, 93
The Land of Story-Books, **10**, 94
The Land of Counterpane, **10**, 96
Block City, **10**, 97
Marching Song, **10**, 98
Winter-Time, **10**, 99
Foreign Lands, **10**, 100
Foreign Children, **10**, 102
Bed in Summer, **10**, 106
My Bed is a Boat, **10**, 106
A Good Play, **10**, 112
The Flowers, **10**, 126
The Wind, **10**, 181
Windy Nights, **10**, 183
Stockton, Frank R.
A Man Who Coveted Washington's Shoes, **7**, 332
The Man in the "Auger Hole," **7**, 356
Stoddard, William O.
That Sly Old Woodchuck, **8**, 151
Stowe, Harriet Beecher
The Katy-Did's Party, **8**, 305
Sullivan, Sir Edward—Retold by
Ivanhoe, **5**, 401
Guy Mannering, **5**, 458
Swett, Susan Hartley
The Blue Jay, **10**, 167
July, **10**, 213
Swift, Jonathan
Gulliver is Shipwrecked and Swims for His Life, **5**, 249
Gulliver at the Court of Lilliput, **5**, 262
Gulliver Captures Fifty of the Enemy's Ships, **5**, 272
Gulliver Leaves Lilliput, **5**, 278
Gulliver in the Land of the Giants, **5**, 286
Some of Gulliver's Adventures, **5**, 301
Gulliver Escapes from the Eagle, **5**, 312
The Vowels: An Enigma, **10**, 79
Swinburne, Algernon C.
A Baby's Feet, **10**, 76
Tanner, John
A White Boy Among the Indians, as Told by Himself, **7**, 292
Taylor, Bayard
The Little Post-Boy, **7**, 485
Some Animal Friends in Africa, **8**, 22
Taylor, Jane
Pussy, **10**, 38
Taylor, Jeffreys
The Milkmaid, **10**, 194
Tennyson, Alfred
Sweet and Low, **10**, 55
Christmas, **10**, 95
The Owl, **10**, 171

Tennyson, Alfred
Song, **10**, 178
The Brook, **10**, 228
The Bugle Song, **10**, 230
The Charge of the Light Brigade, **10**, 321
Lady Clare, **10**, 385
Thackeray, William Makepeace
Prelude, **9**, 391
The Rose and the Ring, **9**, 393
Thanet, Octave
Marcus Aurelius, **8**, 224
Thaxter, Celia
The Sandpiper's Trick, **8**, 180
How Did the Canary Do It? **8**, 183
Thomas, Rowland
Manuk Del Monte, **9**, 269
Thomson, James
Rule Britannia, **10**, 289
Tilton, Theodore
Baby Bye, **10**, 73
Tolman, Albert W.
A Swarm of Wild Bees, **8**, 290
Holding the Pipe, **9**, 128
On a Tight Rope, **9**, 213
Towle, George C.
Humphry Davy and the Safety-Lamp, **7**, 449
The Struggles of Charles Goodyear, **7**, 475
Trowbridge, J. T.
Farm-Yard Song, **10**, 192
Van Dyke, Henry
A Wayfaring Song, **10**, 255
Virgil
The Wanderings of Æneas, **3**, 395
Walden, Treadwell
The Boy-Heroes of Crecy and Poitiers, **7**, 87
Warner, Anna B.
Ready for Duty, **10**, 131
Warner, Charles Dudley
A-Hunting of the Deer, **8**, 505
Watts, Isaac
Insignificant Existence, **10**, 265
White, Stewart Edward
The Foreman, **9**, 315
Whitman, Walt
O Captain! My Captain! **10**, 315
Whitney, Mrs. A. D. T.
The Private Theatricals, **6**, 56
Whittier, John Greenleaf
The Barefoot Boy, **10**, 201
Barbara Frietchie, **10**, 305
Laus Deo! **10**, 342
Wiggin, Kate Douglas
The Fore-Room Rug, **9**, 340
Cuddle Down, Dolly, **10**, 57
Williamson, Peter
The True Story of a Kidnapped Boy as Told by Himself, **7**, 265
Wolfe, Charles
The Burial of Sir John Moore, **10**, 317
Woodworth, Samuel
The Old Oaken Bucket, **10**, 396
Wordsworth, William
The Kitten, and Falling Leaves, **10**, 179
Daffodils, **10**, 211
March, **10**, 254
The Rainbow, **10**, 281
To Milton, **10**, 282
Wotton, Sir Henry
The Character of a Happy Life, **10**, 340
Yonge, Charlotte M.
The Fight at the Pass of Thermopylæ, **7**, 17
The Bravery of Regulus, **7**, 27
Fearless Saint Genevieve, Patron Saint of Paris, **7**, 60
The Noble Burghers of Calais, **7**, 99
How Catherine Douglas Tried to Save King James of Scotland, **7**, 149
The Brave Queen of Hungary, **7**, 155

INDEX OF TITLES

INDEX OF TITLES

Titles of Poems are printed in italics. Volumes are indicated by bold-face figures.

Accomplished and Lucky Teakettle, The, **1,** 251
Adventure of Grizel Cochrane, The, **7,** 214
Adventure of the Lion, The, **4,** 99
Adventure of the Two Armies, The, **4,** 435
Adventure with a Lion and a Crocodile, An, **5,** 505
Adventure with the Harpies, The, **3,** 403
Adventures at the Inn, **4,** 497
Adventures of King Horn, The, **4,** 135
Adventures of Little Peachling, The, **1,** 253
Adventures of Sir Bors, The, **4,** 56
Adventures of Sir Gareth, The, **4,** 36
Adventures of Sir Launcelot, The, **4,** 60
Adventures of Sir Percivale, The, **4,** 52
Advice, **10,** 82
Advice from a Caterpillar, **6,** 441
Æneas and His Companions Eat Their Tables, **3,** 469
After Blenheim, **10,** 383
Aladdin; or the Wonderful Lamp, **5,** 46
A-Hunting of the Deer, **8,** 505
Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves, **5,** 15
Alice in Wonderland, **6,** 407
Alice's Evidence, **6,** 505
Almond Blossom, **10,** 219
Alone on a Desolate Island, **5,** 171
America, **10,** 285
Androcles, **1,** 496
Anemones, The, **8,** 343
Anna and the Rattler, **8,** 247
Ant and the Cricket, The, **10,** 176
Ant and the Grasshopper, The, **1,** 506
Apes and Monkeys, **8,** 453
Arab to His Favorite Steed, The, **10,** 393
Arabian Nights, The, **5,** 13
Arrow and the Song, The, **10,** 256
Ashiepattle and His Goodly Crew, **1,** 125
Ass and the Lap-Dog, The, **1,** 505
As You Like It, **5,** 345
At Home with the Beavers, **8,** 381
Austrian National Song, **10,** 297
Baby Bye, **10,** 73
Baby Dear, Good Night, Good Night, **10,** 31
Baby's Feet, A, **10,** 76
Bar of Gold, The, **6,** 357
Barbara Frietchie, **10,** 305
Barefoot Boy, The, **10,** 201
Baron's Wonderful Dog, The, **5,** 513
Bat, the Birds, and the Beasts, The, **1,** 512
Battle Hymn of the Republic, **10,** 300
Battle of the Frogs and the Mice, The, **2,** 267
Baucis and Philemon, Who were Changed into Two Trees, **2,** 339

Bear and the Fox, The, **1,** 142
Bear's Bad Bargain, The, **1,** 109
Beauty and the Beast, **1,** 426
Bed in Summer, **10,** 106
Beech and the Oak, The, **8,** 312
Belling the Cat, **1,** 504
Bells, The, **10,** 447
Belly and the Members, The, **1,** 513
Big Timber Beacon, **9,** 79
Bird Lover, The, **2,** 465
Blackamoor, **8,** 169
Block City, **10,** 97
Blow, Wind, Blow! **10,** 29
Blowing Bubbles, **10,** 72
Blue Beard, **1,** 388
Blue Jay, The, **10,** 167
Bluebird, The, **10,** 168
Boots Who Made the Princess Say "That's a Story," **1,** 156
Bowman's Song, The, **10,** 334
Boxing Match, The, **3,** 445
Boy and the Wolves, The, **1,** 42
Boy Conqueror—Charles XII of Sweden, The, **7,** 244
Boy-Heroes of Crecy and Poitiers, The, **7,** 87
Boy Viking—Olaf II of Norway, The, **7,** 67
Boy Who Set a Snare for the Sun, The, **2,** 460
Boyhood, **10,** 252
Boy's Prayer, A, **10,** 211
Boy's Song, A, **10,** 191
Brave Dog, A, **8,** 84
Brave Little Tailor, The, **1,** 394
Brave, Old Oak, The, **10,** 231
Brave Queen of Hungary, The, **7,** 155
Brave Scottish Chief, A, **7,** 205
Bravery of Regulus, The, **7,** 27
Brer Rabbit's Cool Air Swing, **2,** 490
Brook, The, **10,** 228
Brother Rabbit's Cradle, **9,** 7
Brown Thrush, The, **10,** 166
Brownie and the Cherry Tree, **6,** 149
Brownie and the Cook, **6,** 139
Brunhilda and the Magic Sword, **2,** 99
Brunhilda's Sleep Guarded by Loki's Fiery Arm, **2,** 107
Bryda's Dreadful Scrape, **6,** 259
Bugle Song, The, **10,** 230
Building of the Boat, The, **5,** 184
Burial of Sir John Moore, The, **10,** 317
Buttercup, **10,** 279
Butterfly's Children, The, **8,** 254
Call of the Sea, The, **9,** 201
Camel and the Pig, The, **1,** 119
Canterbury Tales, **4,** 199
Cardinal Wolsey's Speech to Cromwell, **10,** 268
Carlo, the Soldiers' Dog, **8,** 77
Casabianca, **10,** 338
Case of Coincidence, A, **6,** 83
Caucus-Race and a Long Tale, A, **6,** 424
Cavalry Song, **10,** 319
Chambered Nautilus, The, **10,** 249
Character of a Happy Life, The, **10,** 340
Charge of the Light Brigade, The, **10,** 321
Charlemagne Revenges Roland, **4,** 264
Chased by the Trail, **9,** 66
Children's Hour, The, **10,** 79
Child's Even Song, A, **10,** 43
Christian and Hopeful Are Captives in Doubting Castle, **5,** 382
Christian and Hopeful Arrive at the Cœlestial City, **5,** 392
Christian Starts On His Journey, **5,** 361
Christian's Fight with the Monster Apollyon, **5,** 376
Christmas, **10,** 95
Christmas Adventure, A, **9,** 55
Cid, The, **4,** 287
Cinderella, **1,** 350
Circe's Palace, **3,** 315
Cock and the Pearl, The, **1,** 501
Colored Band, The, **10,** 344

INDEX OF TITLES

Come, Let's to Bed, **10,** 24
Come, Little Leaves, **10,** 187
Come Unto These Yellow Sands, **10,** 277
Coming of Sir Galahad, The, **4,** 45
Concord Hymn, **10,** 314
Constant Tin Soldier, The, **1,** 317
Contest of the Archers, The, **3,** 448
Coral Grove, The, **10,** 137
Cost of Loving, The, **9,** 225
Cratchit's Christmas Dinner, The, **6,** 267
Cressy's New Year's Rent, **9,** 359
Crocus, **10,** 164
Crossing the Thames without the Aid of Bridge, Boat or Balloon, **5,** 508
Crow and the Pitcher, The, **1,** 498
Cuddle Down, Dolly, **10,** 57
Cure of Fear, The, **9,** 43
Curly Locks, **10,** 24
Daffodil, **10,** 212
Daffodils, **10,** 211
Daffy-Down-Dilly, **10,** 22
Daisies, **10,** 253
Daisy's Song, **10,** 217
Dancers, The, **10,** 98
Danish National Hymn, **10,** 295
Daphnê, Child of the Morning, **2,** 253
Darning Needle, The, **1,** 342
Day is Done, The, **10,** 246
Daybreak, **10,** 232
Deacon Thomas Wales' Will, **6,** 116
Death and the Three Revellers, **4,** 207
Death of Hector, The, **3,** 272
Death of Joan the Maid, **7,** 142
Death of Turnus, The, **3,** 480
Deeds and Death of Patroclus, The, **3,** 265
Den in the Rocks, A, **8,** 418
Departure of Lohengrin, The, **2,** 162
Deserted Village, The, **10,** 405
Destruction of Sennacherib, The, **10,** 366
Diddle, Diddle Dumpling, My Son John, **10,** 29
Dill, **6,** 128
Diller, a Dollar, A, **10,** 21
Ding, Dong, Bell, **10,** 25
Dinkey-Bird, The, **10,** 145
Divine Ode, **10,** 339
Dixie, **10,** 288
Dog and the Dog Dealer, The, **1,** 120
Dog and the Shadow, The, **1,** 511
Dog in the Manger, The, **1,** 503
Doll Doctor, The, **9,** 152
Doll in the Grass, The, **1,** 140
Don Garcia Defies Don Sancho, **4,** 292
Don Garcia Takes Don Sancho Prisoner, **4,** 296
Don Quixote, **4,** 383
Don Quixote and the Goatherds, **4,** 411
Don Quixote does Penance as did the Knights of Old, **4,** 442
Don Quixote Wages a Battle Against a Giant, **4,** 490
Down the Incline, **9,** 220
Down the Rabbit-Hole, **6,** 409
Dragon-Fly and the Water-Lily, The, **8,** 261
Drasnoe Pipe-Line, The, **9,** 255
Dreadful Adventure of the Windmills, The, **4,** 402
Dreadful Boar, A, **1,** 244
Droll Fox-Trap, A, **8,** 51
Drum, The, **10,** 336
Duel, The, **10,** 127
Duel Between Hector and Ajax, The, **3,** 257
Dwarfs and the Fairies, The, **2,** 21
Dwellings of the Dead, The, **3,** 455
Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard, **10,** 159
Elephant has a Bet with the Tiger, The, **2,** 436
Embellishment, **6,** 278

Emperor Trojan's Goat's Ears, The, **1,** 223
End of the Penance, The, **4,** 470
End of the Quest, The, **4,** 65
English Chronicles, **4,** 133
Evangeline of Acadia, **7,** 306
Eve of Waterloo, The, **10,** 313
Fair Maid of Astolat, The, **4,** 68
Fair One with Golden Locks, The, **1,** 412
Fair Unknown, The, **4,** 175
Fairies' Lullaby, The, **10,** 276
Fairy Folk, The, **10,** 77
Faithful Little Lizard, The, **8,** 161
Famous Fight Between an English and a French Frigate, A, **7,** 344
Farewell, A, **10,** 282
Farmer and the Fox, The, **1,** 115
Farmer and the Money Lender, The, **1,** 75
Farm-Yard Song, **10,** 192
Fatherland, **10,** 302
Fearless Saint Genevieve, Patron Saint of Paris, **7,** 60
Fight at the Pass of Thermopylæ, The, **7,** 17
Fight Between Æneas and Turnus, The, **3,** 473
Fight Between Paris and Menelaus, The, **3,** 251
Fight with the Two Giants, The, **4,** 182
Finds the Print of a Man's Foot on the Sand, **5,** 194
Fir Tree, The, **1,** 323
Fire-Fighter's Dog, A, **8,** 109
Fire-Fighter's Rescue from the Flames, A, **7,** 396
Five Queer Brothers, The, **1,** 247
Flag Goes By, The, **10,** 301
Flight of the Dolls, The, **6,** 94
Flowers, The, **10,** 126
Flying Trunk, The, **1,** 334
Fools and the Drum, The, **1,** 116
Foot Race, The, **3,** 443
For A' That, **10,** 266
Foreign Children, **10,** 102
Foreign Lands, **10,** 100
Foreman, The, **9,** 315
Fore-Room Rug, The, **9,** 340
Four Seasons, The, **2,** 493
Fox and a Raven, A, **6,** 46
Fox and the Cat, The, **1,** 502
Fox and the Crow, The, **1,** 510
Fox and the Goat, The, **1,** 503
Fox and the Grapes, The, **1,** 513
Fox and the Stork, The, **1,** 497
Fox in the Well, The, **1,** 123
Fox without a Tail, The, **1,** 501
French and Italian Chronicles, Tales from, **4,** 229
Friday Rescued from the Cannibals, **5,** 211
Frog and the Ox, The, **1,** 500
Frogs Desiring a King, The, **1,** 499
Frost, The, **10,** 218
Gawain's Adventure in Search of Owain, **4,** 95
Gettysburg Address, The, **10,** 284
Giant, The, **10,** 64
Giant Who Laughed at a Dwarf, The, **2,** 185
Gift of Athênê, The, **2,** 250
Giraffe, The, **8,** 458
Glass Mountain, The, **1,** 190
Glowworm and the Jackdaw, The, **1,** 118
God Rest Ye, Merry Gentlemen, **10,** 113
Golden Arrow, The, **4,** 353
Golden Blackbird, The, **1,** 172
Golden Fish, The, **1,** 209
Good Play, A, **10,** 112
Goose-Girl, The, **1,** 470
Goosey, Goosey, Gander, **10,** 30
Grand Feast, The, **6,** 374
Grasshopper and Cricket, The, **10,** 175
Grasshopper and Cricket, The, **10,** 178
Gravity Gregg, **9,** 171
Gray Collie, The, **9,** 328
Great A, Little a, **10,** 23

Great Battle of Roncesvalles, The, 4, 253
Great Stone Face, The, 6, 293
Green Things Growing, 10, 210
Greenwood Shrift, The, 10, 389
Guardian Angel, The, 2, 183
Gulliver at the Court of Lilliput, 5, 262
Gulliver Captures Fifty of the Enemy's Ships, 5, 272
Gulliver Escapes from the Eagle, 5, 312
Gulliver in the Land of the Giants, 5, 286
Gulliver is Shipwrecked and Swims for His Life, 5, 249
Gulliver Leaves Lilliput, 5, 278
Gulliver's Travels, 5, 247
Guy Mannering, 5, 458
Half-Chick, The, 1, 180
Hand of Lincoln, The, 10, 298
Hansel and Grethel, 1, 262
Happiest Heart, The, 10, 264
Happy Thought, 10, 91
Hard to Hit, 8, 148
Hare Who Thought the World Had Come to an End, The, 2, 430
Hark, Hark! The Lark! 10, 256
Havelok Hid from the Traitor, 4, 157
Havelok Married Against His Will, 4, 163
Havelok Wins Back His Kingdom, 4, 167
He Sets Forth on His Adventures, 4, 390
He Who Knew Not Fear, 1, 478
Heart of the Bruce, The, 10, 351
Hearts, Like Doors, Will Open With Ease, 10, 32
Heaving of the Lead, 10, 135
Hercules and the Waggoner, 1, 509
Hercules's Search for the Apples of Hesperides, 2, 292
Heroes Sail Away in Search of the Golden Fleece, The, 3, 80
Hervé Riel, 10, 360
Hey! Diddle, Diddle, 10, 26
Hiawatha's Childhood, 10, 196
Hiawatha's Sailing, 10, 235
Higgley Piggley, 10, 23
Hippopotamus and the Rhinoceros, The, 8, 456
Hok Lee and the Dwarfs, 1, 238
Holding the Pipe, 9, 128
Hollyhock, 10, 146
Home, Sweet Home, 10, 250
Homeward Voyage of the Greek Hero Ulysses, 3, 299
Hop-O'-My-Thumb, 1, 458
Horatius at the Bridge, 10, 369
Horn in Exile, 4, 145
Horn is Dubbed Knight, 4, 138
Horn the Knight Errant, 4, 142
Horn's Return, 4, 148
Horse that Aroused the Town, The, 8, 57
Hotspur's Description of a Fop, 10, 278
Housekeeper, The, 10, 177
How Catherine Douglas Tried to Save King James of Scotland, 7, 149
How Did the Canary Do It? 8, 183
How Don Diego Fought the Three Brothers, 4, 321
How Don Quixote Arrived at an Inn Which He Imagined to be a Castle, 4, 420
How Hilda Got a School, 9, 90
How Jason Lost His Sandal, 3, 88
How Joan the Maid Took Largess from the English, 7, 130
How June Found Massa Linkum, 7, 495
How Livia Won the Brooch, 7, 35
How Manawyddan Caught a Thief, 4, 112
How Napoleon Rewarded His Men, 7, 403
How One Went Out to Woo, 1, 154

How Phaëton Drove the Sun, **2,** 330
How Phidias Helped the Image-Maker, **7,** 11
How Pwyll Outwitted Gawl, **4,** 104
How Robin Hood Drew His Bow for the Last Time, **4,** 378
How Robin Hood Was Paid His Loan, **4,** 351
How Robin Hood Went Back to the Greenwood, **4,** 367
How Sancho Paid the Reckoning at the Inn, **4,** 429
How Siegfried Finds Brunhilda, **2,** 133
How Siegfried Killed the Dragon, **2,** 115
How Sir Galahad Won the Red Cross Shield, **4,** 49
How Sir Launcelot Saw the Holy Grail, **4,** 63
How Sun, Moon and Wind Went Out to Dinner, **1,** 65
How the Argonauts Sailed to Colchis, **3,** 102
How the Child of the Sea Was Made Knight, **4,** 279
How the Fenris Wolf Was Chained, **2,** 72
How the King Came to Sherwood Forest, **4,** 361
How the Leaves Came Down, **10,** 70
How the Queen of the Sky Gave Gifts to Men, **2,** 17
How the Sheriff Took Sir Richard Prisoner, **4,** 358
How the Stone-Age Children Played, **8,** 331
How the Tortoise Out-ran the Deer, **2,** 441
How the Turtle Got His Shell, **2,** 446
How the Wicked Sons Were Duped, **1,** 81
How Theseus Slays the Minotaur, **3,** 15
How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix, **10,** 331
How They Built the Ship "Argo," **3,** 98
How Thierry Vanquished Ganelon, **4,** 267
How Thor Went to Jötunheim, **2,** 26
How Thor's Hammer Was Lost and Found, **2,** 40
Humphry Davy and the Safety-Lamp, **7,** 449
Humpty Dumpty, **10,** 24
Hunting the Calydonian Boar, **3,** 128
Huntaman the Unlucky, **1,** 196
Husband Who Was to Mind the House, The, **1,** 151
Hushaby, Baby, Thy Cradle is Green, **10,** 32
I Had a Little Pony, **10,** 31
I Know a Bank, **10,** 273
Idea That Went Astray, The, **9,** 158
Iduna's Apples of Youth, **2,** 51
Imp and the Drum, The, **9,** 99
Impudent Guinea-Pig, The, **8,** 144
In Canada with a Lynx, **8,** 37
In the Castle of the Sorcerers, **4,** 189
In the Oven, **9,** 186
Incident of the French Camp, **10,** 367
Indian Who Lost His Wife, The, **1,** 45
Ingratitude, **10,** 273
Insignificant Existence, **10,** 265
Intelligence of Ants, The, **8,** 298
Interpreter Shows Christian Many Excellent Things, The, **5,** 367
Introduction, **1,** 3
Introduction to that Spanish Gentleman, An, **4,** 385
Italian National Hymn, **10,** 294
Ivanhoe, **5,** 401
Ivry, **10,** 347

INDEX OF TITLES

Jabez Rockwell's Powder-Horn, **7,** 317
Jack and Jill, **10,** 28
Jack and the Beanstalk, **1,** 444
Jack the Giant-Killer, **1,** 374
Jack Sprat, **10,** 24
Jackal and the Crocodile, The, **1,** 102
Jackal and the Iguana, The, **1,** 106
Jackal and the Partridge, The, **1,** 98
Jay and the Peacock, The, **1,** 505
Jeff the Inquisitive, **8,** 138
Jog On, **10,** 271
John Gilpin, **10,** 117
Jolly Tanner, The, **4,** 374
Jonnasen, **9,** 179
Journey to the Inn, The, **4,** 476
Julius Cæsar Crossing the Rubicon, **7,** 42
July, **10,** 213
Jumblies, The, **10,** 138
Katy-Did's Party, The, **8,** 305
Keeping Store, **10,** 179
Kind Hearts Are Gardens, **10,** 31
King and de Peafowl, De, **1,** 259
King Arthur, **4,** 12
King of the Golden River, The, **6,** 321
King of Suddenne, The, **4,** 153
King Robert of Sicily, **2,** 213
Kit Carson's Duel, **7,** 454
Kitten, and Falling Leaves, The, **10,** 179
Knighting of Don Quixote, The, **4,** 395
Knights of the Holy Grail, The, **2,** 148
Knowledge, **10,** 280
Kynon's Adventure at the Fountain, **4,** 79
Labor Song, **10,** 261
Lad Who Went to the North Wind, The, **1,** 147
Lady Button-Eyes, **10,** 45
Lady Clare, **10,** 385
Lady of Kynast, The, **2,** 180
Ladybird, **9,** 241
Lambikin, The, **1,** 86
Lamplighter, The, **10,** 91
Land of Counterpane, The, **10,** 96
Land of Story-Books, The, **10,** 94
Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers in New England, The, **10,** 311
Language of Animals, The, **1,** 216
Lark and the Rook, The, **10,** 170
Last of the Notable Adventures of Our Good Knight, The, **4,** 509
Laus Deo! **16,** 342
Legend of Rata, The, **2,** 450
Legend of Saint Christopher, The, **2,** 187
Legend of Sleepy Hollow, The, **2,** 386
Life, **10,** 264
Lion and the Goat, The, **1,** 117
Lion and the Mouse, The, **1,** 508
Lion's Share, The, **1,** 509
Lions and Tigers, **8,** 447
Little Baxters Go Marketing, The, **9,** 18
Little Bo-Peep, **10,** 27
Little Boy Blue, **10,** 22
Little Cyclone: The Story of a Grizzly Cub, **8,** 9
Little Dandelion, **10,** 245
Little Jack Horner, **10,** 26
Little John and the Sheriff of Nottingham, **4,** 344
Little Miss Muffet, **10,** 26
Little Nancy Etticote, **10,** 22
Little Orphant Annie, **10,** 128
Little Polly Flinders, **10,** 28
Little Post-Boy, The, **7,** 485
Little Red Riding-Hood, **1,** 359
Lobster Quadrille, A, **10,** 114
Lobster-Quadrille, The, **6,** 488
Lochinvar, **10,** 397
Lohengrin the Champion of Elsa of Brabant, **2,** 150
Lost Doll, The, **10,** 89
Lost Exiles of Texas, The, **7,** 234

Lost Wand, A, **6,** 183
Lotus-Eaters, The, **3,** 301
Love and Death of Queen Dido, The, **3,** 425
Lullaby of an Infant Chief, **10,** 54
Mabinogion, The, **4,** 77
Mad Tea-Party, A, **6,** 459
Maiden Who Was Wiser Than the King, The, **1,** 226
Maidenhood, **10,** 61
Man in the "Auger Hole," The, **7,** 356
Man in the Moon, The, **10,** 141
Man, the Boy, and the Donkey, The, **1,** 494
Man Who Coveted Washington's Shoes, A, **7,** 332
Man Who Spoiled Napoleon's "Destiny," The, **7,** 385
Man Without a Country, The, **9,** 279
Manabozho, **1,** 38
Manabozho is Changed Into a Wolf, **1,** 28
Manabozho is Robbed by the Wolves, **1,** 36
Manabozho, the Mischief-Maker, **1,** 19
Manuk Del Monte, **9,** 269
March, **10,** 253
March, **10,** 254
Marching Song, **10,** 98
Marcus Aurelius, **8,** 224
Marjorie's Almanac, **10,** 65
Marseillaise Hymn, The, **10,** 292
Meadows in Spring, The, **10,** 233
Merchant of Venice, The, **5,** 351
Mercy, **10,** 274
Merlin the Magician, **4,** 20
Messenger, The, **7,** 434
Midsummer-Night's Dream, A, **5,** 331
Milkmaid, The, **10,** 194
Milkmaid, The, **1,** 507
Mist, The, **8,** 336
Mr. O'Leary's Second Love, **9,** 370
Mistress Mary, Quite Contrary, **10,** 32
Mock Turtle's Story, The, **6,** 479
Morning, **10,** 136
Mortifying Mistake, A, **10,** 60
Mother Hubbard and Her Dog, **10,** 39
Munchausen, The Startling Adventures of Baron, **5,** 503
My Bed is a Boat, **10,** 106
My Fight With a Catamount, **8,** 26
My Shadow, **10,** 88
Naseby, **10,** 327
National Hymn of Norway, **10,** 293
Nation's Strength, A, **10,** 316
Nausicaa Rescues Ulysses, **3,** 357
Nelly's Hospital, **6,** 25
New Moon, The, **10,** 48
Nightingale and Glow-Worm, The, **10,** 169
Niobe, A Victim of Latona's Jealousy, **2,** 278
Noble Burghers of Calais, The, **7,** 99
Noble Nature, The, **10,** 265
North Wind Doth Blow, The, **10,** 24
Northmen's Story of How All Things Began, The, **2,** 9
Nursery Rhymes, **10,** 21
O Canada! **10,** 318
O Captain! My Captain! **10,** 315
O Little Town of Bethlehem, **10,** 92
Oak and the Snail, The, **8,** 321
Of Arthur's Birth and How He Became King, **4,** 13
Ogier the Dane, **4,** 231
Old Flag, The, **10,** 304
Old Gaelic Lullaby, **10,** 44
Old Greek Tales, **3,** 13
Old Hare and the Elephants, The, **2,** 434
Old Ironsides, **10,** 335
Old Johnny Appleseed, **7,** 480
Old King Cole, **10,** 28
Old Muskie the Rogue, **8,** 209
"Old Mustard": A Tale of the Western Pioneers, **8,** 73

INDEX OF TITLES

Old Oaken Bucket, The, **10**, 396
Old Woman and the Knight, The, **4**, 201
Old Woman Who Bought a Little Pig, The, **10**, 33
On a Slide-Board, **9**, 192
On a Tight Rope, **9**, 213
On His Blindness, **10**, 281
On the Life-Mask of Abraham Lincoln, **10**, 320
Opportunity, **10**, 260
Opportunity, **10**, 278
Oracle Foretells the Coming of Æneas, The, **3**, 467
Orpheus the Sweet Singer, **2**, 273
Ortruda Plots for Revenge, **2**, 158
Ouphe of the Wood, The, **6**, 156
Over Hill, Over Dale, **10**, 272
Owain's Adventure at the Fountain, **4**, 85
Owl, The, **10**, 171
Owl and the Pussy-Cat, The, **10**, 101
Paradise of Children, The, **2**, 342
Parrot That Had Been Trained to Fire a Cannon, A, **8**, 177
Parrots, **8**, 461
Patient Griselda, **4**, 212
Paul Revere's Ride, **10**, 323
Pease Pudding Hot, **10**, 25
Pedler's Pack, The, **10**, 275
Pegasus, the Winged Horse, **3**, 51
Pen and Inkstand, **1**, 347
Perfection, **10**, 275
Perseverance, **10**, 283
Peter: A Cat o' One Tail, **8**, 114
Phil's Adventures Among the Animals, **8**, 379
Picture-Books in Winter, **10**, 93
Pied Piper of Hamelin, The, **10**, 147
Pig and Pepper, **6**, 449
Pilgrim's Progress, **5**, 359
Pitcher of Mignonette, A, **10**, 189
Plato: The Story of a Cat, **8**, 111
Plays of Shakespeare, The, **5**, 329
Plot Against the Beautiful Elsa of Brabant, The, **2**, 141
Polonius's Advice, **10**, 271
Pomegranate Seeds, The, **3**, 193
Pool of Tears, The, **6**, 416
Powder-Post, **8**, 267
Preface, **1**, 15
Preface, **3**, 9
Preface, **4**, 9
Preface, **5**, 9
Preface, **7**, 9
Prelude, **9**, 391
Pride Goeth Before a Fall, **1**, 75
Prince Ivan and the Gray Wolf, **2**, 195
Prince's Dream, The, **6**, 171
Princess Micomicona, The, **4**, 503
Prisoner Who Would Not Stay in Prison, The, **7**, 278
Private Theatricals, The, **6**, 56
Procession of the Flowers, **10**, 239
Procrastination, **10**, 267
Punchkin, **1**, 48
Pursued by the Cyclops, **3**, 406
Puss in Boots, **1**, 367
Pussy, **10**, 38
Pussy-Cat, Pussy-Cat, **10**, 23
Quarrel of the Chiefs, The, **3**, 240
Queen Bee, The, **8**, 279
Queen Dido Welcomes Æneas, **3**, 418
Queen of Hearts, The, **10**, 29
Queen's Croquet Ground, The, **6**, 469
Rab and His Friends, **8**, 465
Rabbi Who Found the Diadem, The, **7**, 34
Rabbit Sends in a Little Bill, The, **6**, 432
Race for the Silver Skates, The, **6**, 7

INDEX OF TITLES

Race of the Four Galleys, The, **3,** 437
Raggedy Man, The, **10,** 143
Rainbow, The, **10,** 281
Ransoming of Hector, The, **3,** 283
Rat's Wedding, The, **1,** 89
Reading Guide, **10,** 453
Ready for Duty, **10,** 131
Rebecca the Drummer and the British Warship, **7,** 426
Remarkable Voyage of the Bounty, The, **7,** 366
Remnant of the Defeated Army Seeks a New Home, The, **3,** 397
Republic, The, **10,** 310
Reputation, **10,** 272
Rescue from Shipwreck, A, **7,** 418
Retribution, **10,** 283
Return of Telemachus, The, **3,** 373
Rhodora, On Being Asked, Whence is the Flower, The, **10,** 341
Riddle of the Sphinx, The, **2,** 222
Ride a Cock-Horse, **10,** 30
Ride With a Mad Horse in a Freight-Car, A, **8,** 484
Rime of the Ancient Mariner, The, **10,** 423
Rinaldo and Bayard, **4,** 271
Rip Van Winkle, **2,** 364
Robert of Lincoln, **10,** 172
Robin Goodfellow, **10,** 84
Robin Hood, **4,** 329
Robin Hood and the Butcher, **4,** 370
Robin Hood and the Knight, **4,** 331
Robinson Crusoe, **5,** 157
Robinson Crusoe is Shipwrecked, **5,** 159
Robinson Crusoe Rescued, **5,** 222
Rock-a-by Lady, The, **10,** 47
Roland for an Oliver, A, **4,** 240
Romance of the Swan's Nest, The, **10,** 205
Rose and the Ring, The, **9,** 393
Round Table, The, **4,** 18
Rule Britannia, **10,** 289
Runaway Whale, A, **8,** 186
Sad Story of Pyramus and Thisbe, The, **2,** 282
Sailor's Song, **10,** 248
Sancho Panza's Story of His Visit to the Lady Dulcinea, **4,** 485
Sancho's Journey to the Lady Dulcinea, **4,** 449
Sandpiper's Trick, The, **8,** 180
Saved by a Seal, **8,** 197
Scrap, **8,** 101
Sea, The, **10,** 257
Sea Song, A, **10,** 241
Sea, the Fox, and the Wolf, The, **1,** 122
Sea-Fight in the Time of Queen Bess, A, **7,** 179
Second String, The, **9,** 116
Seven Ages of Man, **10,** 270
Seven Times One, **10,** 188
Seven Times Two, **10,** 199
Seven Times Four, **10,** 222
Shepherd's Boy, The, **1,** 495
Sheridan's Ride, **10,** 308
Ships of the Desert, **8,** 429
Shooting a Stag with Cherry-Stones, **5,** 511
Shut-Eye Train, The, **10,** 58
Sibyl Speaks to Æneas, The, **3,** 450
Siege of Zamora, The, **4,** 309
Signs of Rain, **10,** 190
Simple Simon, **10,** 22
Sindbad the Sailor, **5,** 108
Sing a Song of Sixpence, **10,** 21
Sir Launcelot and the Adventure of the Castle Perilous, **4,** 30
Sir Launcelot and the Falcon, **4,** 34
Six Swans, The, **1,** 279
Skeleton in Armor, The, **10,** 399
Sleep, Baby, Sleep! **10,** 44
Sleeping Beauty in the Wood, The, **1,** 405

Sleepy Song, The, **10**, 41
Sleigh Song, **10**, 186
Small and Early, **10**, 81
Small Beginnings, **10**, 258
Snap-Dragons—A Tale of Christmas Eve, **6**, 213
Snow-White and Rose-Red, **1**, 285
Snuffbox, The, **1**, 166
Solomon Grundy, **10**, 25
Solomon John Goes for Apples, **6**, 102
Solomon's Grouch: The Story of a Bear, **8**, 44
Some Animal Friends in Africa, **8**, 22
Some Animal Stories, **8**, 441
Some of Gulliver's Adventures, **5**, 301
Some True Stories of Horses and Donkeys, **8**, 65
Some True Stories of Tigers, Wolves, Foxes and Bears, **8**, 11
Some Voices From the Kitchen Garden, **8**, 359
Song, **10**, 178
Song, **10**, 242
Song of Clover, A, **10**, 220
Spanish Chronicle of the Cid, The, **4**, 287
Spanish National Hymn, **10**, 296
Spider and the Fly, The, **10**, 49
Squire's Bride, The, **1**, 136
Squirrel's Story, The, **8**, 406
Star-Spangled Banner, The, **10**, 286
Startling Adventures of Baron Munchausen, The, **5**, 503
Stories from Roman History, **3**, 487
Storm in the Distance, A, **10**, 221
Story of Aladdin; or the Wonderful Lamp, The, **5**, 46
Story of Alba, The, **3**, 500
Story of Arion, The, **2**, 261
Story of Balder the Beautiful, The, **2**, 80
Story of Cardenio, The, **4**, 455
Story of Christopher Columbus for Little Children, A, **7**, 166
Story of Cupid and Psyche, The, **2**, 318
Story of Decoration Day for the Little Children of To-day, A, **9**, 23
Story of Dorothea, The, **4**, 463
Story of Fairyfoot, The, **6**, 391
Story of a Forest Fire, The, **7**, 509
Story of Grace Darling, The, **7**, 468
Story of Joan of Arc, the Maid Who Saved France, The, **7**, 113
Story of Little Simpleton, **1**, 202
Story of Lludd and Llevelys, The, **4**, 125
Story of a Stone, The, **8**, 325
Story of Romulus and of Numa, The, **3**, 489
Story of the Three Bears, The, **1**, 362
Struggles of Charles Goodyear, The, **7**, 475
Succession of the Four Sweet Months, **10**, 254
Sugar-Plum Tree, The, **10**, 52
Summer Days, **10**, 215
Sunken Treasure, The, **7**, 228
Suppose, **10**, 86
Swallow and the Other Birds, The, **1**, 514
Swarm of Wild Bees, A, **8**, 290
Swedish National Air, **10**, 293
Sweet and Low, **10**, 55
Swimming, **10**, 228
Swing, The, **10**, 90
Sword Excalibur, The, **4**, 22
Table and the Chair, The, **10**, 111
Taffy Was a Welshman, **10**, 31
Tale of Peter Rabbit, The, **8**, 443
Tales from Early English Chronicles, **4**, 133
Tales from French and Italian Chronicles, **4**, 229

INDEX OF TITLES

Tales of Robin Hood, **4,** 329
Tales of the Trojan War, **3,** 235
Tales told by Chaucer's Canterbury Pilgrims, **4,** 199
Taxes of Middlebrook, The, **9,** 30
Teaching Fish to Ring Bells, **8,** 222
Tempest, The, **5,** 338
Thanatopsis, **10,** 132
Thanksgiving Day, **10,** 204
That Sly Old Woodchuck, **8,** 151
There is Very Little Trouble, **10,** 32
There Was an Old Woman Toss'd Up in a Basket, **10,** 26
There Was an Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe, **10,** 29
They Come: The Merry Summer Months, **10,** 242
Thief and the Fox, The, **1,** 114
This is the Way the Ladies Ride, **10,** 27
Three Brothers, The, **1,** 186
Three Kings of Orient, **10,** 105
Three Lemons, The, **2,** 500
Three Little Kittens, The, **10,** 37
Three Sons, The, **1,** 232
Thumbling, **1,** 272
Tiger, The, **10,** 240
Tiger, the Brahman, and the Jackal, The, **1,** 82
Tiger, the Fox, and the Hunters, The, **1,** 121
Time to Rise, **10,** 90
Tinder-Box, The, **1,** 307
To a Skylark, **10,** 223
To a Waterfowl, **10,** 165
To Market, to Market, to Buy a Fat Pig, **10,** 28
To Milton, **10,** 282
To the Fringed Gentian, **10,** 214
To the Lady-Bird, **10,** 174
To the Lord General Cromwell, **10,** 280
Toby the Wise, **8,** 164
To-day, **10,** 87
Tom Thumb, **1,** 381
Town Mouse and the Country Mouse, The, **1,** 493
Travelling Doll, The, **9,** 137
Treason of Ganelon, The, **4,** 243
Trial of the Bow, The, **3,** 384
Trick of an Indian Spy, The, **7,** 348
Trojan War, The, **3,** 237
True Story of a Kidnapped Boy as Told by Himself, The, **7,** 265
Try Again, **10,** 71
Turning Everything Into Gold, **3,** 172
Twelve Labors of Hercules, The, **2,** 286
Twenty Froggies, **10,** 42
Two Boy Hostages at the Siege of Seringapatam, The, **7,** 380
Two Enemies of the Beavers, **8,** 393
Two Gifts, The, **6,** 354
Two Lizards, The, **1,** 256
Two Strange Adventures in Russia, **5,** 509
Ugly Duckling, The, **1,** 294
Ulysses and the Cyclops, **3,** 305
Ulysses and the Sirens, **3,** 353
Ulysses and the Swineherd, **3,** 368
Ulysses in His Home, **3,** 377
Uncle David's Nonsensical Story, **6,** 362
Uncle Dick's Rolf, **8,** 94
Uncle Jack's Story, **6,** 241
Vengeance of Apollo, The, **2,** 255
Vengeance of Ulysses, The, **3,** 389
Venus Sends Æneas to Queen Dido, **3,** 412
Village Blacksmith, The, **10,** 262
Visit From St. Nicholas, A, **10,** 103
Voice of Spring, The, **10,** 209
Vowels: An Enigma, The, **10,** 79

Voyagers, **10**, 260
Waiting Around, **10**, 157
Walrus and the Carpenter, The, **10**, 107
Wanderings of Æneas, **3**, 395
Warren's Address to the American Soldiers, **10**, 303
Watch on the Rhine, The, **10**, 290
Watering of the Saplings, The, **2**, 433
Wayfaring Song, A, **10**, 255
Weather Song, **10**, 33
Weeds, The, **8**, 351
What Ginger Told Black Beauty, **8**, 60
What the Wind Brings, **10**, 180
When Brer Wolf Have His Corn Shucking, **2**, 487
When I Was a Bachelor, **10**, 23
Where Are You Going, My Pretty Maid? **10**, 30
Where the Bee Sucks, **10**, 274
Which Was the Stronger, the Tortoise, the Tapir, or the Whale? **2**, 444
White Boy Among the Indians, as Told by Himself, A, **7**, 292
Who Has Seen the Wind? **10**, 182
Who Stole the Bird's Nest? **10**, 67
Who Stole the Tarts? **6**, 497
Why Don Sancho Attacked His Neighbors, **4**, 289
Why the Bear is Stumpy-Tailed, **1**, 155
Why the Diver Duck Has So Few Tail Feathers, **1**, 26
Why the Elephant Has Small Eyes, **2**, 457
Why the Fish Laughed, **1**, 67
Why the Hippopotamus Lives in the Water, **2**, 455
Why the Woodpecker Has Red Head Feathers, **1**, 31
Wild Robin, **6**, 106
Willie Winkie, **10**, 63
Wind, The, **10**, 181
Wind and the Flowers, The, **8**, 369
Wind and the Moon, The, **10**, 184
Wind in a Frolic, The, **10**, 345
Wind-Song, **10**, 182
Windy Nights, **10**, 183
Winning of Atalanta, The, **3**, 148
Winter-Spirit and His Visitor, The, **2**, 512
Winter-Time, **10**, 99
Wishing, **10**, 158
Witch in the Stone Boat, The, **1**, 158
Wolf and the Lamb, The, **1**, 511
Wolsey's Fall, **10**, 269
Wonderful Hair, The, **1**, 213
Wonderful Quern Stones, The, **2**, 91
Wooden Horse, The, **3**, 295
Woodman and the Serpent, The, **1**, 507
Woodman, Spare That Tree! **10**, 216
Wooing of the Daughter of the King of Ireland, The, **2**, 171
Wreck of the Hesperus, The, **10**, 420
Wunzh, the Father of Indian Corn, **2**, 479
Wynken, Blynken, and Nod, **10**, 55
Ye Mariners of England, **10**, 251
Young Dandelion, **10**, 115
Young Night-Thought, **10**, 53